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# THE NEW YORKER

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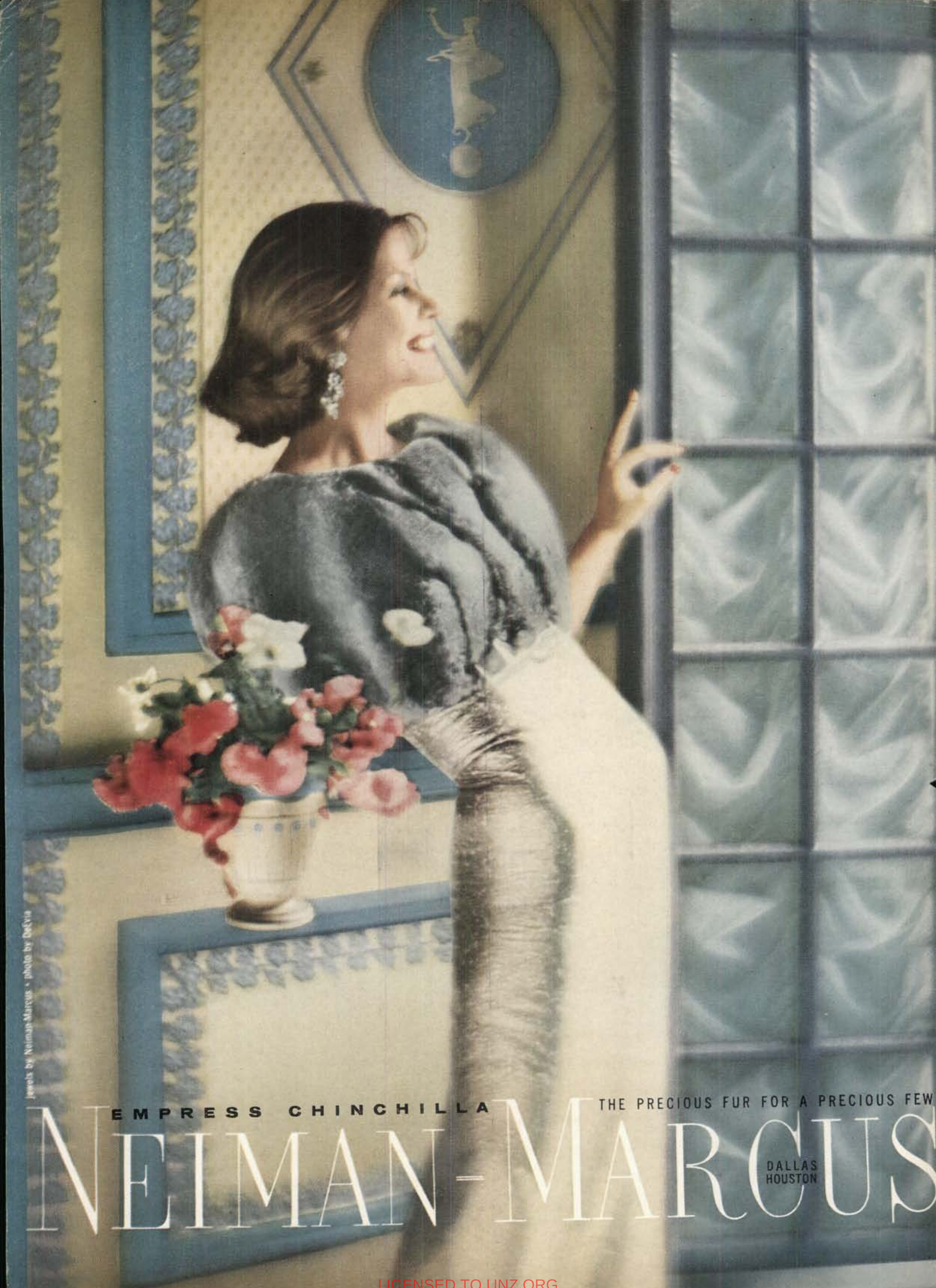
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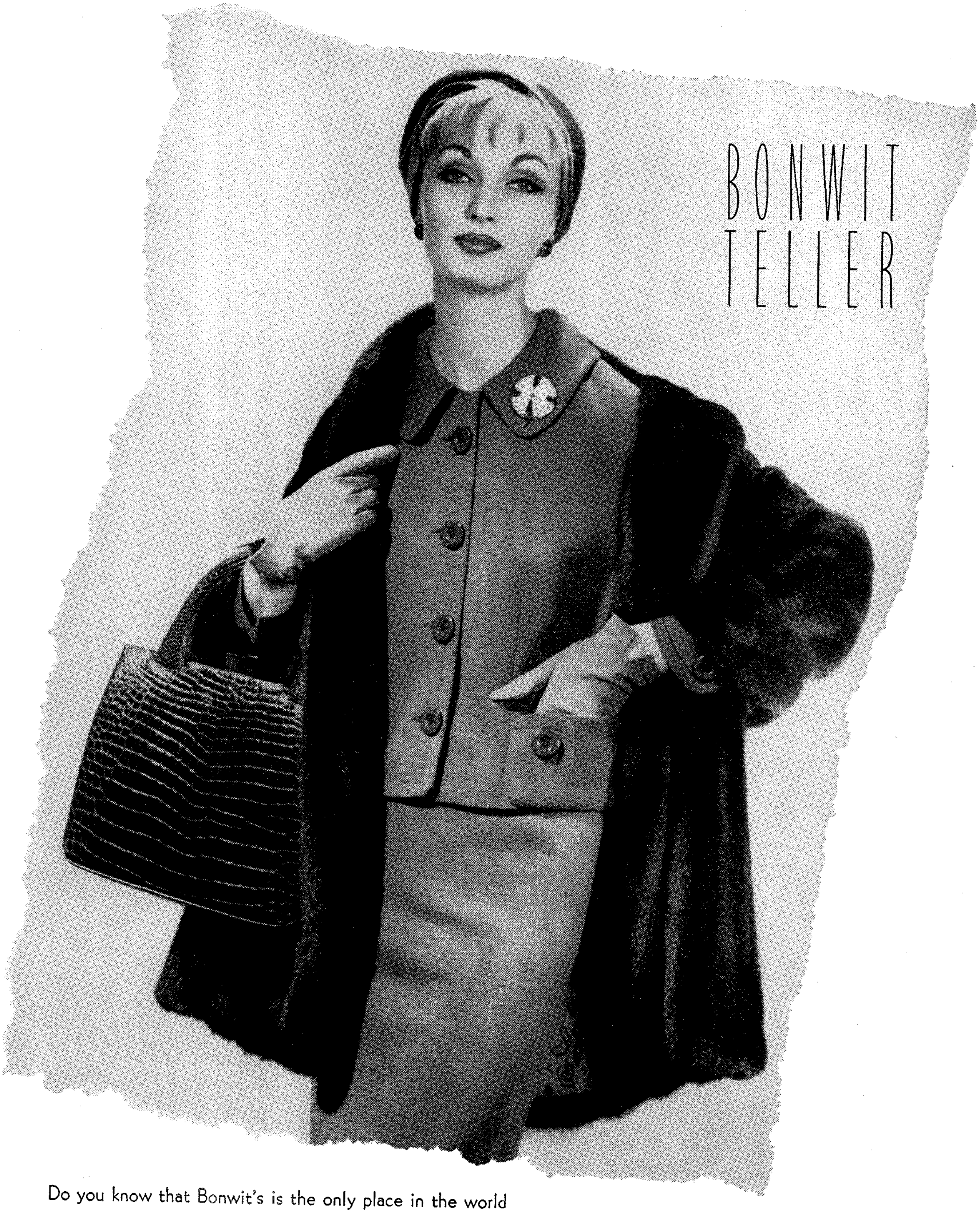

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Say, Darling**—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Sunrise at Campobello**—Ralph Bellamy gives a wonderfully strong performance as Franklin D. Roosevelt in Dore Schary's restrained and eloquent play about three crucial years in the late President's life. Also with Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Two for the Seesaw**—Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft are the whole cast of William Gibson's stenographically exact play about a couple of lonely people in New York. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Visit**—How a village is corrupted by a vengeful woman who wants a man murdered because he seduced her in her youth. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are extraordinarily effective as the unfortunate mouse and the ferocious cat. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

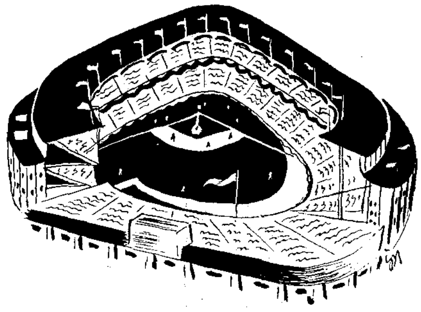
**Long Runs**—**the dark at the top of the stairs:** Concerning the small tragedies and comedies that beset an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart have the leading roles in William Inge's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **look homeward, angel:** Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel reduced by Ketti Frings to a coherent play. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Handful of Fire**—N. Richard Nash's new play, starring Roddy McDowall and James Daly. Staged by Robert Lewis and presented by David Susskind and the Playwrights' Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Long Runs**—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **jamaica:** A tale of old West India, featuring Lena Horne. Harold Arlen composed the music and E. Y. Harburg the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the music man:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Robert Preston) who falls in love with a librarian. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **west side story:** This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet." With Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



### A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**A Touch of the Poet**—Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field in the Eugene O'Neill drama. A presentation of the Producers Theatre, directed by Harold Clurman. Opens Thursday, Oct. 2. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Drink to Me Only**—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson. Directed by George Abbott, and produced by George Ross, in association with John Robert Lloyd. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 8. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Goldilocks**—A musical with a book by Jean and Walter Kerr, music by Leroy Anderson, and lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs. The cast includes Don Ameche, Elaine Stritch, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley. Staged by Mr. Kerr and presented by the Producers Theatre. Opens Saturday, Oct. 11. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**Amato Opera Theatre**—Friday through Sunday, Oct. 3-5: "The Magic Flute" (in English). ...¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 10: "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

**The Bald Soprano** and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

**Blood Wedding**—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**The Boy Friend**—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

**Children of Darkness**—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**The Crucible**—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**The Egg and I**—This musical version of Betty MacDonald's book is a simple-minded enterprise, but so bouncingly performed by an all-Negro cast that one is apt to enjoy it heartily in spite of oneself. The adaptation is by Hal Pockriss, the music by Frank Brents, and the lyrics by Wilferd Sales. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3.)

**The Golden Six**—Viveca Lindfors in Maxwell Anderson's new play, directed by Warner LeRoy. Previews Monday through Friday, Oct. 6-10, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 11, at 6:30 and 9:30. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 13. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130.)

**Héloïse**—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to excellent account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

**Jackknife**—Rock Anthony's dogged attempt to elicit laughter from the Mann Act is not likely to remain deeply engraved on anyone's memory. The principal roles are taken by William Thourlby and Dolly Jonah, but the performance owes more to Glenn Cannon, who is a really comical young man. (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:40.)

**Lulu**—Eva Gabor, Harold Huber, and Clarence Derwent in a translation of Frank Wedekind's play "Earth Spirit." (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 33. October 4, 1958. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**The Playboy of the Western World**—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**The Threepenny Opera**—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Ulysses in Nighttown**—A dramatization of a portion of James Joyce's celebrated novel. The evening stands as a lurid personal triumph for Zero Mostel, who, as Leopold Bloom, does not so much interpret Joyce as supplant him. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**American Ballet Theatre**—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Oct. 2: "Variations for Four," "Giselle," and "Interplay."...¶ Friday evening, Oct. 3: "Billy the Kid," "Pas de Deux," "Journey," and "Gala Performance."...¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 4 (primarily for children): "Billy the Kid" and "Giselle."...¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 4: "Theme and Variations," "Tristan," "Miss Julie," and "Concerto." (Metropolitan Opera House. PL 7-7035. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

**Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A.**—"N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," "The Concert," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "3 x 3." (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 11.)

**Percival Borde**—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians, plus Pearl Primus as assisting artist. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 5. For tickets, call AL 5-8067.)

**Ballet Español Roberto Iglesias**—Presented by S. Hurok for a one-week engagement starting Tuesday, Oct. 7, and running through Sunday, Oct. 12. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**Rodeo**—Bronco-busting, calf-roping, and steer-wrestling, to say nothing of Roy Rogers, Trigger, and Trigger, Jr. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Monday, Oct. 13.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship abound. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are the dance musicians.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is presenting a recitation of the collected works of Victor Herbert. The principals in this and-then-he-wrote potpourri are the stentorian voices of Ray Middleton and Jimmy Carroll and the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan, which also make dance music. Potpourri at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Nothing stirring Mondays, not even a mouse....¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The permanent party in the Persian Room is the *cordon-bleu* dance band belonging to Ted Straeter and the perky quintet of Mark Monte. The most prominent transient is Lisa Kirk, whose jaunty songs frequently imply that dalliance is a girl's best friend. She sounds off at dinner and supper. The place is closed Sundays....¶ The Rendez-Vous remains pale and cool and beautiful and dignified all the time. Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty....¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays Darjeeling-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and sauce-béarnaise music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

**Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the vast Grill, Lenny Herman's stick-to-the-rules orchestra will thump out its final tunes on Thursday, Oct. 2. Sammy Kaye's orchestra will move in the next evening. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore, an assured and fashionable blonde, sings spiritedly at dinner and supper in the Maisonette about the problems that confront even the most assured and fashionable blondes. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their usual bubbly dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy Hilton**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, who's been doing road work for years and years, has thought better of it and settled himself in the Café Lounge, where his piano and his band play for tea dancing, dinner dancing, and supper dancing, day in, day out.

**Sheraton-East**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The shooting stick and the opera cloak are rife in the checkroom of the Embassy Club, through whose halls the prancing music of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's band resounds after nine every night but Sunday. There's dinner music, too, for those who haven't yet been wired for Muzak.

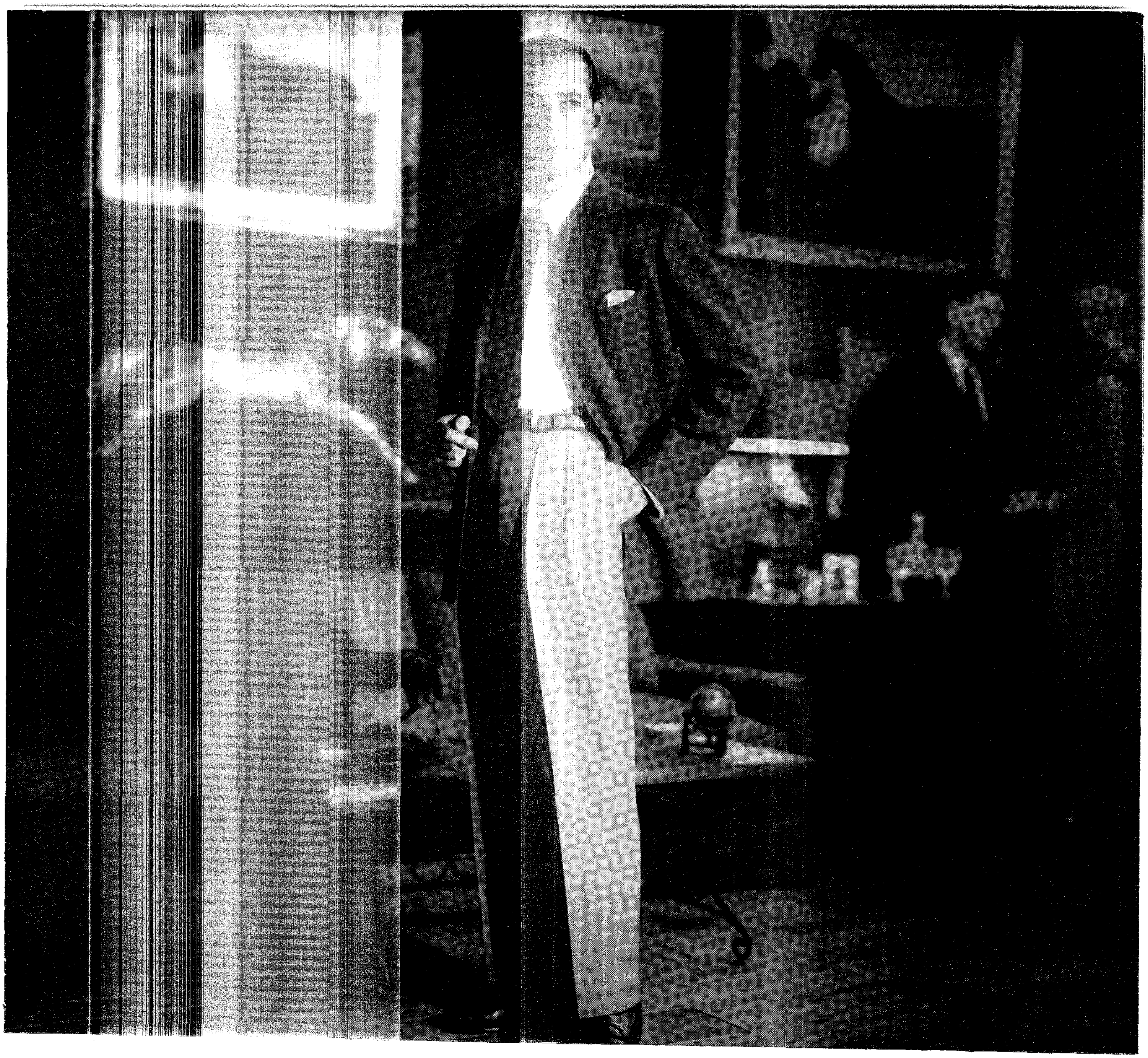
**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—During dinner and supper, in the Empire Room, Marguerite Piazza, a fine figure of a girl, is doing voice projections, deep knee bends, and fancy footwork in a routine she never learned at the Met. Emil Coleman's men and Béla Babai's rout devise the dance music, which begins at dinnertime. Closed Sundays....¶ In an amiable clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's group (neo-Viennese) from eight-thirty until one. They're away Sundays, when the Babai orchestra does the job from eight to twelve.

**Note**—The Rainbow Room is high enough up to be above the rain belt, which is mainly in the plain below. Languid non-dance music by Joseph Sudy's small assemblage burbles now and then from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The sort of well-maintained park in which you can easily imagine lords and ladies at their stately play. Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. On Sundays, the pianist is Joel Forbes.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): It takes all kinds, and here they are, from Greenland's icy mountains to Broadway's and Park Avenue's coral strands. After eight, Ralph Strain, one of our foremost romanticists, is in charge of the piano. Closed. Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A perpetual boy-and-girl houseparty, all very give-and-take but never out-of-hand. Goldie Hawkins and his confrere, Wayne Sanders, play double as well as single houseparty piano until curfew rings the night out. Five is the opening hour for both bar and music. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Rome is built in a night as Theo Fanidi's circumnavigating violinists gently swing and sway from one table to the next. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His Latin fandangos run from nine to one. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The stage set, though enchanting, is too up-to-date to call to mind the Boboli Gardens, but the cuisine, mood, and management couldn't be more Florentine. Calm, dispassionate piano by Dick Hankinson illuminates the scene from time to time; after the theatre, Isobel Robins, a wild flower who's part pepper and salt, part myrrh and honey, adds her chirruping. Closed Mondays.... **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, administrator of the law of eminent domain in the world of drawing-room pianism, is back of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two The scenery is subdued without being glum. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Up to a point, it's like owning your own castle on the Loire. Wandering from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The twilight hour in Granada, when the chef is in his glory and the local musicians are breaking out the piano and the guitar. Early to bed is not a house rule. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not even the major-domo, a splendid example of the Hungarian cavalry officer, can repress the tendency of the entire staff to sing, probably because he sings himself. Plenty of indigenous instrumentation, too, but none of it overbearing. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The pictures on the walls are a show in themselves; the principal aural amusement (after ten) is listening music. A quintet known as the Signatures (John Hancock, Button Gwinnett, Benjamin Franklin?) is



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in attendance. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The natives, all resolutely Spanish, are restless at night, which leads to outbreaks of song, dance, and music, mostly furious. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to an ample supply of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer, the social lion of the premises, does kitten-on-the-keys piano at intervals between eight-thirty and one-thirty or two. The room, a luxurious landscape, is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, who inhabits the bar of an enterprise devoted to making life easy for bon-vivants, rambles over the piano in a manner indicating that he's now veering from Old World toward a more 1958 concept. He operates from five to eleven. All is dark Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, there's the piano of Dr. Al Mello, a youthful healer who has turned from Band-Aids to both soulful and upbeat music as a curative, from five-thirty to eight, and from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The setting could be carnival in Venice, the music (throbbing violins and the innocent voices of Caroline and Belen) could be the banks of the Seine. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The thimble-size bar of the Stanhope Hotel is a study in cool modern décor. From nine to twelve-thirty every night but Monday, the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, which is yearning, burning Andalusian, is in charge.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The problem of girls who have nothing at all to wear is adroitly solved here by the fig leaf. Thus caparisoned, they glide amiably through a decorative and busy pageant (dancers, singers, jugglers, jackanapes) that takes nearly two hours to run its course. Dick Shawn, a let's-be-one-big-happy-family man, is the speaker of the evening. The house guests can dance, too. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PI 8-0900): People who, like the Washington Senators, don't mind living in the cellar are put on notice that Joe E. Lewis, who doesn't mind living the life of Riley, is now reading his autobiography aloud every evening until further notice. Dancing.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse, armed only with piano, bull fiddle, and two ragamuffin voices, are putting that old devil sound barrier in its place. The other workers in the vineyard are Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who make up their one-act comedies on the spur of the moment; Dorothy Loudon, a trumpeter swan who enjoys a series of dizzy spells; and Jo March, a girl with a few folk songs. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Thursday, Oct. 9, is the night for the trial run of Julius Monk's new revue, "Demi-Dozen," in the cast of which Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Ceil Cabot, and Jane Connell, all of whom have starred in earlier Monk varsities, are included. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): In Julius Monk's sumptuous commingling of *l'art moderne, l'art pit-*

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*toresque*, and *l'art spoof*, Alice Ghostley, a perfect example of *l'art spoof* herself, offers a witching hour of song, a good deal of which is seeing the light of night for the first time. The piano team of Don Evans and Carl Norman lends wings to her words. The bar opens at five and the music begins at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, other entertainment appears from time to time, such as Phil Leeds, a wit of exceeding grace, and Gigi Durston, a caroller long absent from night life. Miss D. is off Sundays, when old movies are added; Mr. L. is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Corinne Calvet is showing what little French movie stars are made of—sugar and spice and a couple of songs. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): As the name implies, it's the sternpost of another operation, the Midtown Café, from which it's wholly divorced—as it is from the rest of the world. Janice Mars, who sings the very best songs the way they were written, in is charge; Baldwin Bergersen, who plays the appropriate sort of piano, is joined Thursday through Saturday every week by Brooks Morton, who also understands the prevailing mood. All quiet on Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, who was shouting from the housetops when rock 'n' roll was a pup, still has no difficulty in making her rent-party ballads heard. Also present are Phyllis Diller, a girl with a song in her heart and an addle in her pate, and Larry Storch, a humorist who uses a pretty broad trowel. The other music is Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Possibly the smallest theatrical enterprise in town, pigeonholed up a flight of stairs but large enough to house a revue in which four young people are involved. The words don't always distinguish between satire and cliché, but the average is well above the passing mark. This goes on twice nightly, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): This East Side bramble patch is the East Coast *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, a chanticleer whose hymnals to the rising sun begin while it is still dark. His accompaniment is his own four-wheel-drive piano and Russ Haddock's trio. Mr. Short takes Mondays off; the Haddocks take Tuesdays.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Arrayed on the bandstand of Mr. Condon's handsome place of business are Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (whenever the moon is in the right quarter) Mr. Condon himself. In between sets, Bob Hammer gets custody of the piano. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the great mouthpiece, is still talking about whatever it is he is talking about, and looking just as bewildered as you are by what he is saying. His companion is Carmen McRae, who makes miraculous cat's cradles out of her lyrics. Sundays there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. The place is closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): King Arthur's court, perhaps, but Sir Kay, the seneschal, is clearly on vacation. It reverberates to the quartet of Tyree Glenn, who has the electric drive of Gabriel's horn, and a trio operated by André Previn, who can turn a piano score into spun sugar. Both groups will be away on Sunday, Oct. 5, when the University of Virginia Quintet and Cornell's Stump Lifters will take over. At dinnertime, there's hearts-and-flowers serenading by Ving Merlin's threesome. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Rampart Street just about as it looked in 1910, and just about as it sounded, too, what with the likes of Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk on the bandstand. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A

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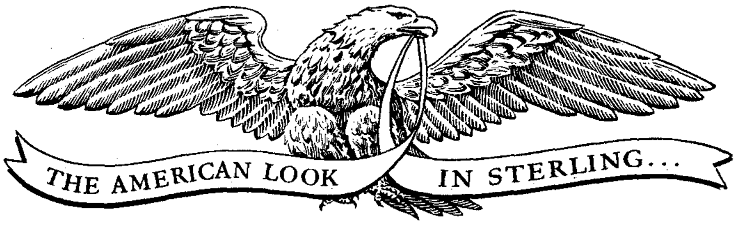
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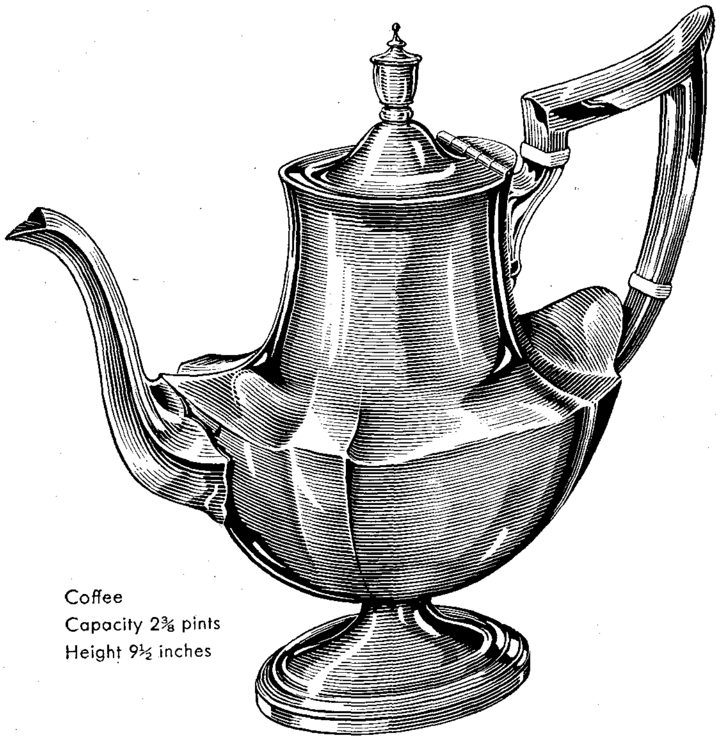

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce intensity. On the podium right now are Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, occasionally breaking out in a rash of screaming meemies, and Tony Scott, his umbrageous clarinet, and his quintet. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his trio are off and running on the oval track that circles the bar. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Pee Wee Erwin band, which has hot feet, is thoroughly at home on this range. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's always warm weather when good Dixielanders get together. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are such men as Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Herb Fleming, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M., Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Zutty Singleton and Pee Wee Erwin. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The most modern music offered here isn't even the "Lambeth Walk;" it's the "Plymouth Rock." On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, the old-timers on display should be J. C. Higginbotham, Gene Sedric, Edmond Hall, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The local powerhouse is Dorothy Donegan, who plays piano with her fingers, feet, and elbows—often, it seems, just for laughs. She and her trio report at nine. Sundays are devoted to the work of visiting practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The abstruse thought processes of Lennie Tristano are again being set down on the piano by the rarely visible Master himself. He and his quartet, seated on a plateau in the middle of a very cheerful hero-sandwich assembly plant, appear Wednesday through Sunday every week. Every Monday and Tuesday, Eddie Costa's trio, which believes in rather sombre, tight-lipped jazz, tees off. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The seething Romany Marie days in the Village—all except the music, which comes from a new continent not yet completely explored. A quintet in which, when his timepiece synchronizes with everyone else's, Thelonious Monk plays piano almost beyond compare is on the hot seat every night but Monday; that night, Mal Waldron's band does the housework. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): Charlie Mingus, who has tried everything, is now trying communication with the populace, and the world is better for it. The complex and often humorous interplay of his new trio (bass, electric guitar, piano) begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A tiny bit of dance floor in the middle of the Hotel Duane, and a tiny group of musicians beside it to urge on anyone inclined toward footwork. Helen Streiff's voice joins in on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

## ART

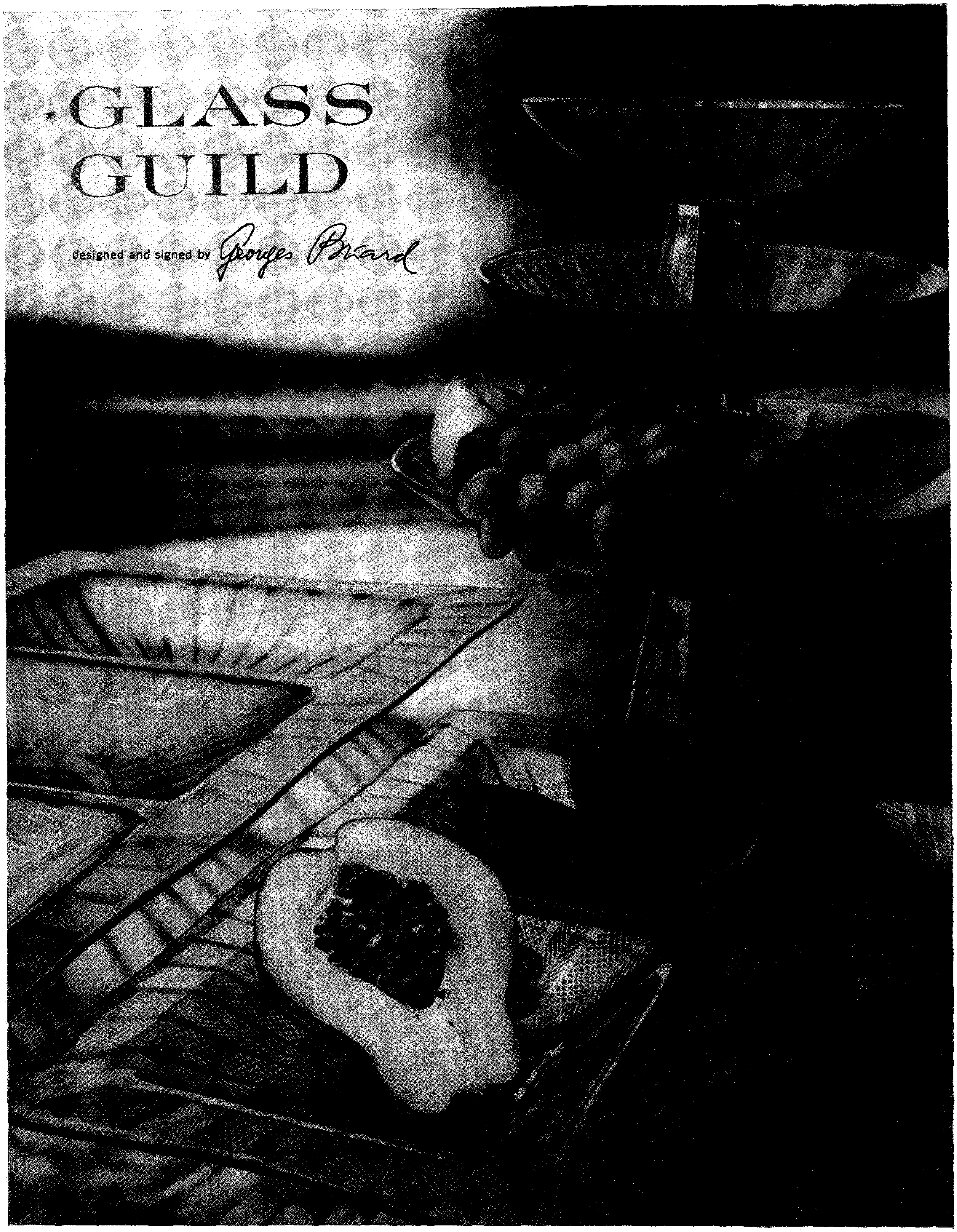
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**SAUL BAIZERMAN**—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in bronze and hammered copper; through Oct. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**ARTHUR G. DOVE**—Water colors, dated 1929-46, in an exhibition that coincides with the Dove show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**FREDERICK FRANCK**—Drawings of Albert Schweitzer's hospital, in Lambaréné, and other African subjects; through Friday, Oct. 10. (As-



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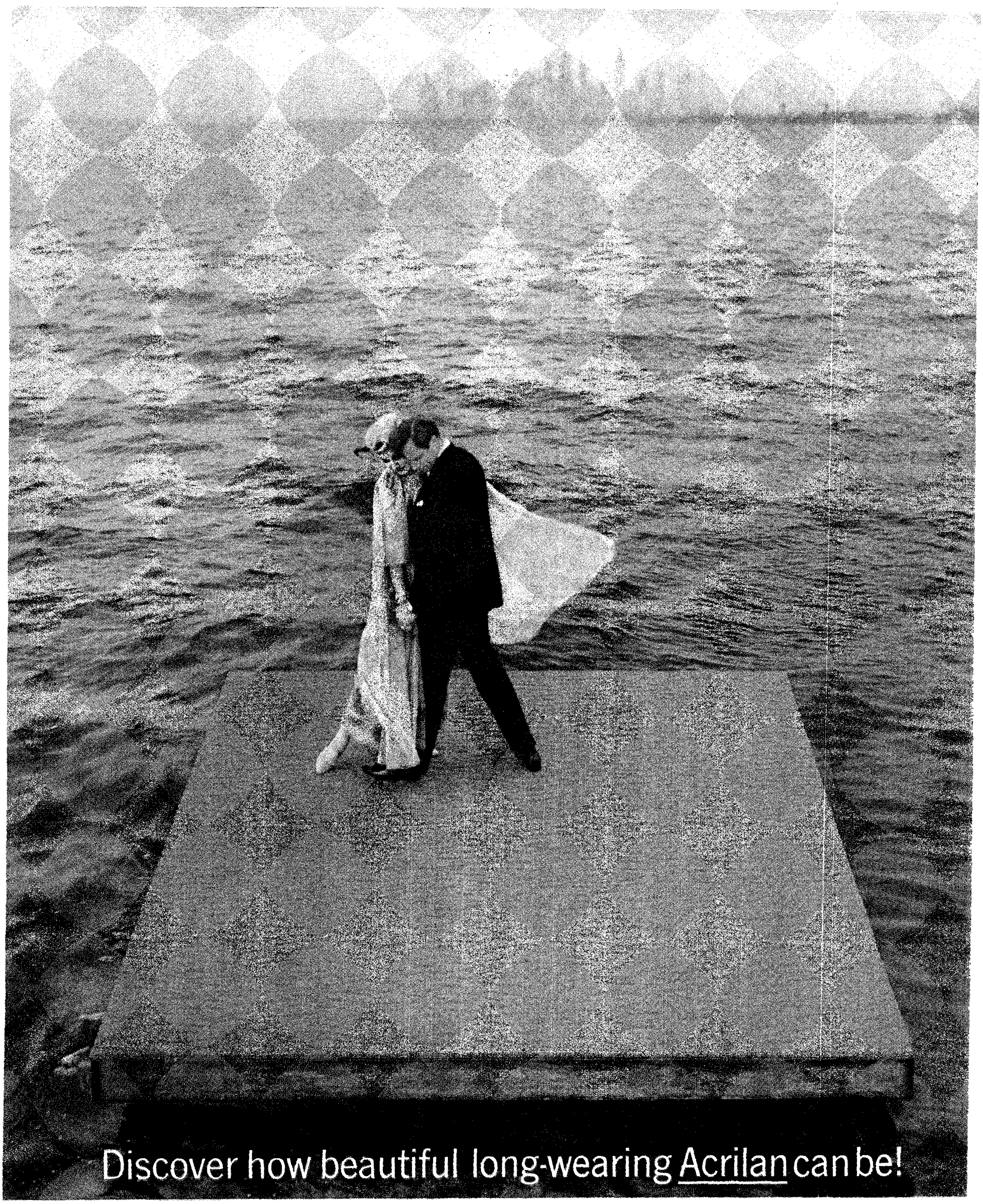
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sociated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings, as well as another group of drawings from Africa; through Oct. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Mondays. 1 to 5:30; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

**Picasso**—Five large oils; through Oct. 18. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

**Howard Warshaw**—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

**Henry Ward Ranger Centennial**—A loan exhibition of about a hundred and fifty oils and water colors, selected from purchases made with Ranger funds since 1919 by the Council of the National Academy. The painters include George Luks, Andrew Wyeth, Childe Hassam, and Xavier Gonzales. Through Oct. 12. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Thomas Eakins, Marsden Hartley, and Sol Wilson; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **de nagy**, 24 E. 67th St.: Oils by Larry Rivers, Robert Goodnough, Helen Frankenthaler, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **nordness**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Two works apiece by ten painters and sculptors, among them Edward Millman, Walter Meigs, and Julian Levi; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **washington irving gallery**, Irving Pl. at 17th St.: Ruth Vodicka, Jonah Kinigstein, and George Papashvily are among those displaying paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Prospectus '58-'59" offers one oil or sculpture by each of the gallery members, including Calvin Albert, Stephen Greene, and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Picasso, Raoul Dufy, Darrel Austin, and other French and American artists; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Afro, Alan Davie, and Mirko; through Oct. 25.

**Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **fine arts associates**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sisley, Gris, Rodin, and other painters and sculptors; through Nov. 1. . . . **kleemann**, 11 E. 68th St.: Fritz Winter, Emil Nolde, Ernst Barlach, and others have works on view in a mixed-mediums exhibit; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **saidenberg**, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Klee, Giacometti, Kandinsky, and others; through Oct. 18.

## MUSEUMS

**Metropolitan Museum**, *Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.*—In two recently opened galleries, arms and armor from the Near, Middle, and Far East, including jeweled court weapons, filigreed Indian rifles, Turkish helmets, a Japanese suit of iron and leather scales, and samurai swords. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum will reopen on Wednesday, Oct. 8, with four exhibitions: A retrospective of the work (sculptures, reliefs, and collages) of Jean Arp, loaned by museums and private collectors; eleven paintings and sculptures (by, for instance, Klee, Marin, and Brancusi) that make up the Philip L. Goodwin bequest; a group of American and European paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Seurat, Lipchitz, and Shahn) that have been given or promised to the Museum; and a photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving." (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Dec. 21. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 7 E. 72nd St.—Braque, Modigliani, Brancusi, and Cal-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

der are four of the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. After Sunday, Oct. 5, the Museum will be closed for two weeks. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts,** 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of Finnish rugs and rug designs, plus an exhibit of pottery, silver, wall hangings, glass, and other craft items on loan from various museums; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Five turquoise and coral necklaces once owned by the late Navajo chief Chee Dodge; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum,** 22 W. 54th St.—Sixty paintings by as many Fulbright award winners of the past ten years; through Sunday, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; through Nov. 16. A good complement to the exhibition is the Dove show at the Downtown Gallery, 32 E. 51st St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera Company**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 16—Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8: The American première of Richard Strauss's "The Silent Woman," in English. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, May 3—Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 3, at 2:30; Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3 (no soloists); and Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2:30; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3 (all with Guiomar Novaes, piano).

**New School Concerts**—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 5, at 3 and 9.)

**Little Orchestra Society**—Thomas Scherman directing the first American performance of Thomas Arne's eighteenth-century masque "Comus," with Laurier Lister, narrator; Max Adrian (acting, not singing, the title role); Dorothy Maynor, Laurel Hurley, and Laura Castellano, sopranos; John McCollum, tenor; the Choral Art Society; and others. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

**American Symphony of New York**—Enrico Leide conducting, with Joyce Crandall, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

### RECITALS

**Chamber Music**—John Barrows, French horn; Milton Kaye, piano; and the Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

**Byron Janis**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Interval Concert**—Jean Williams, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

**Ray Dudley**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

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**ELEANOR STEBER**—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**JAZZ CONCERT**—Dakota Staton, Ahmad Jamal's trio, and Ted Heath and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 3, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

**THEODORE BIKEL**—Folk songs and readings. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 4, at 8:40.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—World Series—Yankees vs. Milwaukee. The second game, Thursday, Oct. 2, in Milwaukee; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games at Yankee Stadium, Saturday through Monday, Oct. 4-6. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to Milwaukee for final games on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 8-9. Local games will start at 1 on Saturday and Monday and at 2:05 on Sunday. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores, along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 11: Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Lehigh, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Notre Dame vs. Army, at South Bend, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse, at 1:30.

**DOG SHOW**—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 4.)

**HORSE SHOW**—International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Friday through Wednesday, Oct. 10-15.)

**HUNT RACING**—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 4.) . . . ¶ Blind Brook Hunt Meeting. (Purchase. Saturday, Oct. 11.)

**POLO**—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

**RACING**—At BELMONT PARK Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 4; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 8; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 8, through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (The train schedule will be the same as that for Atlantic City.)

**SPORTS-CAR RACING**—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 5, at 2.

**TRAPSHOOTING**—The Annual Inaugural Tournament. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 11-12, at 10 A.M.)

**TROTTING**—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**FRENCH & CO.**—The opening exhibit of French & Co.'s new galleries contains art and an-

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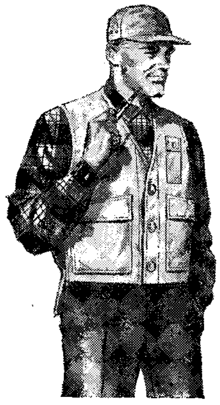

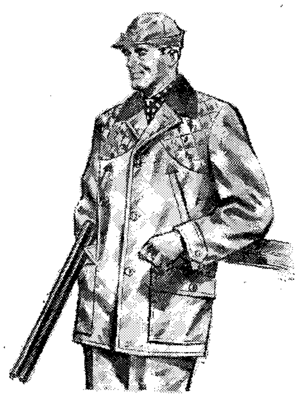

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tiques on loan from more than seventy American museums and private collections, including those of Byron C. Foy, Mrs. Edgar Garbisch, and J. Paul Getty. Also on view are the company's permanent collections of furniture, tapestries, paintings, antiques, and panellings. A benefit for the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 8. (978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**Once Upon a City**—A hundred and seventy-five photographs of New York City, taken between 1890 and 1910 by the Byron Company, the well-known commercial photographers; through Jan. 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Theodore Roosevelt Centennial**—A memorial show of portraits, books, letters, campaign items, and Homer Davenport cartoons—everything but a big stick; through Dec. 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—The first exhibition of the season includes a book published in 1493 and containing a letter of Columbus's, announcing his recent discovery; a piece of the first Atlantic cable and the whole of the first message it transmitted; a group of thirty baroque-period Italian drawings; and a letter in which the nineteen-year-old Lord Nelson describes the capture of an American schooner. Through Oct. 25. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the forthcoming total solar eclipse over Danger Island in the South Pacific. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 3-4, at 1:45: Part I of the Cushing Toppan collection—Georgian and Queen Anne silver, English and American furniture and decorations, Staffordshire and Liverpool ware, and a small group of paintings....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7-8, at 1:45: American, British, and Continental autographs and manuscripts belonging to the estate of Dr. Frank L. Pleadwell.

**Election Registration**—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections will be Thursday and Friday, Oct. 9-10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—The programs will resume on Wednesday, Oct. 8, with the first in a series of films directed by Paul Rotha—"Contact" (1933), "Shipyard" (1935), "Today We Live" (1936), and "The Peace of Britain" (1936). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

## COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

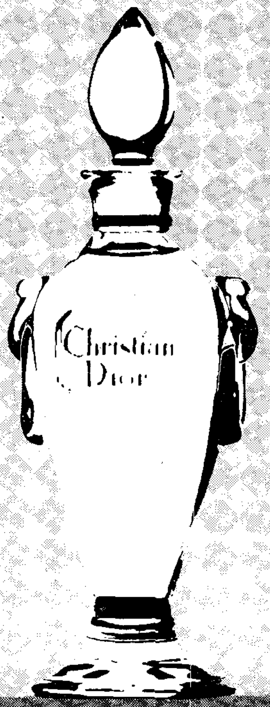
**Boxing**—George Chuvolo vs. Pat Murtry, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 17.)

**Hockey**—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 15, 19, 25, 26, and 29, and Nov. 2 and 15.

**Horse Shows**—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 18 and Oct. 20-25.)...¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 4-11.)

**Hunt Racing**—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 18.)...¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 25.)...¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 1.)...¶ Mont-

Miss Dior



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pelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 8.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 18 and 25 and Nov. 1 and 13.

**Professional Football**—At Yankee Stadium—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Oct. 19.... ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 26.... ¶ Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, Nov. 9.

**Racing**—**UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK:** Oct. 21-22.... **JAMAICA:** Oct. 23-Nov. 29.... **LAUREL,** Md.: Oct. 31-Nov. 12.

**Sports-Car Racing**—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Oct. 19.

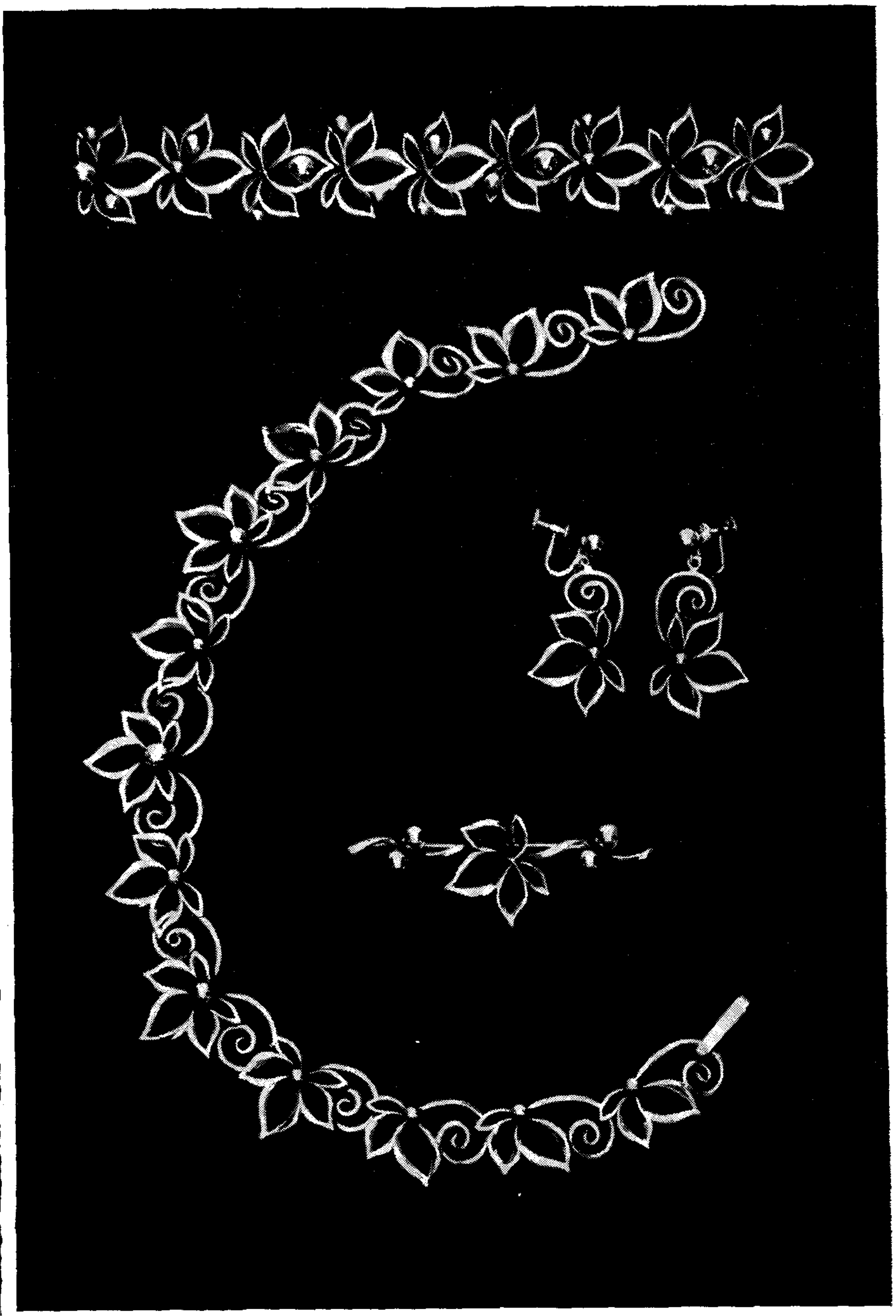
**Music**—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 27, with "Tosca," and will run through April 11.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): Anita Cerquetti, soprano, and Eugenio Fernandi, tenor, Oct. 12.... ¶ American Opera Society, Oct. 14.... ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 15.... ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Oct. 17.... ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, Oct. 21.... ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Oct. 22.... ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Oct. 24.... ¶ Singing Boys of Mexico, Oct. 26.... ¶ Ivry Gitlis, violin, Nov. 3.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 4.... ¶ Salt Lake City Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Nov. 5.... ¶ Ray Lev, piano, Nov. 9.... ¶ Francis Cassel, piano, Nov. 10.... ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Charles Munch conducting, Nov. 12 and 15.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Lili Kraus, piano, Oct. 17.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Oct. 20 and Nov. 3.... ¶ Maria Luisa Faini, piano, Oct. 31.... ¶ Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 1.... ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Nov. 6.... ¶ Shoshana Damari, Israeli folk singer, Nov. 8.... ¶ Walter Hautzig, piano, Nov. 10.... ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 11.... ¶ Ruth Slenczynska, piano, Nov. 13.... ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, Nov. 15.... **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): Robert Casadesus, piano, Oct. 25.... ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Nov. 8.

**Ballet**—The Beryozka Russian Folk Ballet, at the Broadway Theatre, Nov. 4-Dec. 6.

**Theatre**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The World of Suzie Wong," a play by Paul Osborn, based on the novel by Richard Mason, with France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell.... ¶ A three-week repertory (de Musset's "Lorenzaccio," Marivaux's "Le Triomphe de l'Amour," Hugo's "Marie Tudor," Molière's "Don Juan," and Corneille's "Le Cid") by the Théâtre National Populaire, of Paris.... ¶ Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca in "The Girls in 509," a comedy by Howard Teichmann.... ¶ A comedy by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, "Make a Million," in which Sam Levene and Don Wilson will appear.... ¶ Harry Kurnitz's comedy "Once More, with Feeling," starring Joseph Cotten and Arlene Francis.... ¶ Cyril Ritchard, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Charlie Ruggles in "The Pleasure of His Company," a comedy by Samuel Taylor and Miss Skinner.... ¶ "Patate," an adaptation by Irwin Shaw of a French comedy by Marcel Achard; Tom Ewell and Lee Bowman head the cast.... ¶ A comedy, "The Marriage-Go-Round," written by Leslie Stevens and with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.... ¶ "The Man in the Dog Suit," a comedy by Albert Beich and William H. Wright, taken from Edwin Corle's novel "Three Ways to Mecca." Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Carmen Mathews are in the cast.... ¶ A London import, the John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play "Epitaph for George Dillon," with Eileen Herlie, Robert Stephens, and Alison Leggatt.... ¶ Judith Anderson and Arthur O'Connell in a play by Speed Lamkin called "Comes a Day.".... ¶ "Crazy October," James Leo Herlihy's comedy, with Tallulah Bankhead, Joan Blondell, and Estelle Winwood in leading roles.... ¶ "La Plume de Ma Tante," a revue from Paris and London, with a book by Robert Dhéry, music by Gérard Calvi, lyrics by Ross Parker, and a cast that includes M. Dhéry and Collette Brosset.

**Poetry Readings**—W. H. Auden. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A TR 6-2366. Oct. 30.)

**Other Dates**—Columbus Day is Sunday, Oct. 12; Monday, Oct. 13, will be a holiday.... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 13-19.... ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 26.... ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 4.... ¶ Veterans' Day is Tuesday, Nov. 11.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**Around the World in 80 Days**—A Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. The piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a little too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Oct. 5. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Bridge on the River Kwai**—There's a bit of practically everything in the emotional line in this description of British military adventures in the Far East during the Second World War, but it holds together rather impressively. The direction, by David Lean, is brisk and perceptive, and the cast, led by Alec Guinness, William Holden, and Jack Hawkins, performs admirably. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Case of Dr. Laurent**—The subject of natural childbirth explored in a French film that is at once dramatic and enlightening. As an Alpine village doctor who proves that this method of parturition is feasible, Jean Gabin is a memorable figure, and Nicole Courcel is most convincing as a young woman who agrees to follow his instructions during her pregnancy. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

**Damn Yankees**—Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston are superlative as a lady and gentleman from Hell in this musical about a man who sells his soul to the Devil when the latter promises to let Washington beat the Yankees to the pennant. Directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen, the film has a lot of sprightly tunes and some very spry dances. With Tab Hunter. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

**The Defiant Ones**—A first-rate melodrama, produced and directed by Stanley Kramer, in which Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis portray a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. While describing their adventures, Mr. Kramer, without sententiousness, underlines some of the causes of race prejudice and indicates a possible cure. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

**Gigi**—All kinds of talent is represented in this musical revamp of Colette's novel about a young lady, tutored by relatives in the wiles of the demimondaine, who eventually snares a fine rich fellow. Alan Jay Lerner contributed the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe the music, and Cecil Beaton the costumes. Filmed in Paris, the picture is a handsome affair, and has a solid cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

**The Key**—As directed by Carol Reed, this Anglo-American film about the seagoing salvage tugs that saw action in the Second World War is full of exciting derring-do, but only as long as the camera keeps gazing seaward. When it attempts to follow the adventures of the tugboatmen on land, it gets pretty baffling, what with trying to explain the motivations of a mysterious young woman who becomes the paramour of a succession of tugboat captains. William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are the men of the sea, and Sophia Loren is the free-wheeling girl. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 7.)

**Kings Go Forth**—Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis as a pair of Seventh Army soldiers who, when they aren't battling Germans around the South of France, spend a lot of time pursuing a young lady (Natalie Wood) who is the pretty product of a marriage between a Negro and a white woman. Not overly plausible, but distinguished by the performance of Mr. Sinatra. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 5-7, tentative.)

**The Matchmaker**—A happy glimpse of the way things were in Manhattan and Yonkers in the late nineteenth century. As a lady who poses as a marriage broker in order to snag a wealthy Yonkers merchant for herself, Shirley Booth is wonderfully effective, and Paul Ford is estimable as her prey. Anthony Perkins, as the merchant's clerk, and Shirley MacLaine, as a milliner, make a fine pair of young lovers. The picture is based on Thornton Wilder's play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

**Me and the Colonel**—Danny Kaye (as an ingenious Jewish refugee from Poland), Curt Jurgens (as a stiff-necked Polish colonel), and Nicole Maurey (as a French girl who sees a lot of good in both of them) are all splendid in a buoyant comedy that describes how this trio keeps a step ahead of the Nazis after the invasion of France. Akim Tamiroff, Françoise Rosay, Martita Hunt, and Alexander Scourby give sturdy assistance to the principals. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**No Time for Sergeants**—An excellent knockabout comedy in which Andy Griffith is remarkably good as a Southern hillbilly who makes the Air Force rue the day it took him on as a private. Adapted by John Lee Mahin from the novel by Mac Hyman and the play by Ira Levin, the picture also has the valuable services of Myron McCormick, Nick Adams, James Milhollan, and several other sound performers. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Oct. 7.)

**Rouge et Noir**—A blurred version of the Stendhal novel, but enough of the Master's wit and acumen comes through to make it worth your while. Gérard Philipe is a charming Julien Sorel, and Danielle Darrieux and Antonella Lualdi are delectable foils for him. In French. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 5-7, tentative.)

**White Wilderness**—Life among the ice floes, as interpreted by Walt Disney. The photography is altogether fascinating, which makes up for some of the coyness on the sound track as all sorts of fauna, from lemmings to walruses, go through their paces. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

### REVIVALS

**Arsenic and Old Lace** (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

**Beat the Devil** (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 5-7, tentative.)

**The Bicycle Thief** (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 5-7.)

**Citizen Kane** (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 5-7.)

**I Am a Camera** (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

**The Inspector General** (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

**Mr. Hulot's Holiday** (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

**Operation Mad Ball** (1957)—Fun in the Army. Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 8.)

**The Prisoner** (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

**The Red Balloon** (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 7, tentative.)

**The Sheep Has Five Legs** (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. Funny and French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 8, tentative.)

**Summertime** (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 7, tentative. )

**Torment** (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

**Capitol,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr.

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 5: "South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
Oct. 6. Theatre closed.
From Oct. 7, at 8:40: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Opening night will be a benefit for the National Foundation. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460. Thereafter, nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5. Reserved seats only.)

**Mayfair,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
To be announced.

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

**Odeon,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Windom's Way," Peter Finch, Mary Ure.

**Palace,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
**THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**

**Paramount,** B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
From Oct. 2, at 8:30: "The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando. (Opening night will be a benefit for the City College Fund. For information about tickets, call AU 1-1010.)

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 5: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.**
Oct. 6. Theatre closed.
From Oct. 7: "South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Roxy,** 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
**DAMN YANKEES.**

**Royale,** 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
**GIGI.**

**State,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams Jeff Chandler.

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
**THE DEFIANT ONES.**

**Warner,** B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

**World,** 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Foxiest Girl in Paris" (in French), Martine Carol.

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 7 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and **THE PRISONER**, revival.
From Oct. 8 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

**Academy of Music**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 5: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.
Oct. 6-7: "The Bonnie Parker Story," Dorothy Provine; and "Machine Gun Kelly," Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot.
From Oct. 8: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.
Oct. 5-7 (tentative): **KINGS GO FORTH.**
From Oct. 8 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

**Lexington**, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Oct. 7: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.
From Oct. 8: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
**THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in French).

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Town Like Alice," Virginia McKenna, Peter Finch.

**R.K.O. 58th St.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 7: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.
From Oct. 8: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**ME AND THE COLONEL.**

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 7: "La Parisienne" (in French), Charles Boyer, Henri Vidal, Brigitte Bardot.
From Oct. 8: "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Oct. 5: "Premier May" (in French), Yves Montand, Nicole Berger.
From Oct. 6: "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 7 (tentative): **SUMMERTIME**, revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.
From Oct. 8 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 8: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

**Loew's 72nd St.**, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 7: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.
From Oct. 8: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

**Trans-Lux Colony**, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "The Silken Affair," revival, David Niven, Genevieve Page.
Oct. 5-7 (tentative): **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French).
From Oct. 8 (tentative): "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): **THE KEY.**
Oct. 5-7 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "The Detective," revival, Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.
From Oct. 8 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 5: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.
Oct. 6-7: "The Bonnie Parker Story," Dorothy Provine; and "Machine Gun Kelly," Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot.
From Oct. 8: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 7: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.
From Oct. 8: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

## WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 4: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "The Smallest Show on Earth," revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.
Oct. 5-6: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver; and "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens.
From Oct. 7: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 7 (tentative): **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL**, revival.
From Oct. 8 (tentative): **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival; and "The Detective," revival, Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 8 (tentative): "Pather Panchali" (in Bengali), Kanu Bannerji.

**Sheridan**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 7: "Man of the West," Gary Cooper, Julie London; and "Cop Hater," Robert Loggia.
From Oct. 8: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 4: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.
Oct. 5-7: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 8: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 5: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.
Oct. 6-7: "The Bonnie Parker Story," Dorothy Provine; and "Machine Gun Kelly," Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot.
From Oct. 8: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

**Trans-Lux Normandie**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
**WHITE WILDERNESS.**

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
**THE MATCHMAKER.**

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Crime and Punishment" (in French), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.

**Loew's 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 4: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.
Oct. 5-7: "Alexander the Great," revival, Richard Burton, Fredric March; and "Man with the Gun," revival, Robert Mitchum, Jan Sterling.
From Oct. 8: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 7: **THE KEY**; and "Return to Warbow," Phil Carey.
From Oct. 8: **OPERATION MAD BALL**, revival; and "Bonjour Tristesse," revival, Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

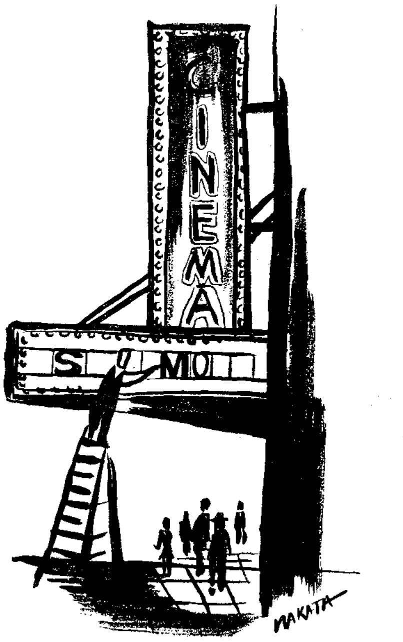
**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 2: **I AM A CAMERA**, revival; and "Fernandel the Dressmaker" (in French), revival.
Oct. 3: **TORMENT** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
Oct. 4: "The Bolshoi Ballet," revival, Galina Ulanova; and "Dance Little Lady," revival, Terence Morgan, Mai Zetterling.
Oct. 5: "The Last Ten Days" (in German), revival, Albin Skoda, Oskar Werner; and "One Step to Eternity" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Michel Auclair.
Oct. 6: "Tosca" (in Italian), revival, Michel Simon; and "Marriage of Figaro" (in German), revival, Erna Berger.
Oct. 7: "The Dybbuk" and "Green Fields" (both in Yiddish and both revivals).
Oct. 8: "The Bed" (in French and English), revival, Richard Todd, Vittorio De Sica; and "The Spice of Life" (in French), revival, Noël-Noël.

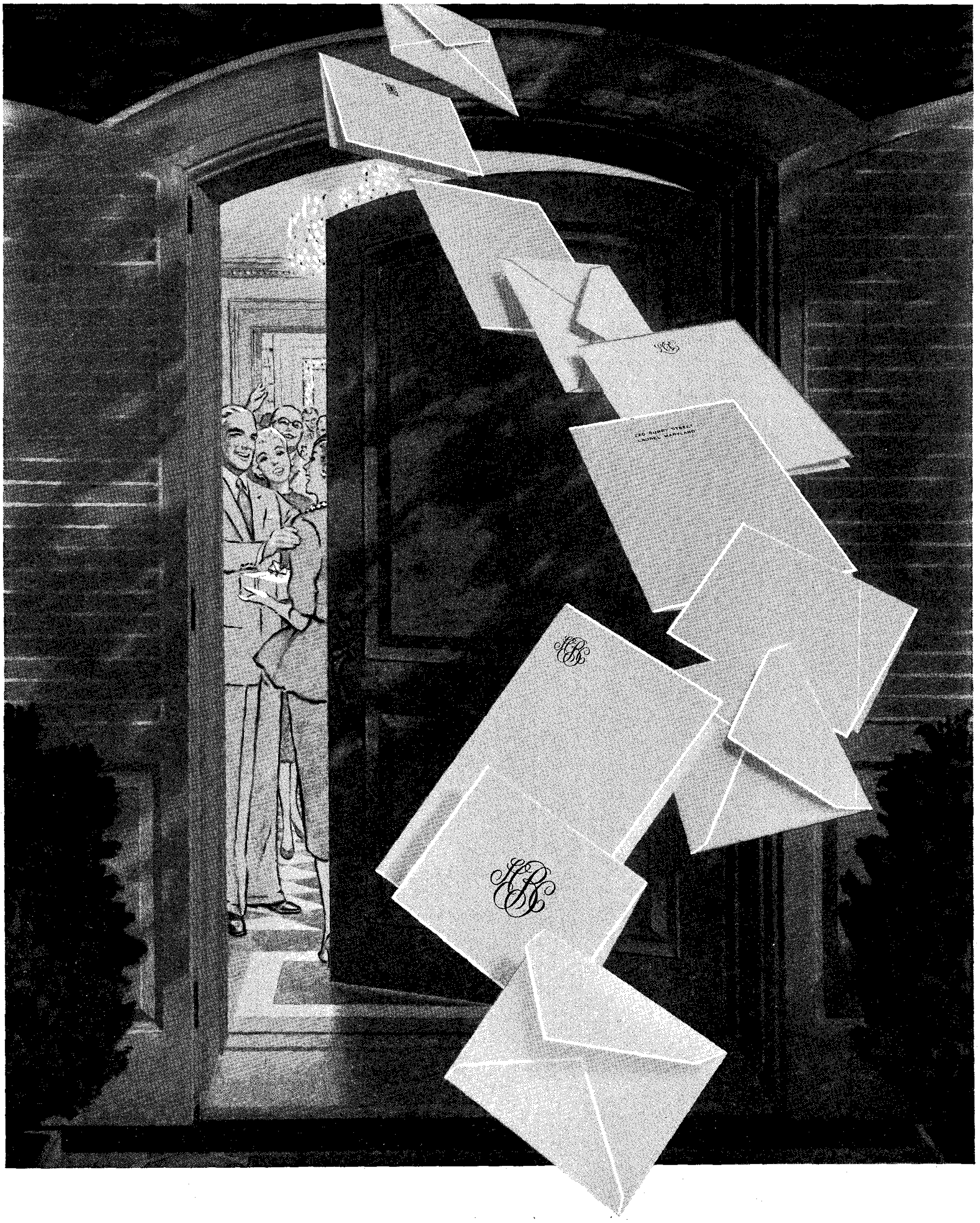
**Riverside**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.

**Midtown**, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Oct. 7: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**; and "Woman in a Dressing Gown," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Anthony Quayle.
From Oct. 8: "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas; and "Night Ambush," Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring.

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Oct. 2: "War Arrow," revival, Maureen O'Hara, Jeff Chandler; and "Wings of the Hawk," revival, Van Heflin, Julia Adams.
Oct. 3-4: "The D.I.," revival, Jack Webb; and "Toward the Unknown," revival, William Holden, Lloyd Nolan.
Oct. 5-7: "Alexander the Great," revival, Richard Burton, Fredric March; and "Man with the Gun," revival, Robert Mitchum, Jan Sterling.
From Oct. 8: "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

**Nemo**, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 7: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.
From Oct. 8: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.





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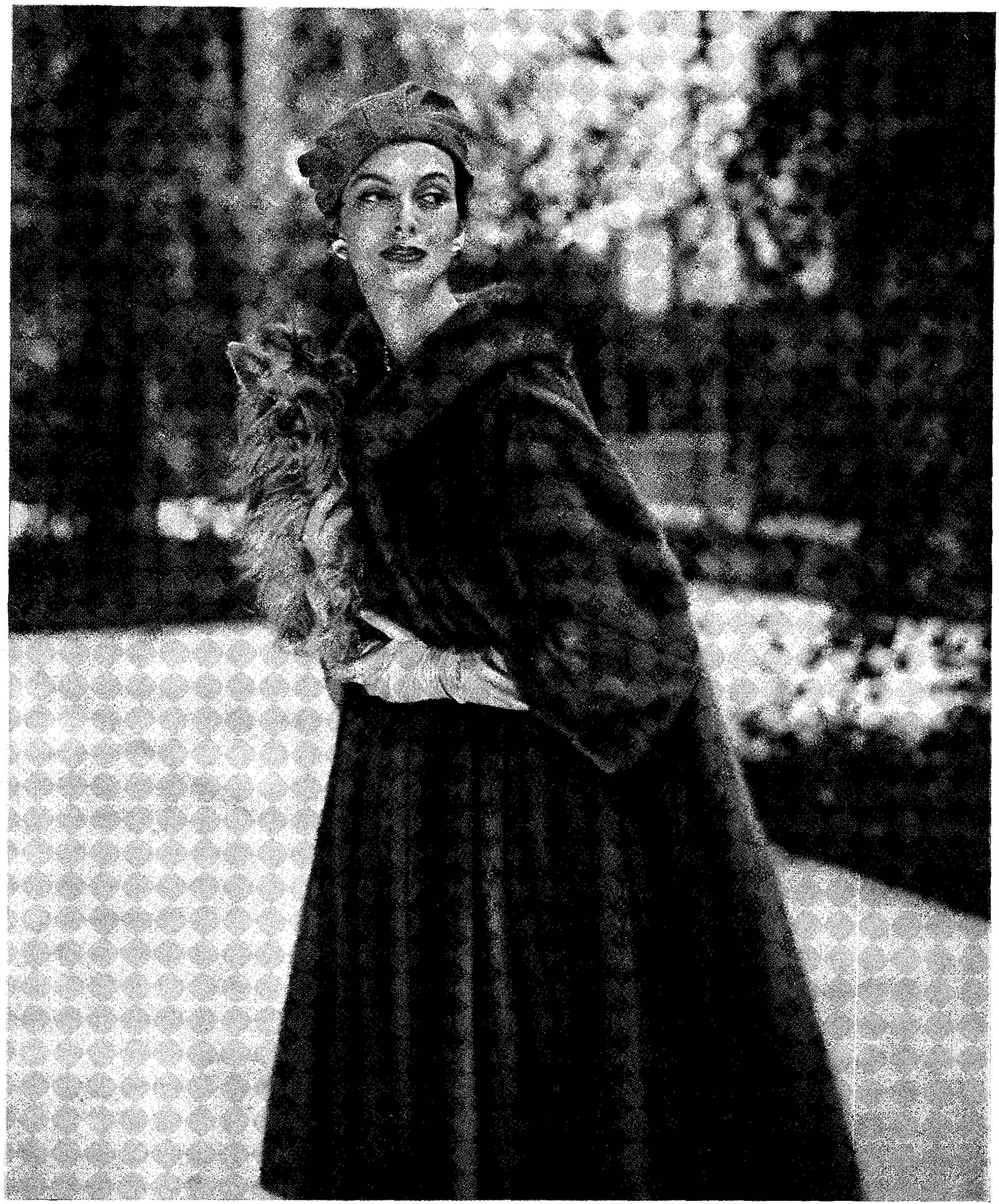

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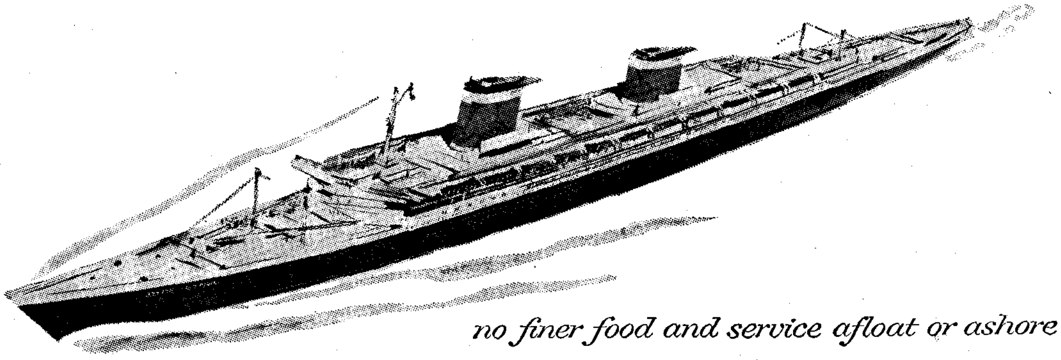

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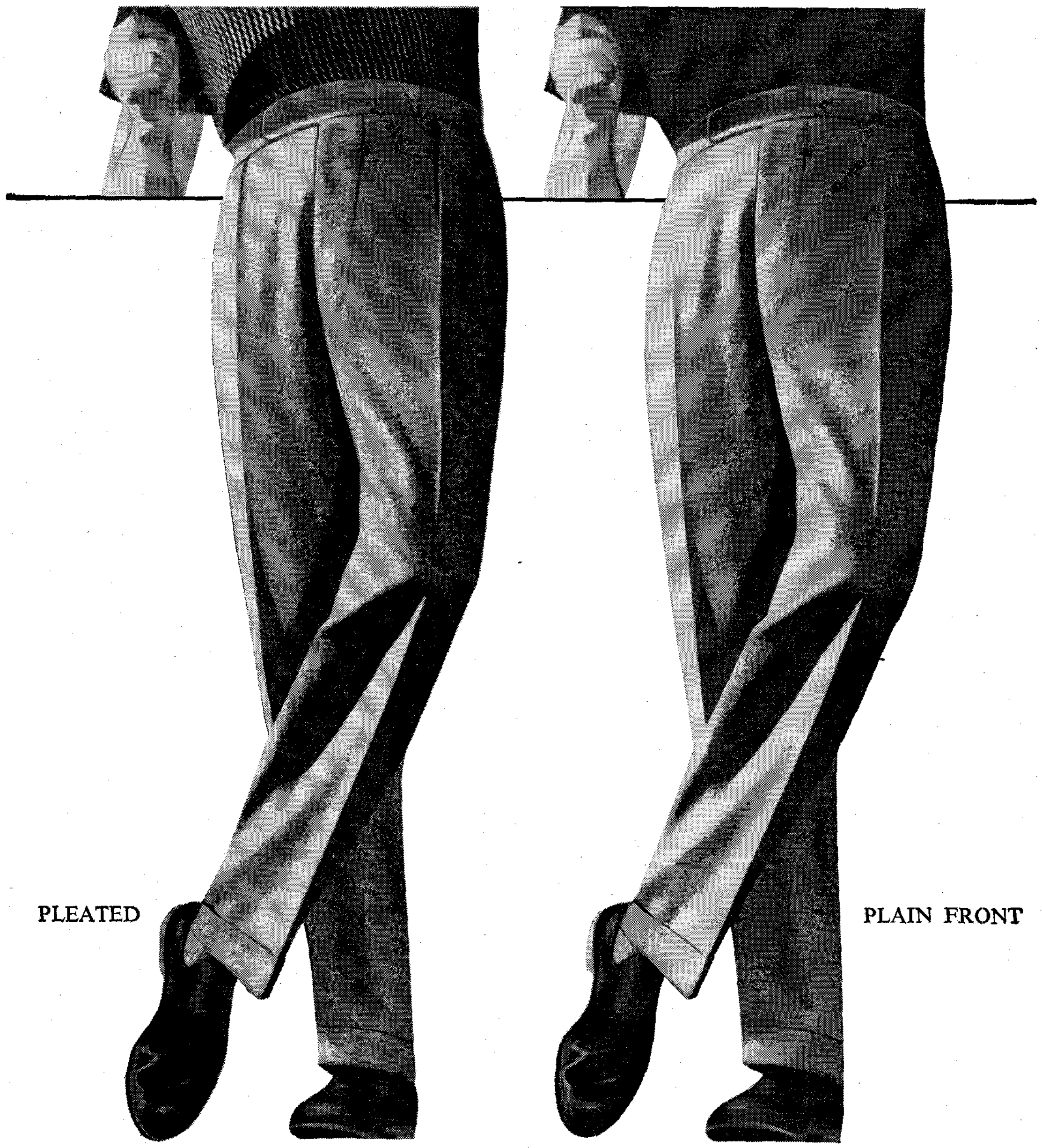

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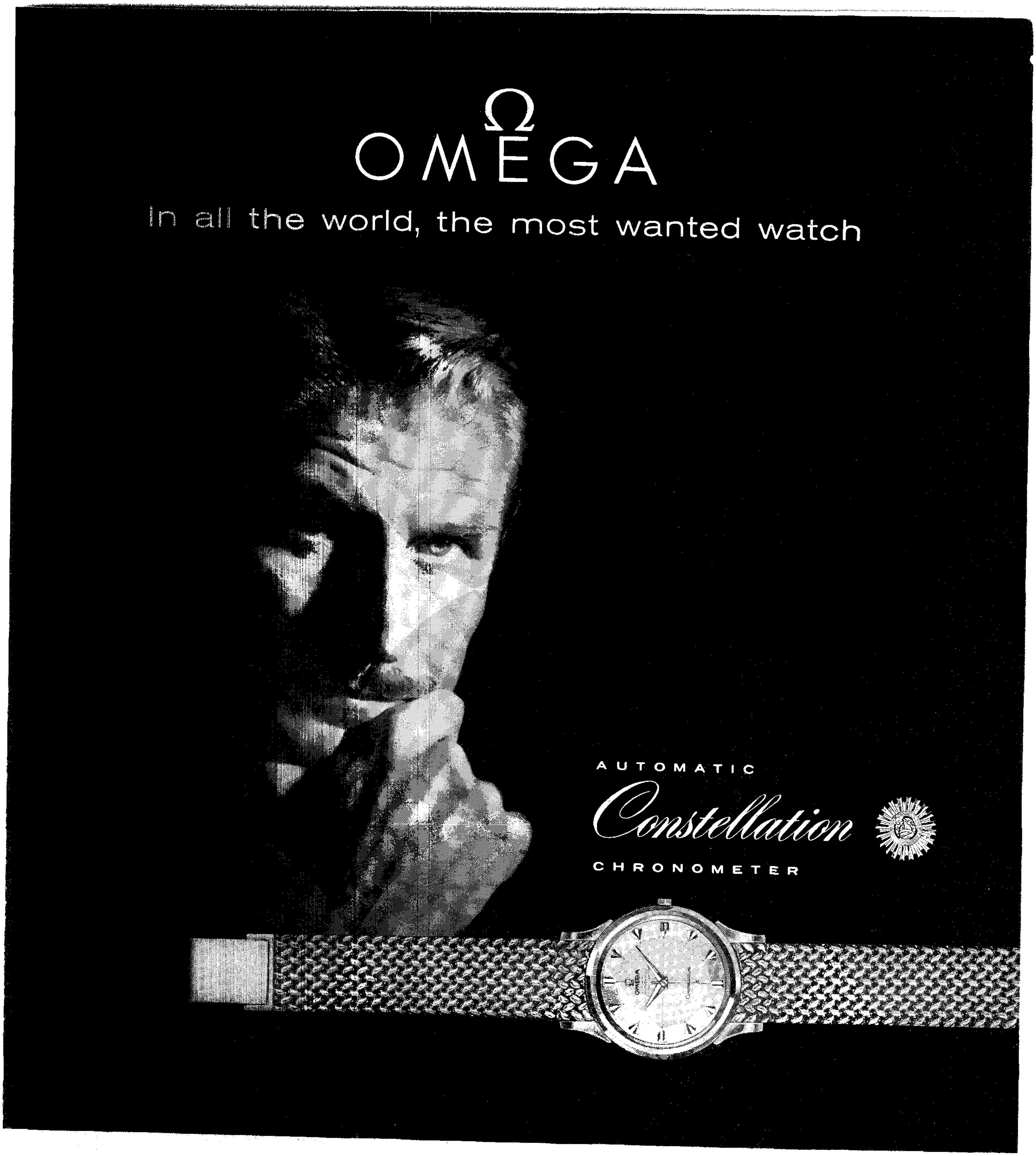

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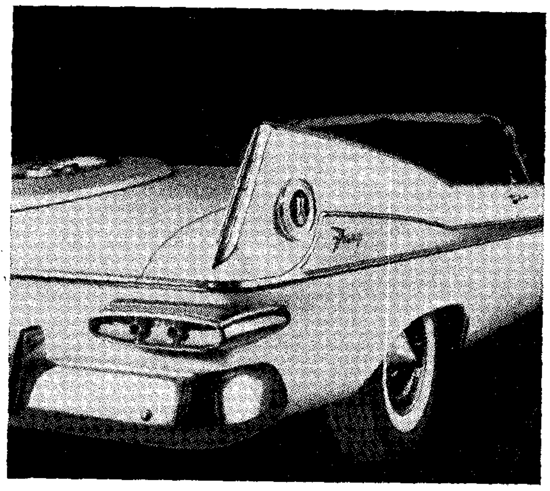

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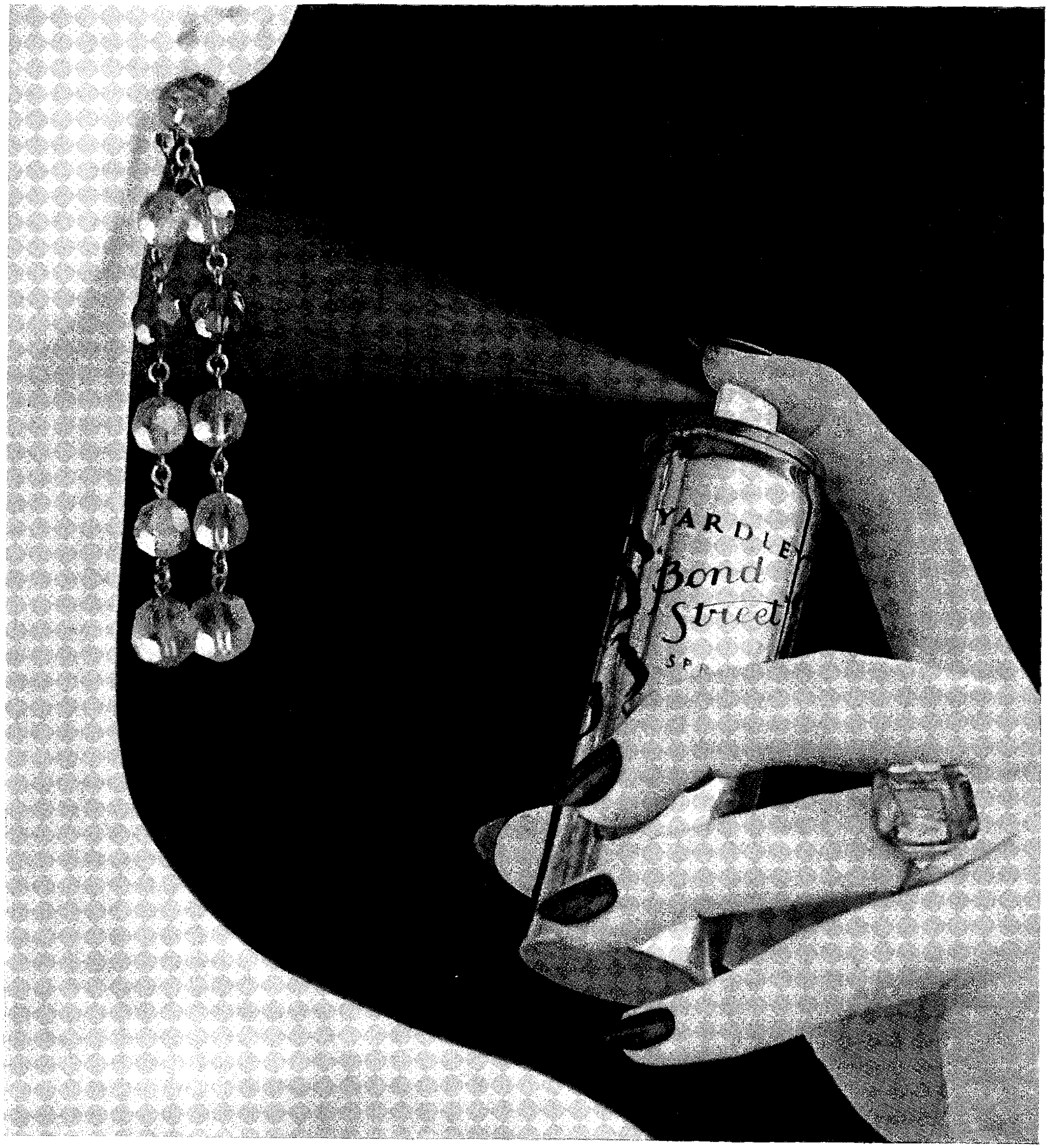
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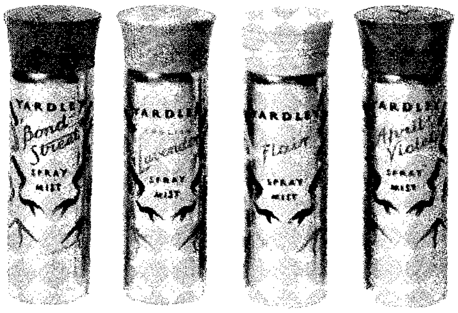
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THE street names in Nassau have the pleasant sound of the past. Names like Blue Hill Road, Gaol Alley, Infant View Road and Meadow Street. These quaint byroads climb flowered slopes, meander between pink walls. At the hilltops they meet long-silent fortresses whose spiked cannons still point to seas once the haunt of buccaneers.

In Nassau *hurry* is still just a word which rhymes with *worry*. Both words are automatically deleted from your vocabulary upon arrival in the Bahamas. The pace is easy, the gentle charm of its people infectious. There are no traffic lights, no neon signs, no ulcers.

You'll find the Old World courtliness of Nassau clearly evident in her famous hotels and clubs. The best of the old and the finest of the new have been blended skillfully to produce a gracious design for living which many people believe is the best resort life of our time.

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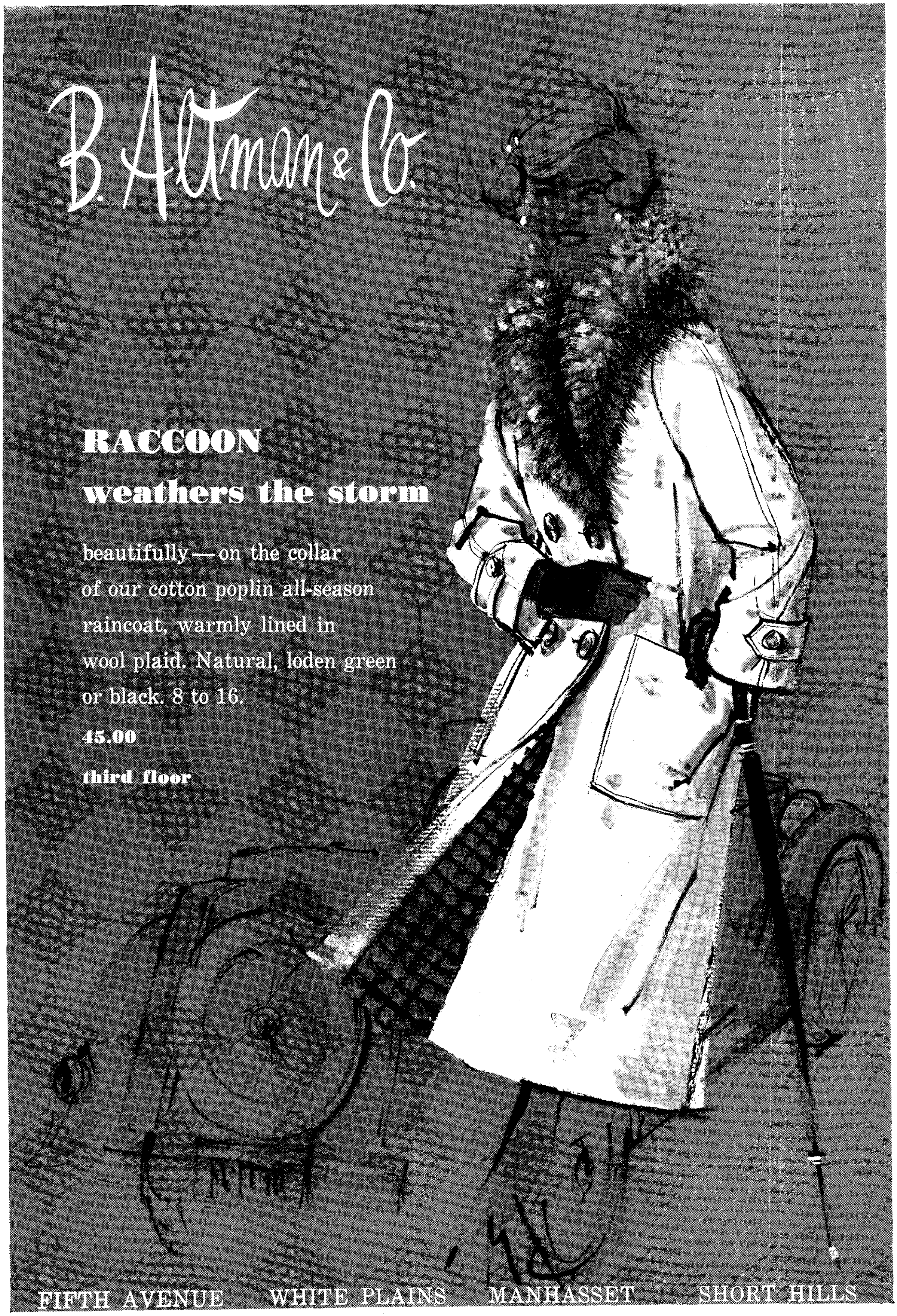

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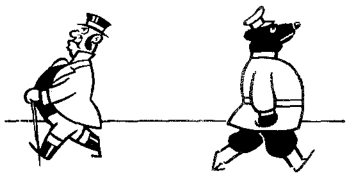
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

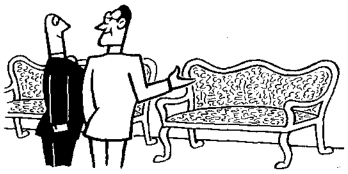
WE said here a couple of weeks ago that we wished the United Nations would fix a limit—any limit—on recognition of governments that have lost control of the countries they once governed. What we had in mind was that it would be awkward if, say, the U.S.S.R. refused to deal with Her Majesty's Government on the ground that Russia recognized only the Cromwellian Protectorate, or if H.M.G. snubbed the U.S.S.R. because Britons preferred the Romanoffs. Still, it's no more than awkward if a nation declines to play ball with another because it doesn't like its looks, and the United Nations cannot yet, perhaps, be expected to play the part of social director at a summer camp. It's something else—and something dangerous—to refuse to recognize a *de-facto* government when such a refusal constitutes a continual threat to its existence. Well, hardly had we given the United Nations this legislative task when history, running off the reel like line when a bluefish strikes, made us think of a new one. A few days ago, the Algerian nationalist committee in Cairo set up the government-in-exile of a Republic of Algeria, and a number of Moslem states, led, naturally, by Egypt, promptly recognized *it*. This was a case of prenatal, as opposed to posthumous, recognition, and was based, presumably, on the mysterious tenth point of the law of sovereignty. (Possession constitutes nine points.) One kind of government that international order cannot afford is a government that has been kicked out; another kind is a government that has not even started to get in. The Algerian fighters control a number of rural regions at night, but it would unduly complicate our already tangled international life to recognize day and night governments for any portion of the globe. Think of the scene at the delegates' entrance to the United Nations Building when the shifts changed, and the endless disputes about time zones. What we need, we repeat, is a working, nonpolitical definition by the U.N. of when a government isn't one.



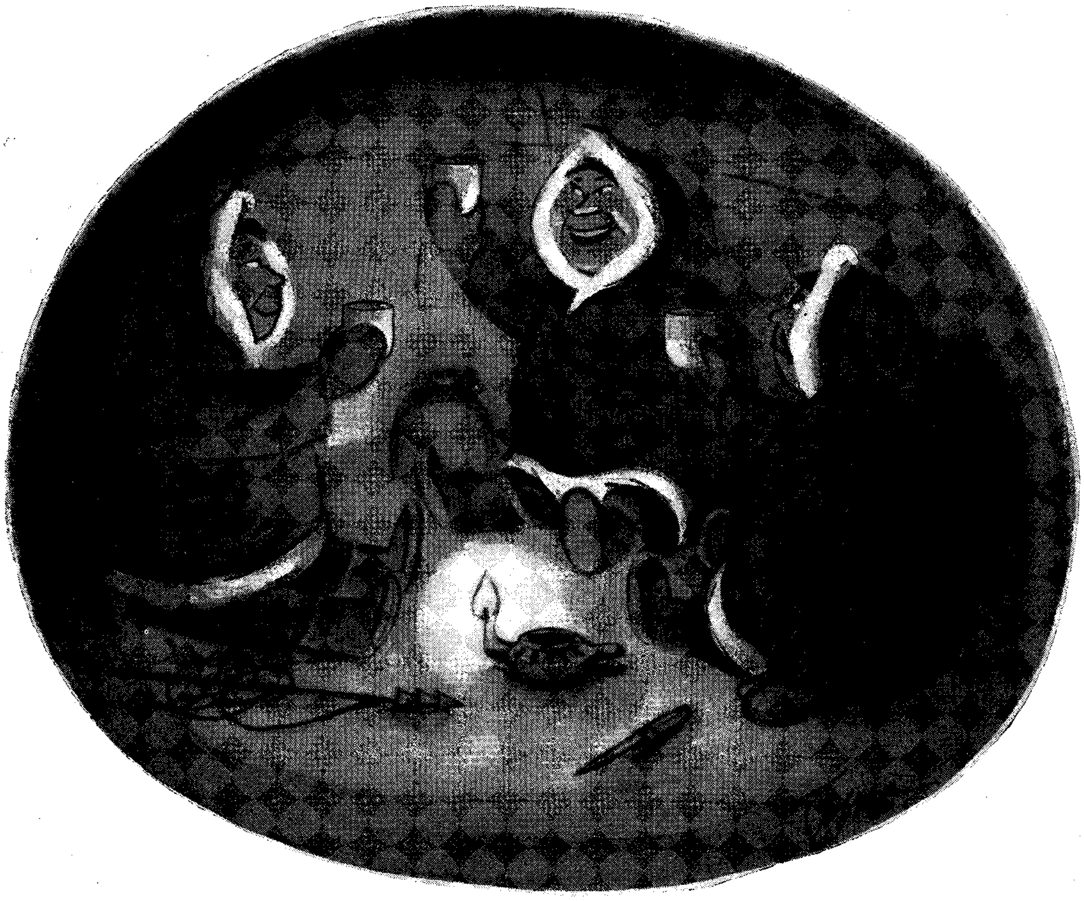
## *Sultanas and Settees*

WHAT a black-tie vista beckons! Next Monday, the special-preview reopening of the Museum of Modern Art, and then, on Tuesday, the special-preview reopening of French & Co., an artistic outfit eighty-nine years the Museum's senior, in its new home, in the Parke-Bernet Building, with a twelve-fifty-a-head, champagne-and-*gaufrette*, Spence-Chapin Adoption Service evening view of a two-million-dollar loan exhibit of antiques and assorted works of art culled from seventy-two museums and private collections. Late last year, paying a farewell visit to the old French home, on East Fifty-seventh Street, we were entertained by the reminiscences of Mr. Mitchell Samuels, its board chairman; last week, in the no less stimulating company of his son Spencer, the firm's president, we inspected its present quarters. "We have the whole top floor and penthouse, as well as sections of the four other floors and the basement of this building, which we own," he said, greeting us in the Madison Avenue vestibule. "We've moved more than a hundred vanloads, and the job is still going on. Practically no breakage. It took eight people two months to make the physical inventory, and a couple of thousand items turned up that we'd lost track of. We can't show more than twenty per cent of our stock at any one time; the rest is kept up on Ninety-first Street, in two warehouses. We have photographs of everything, or nearly everything, so customers can visualize what we have in storage, and ask for what interests them."

We took the elevator to the fifth floor, where, in the West and Great South Galleries, given over to the loan exhibit, sweet music assailed us as we strolled past workmen installing tapestries, paintings, sculpture, and antique furniture. "Executone system for background music," Mr. Samuels said. "We'll change selections for different shows, but we'll have largely classical music. We also use the system for paging. It sounds a little like a hospital sometimes." He pointed out a pair of Early Georgian walnut settees and a Boulle commode, lent, respectively, by Arthur Vining Davis, chairman of the board of the Aluminum Corporation of America, and Byron C. Foy, a son-in-law of the late Walter P. Chrysler. "Sold by us," he said. "Ninety-eight per cent of the things in the loan exhibit were formerly ours. The biggest exception is a desk, signed B.V.R.B. and once owned by the Duke of Argyll, that I borrowed from Mr. J. Paul Getty. It's a beauty, and I wanted it, so I called up Mr. Getty in Lugano, Switzerland, and he was so surprised he said yes. It's on its way to us, insured for two hundred and fifty thousand. Of course, Mr. Getty *has* bought a lot of things from us, including some tapestries in the show."



"Mr. Spencer!" Executone said, breaking in on the music. Mr. Samuels picked up a nearby phone, had a muted inter-office chat, and then led us past a stately assemblage of regular French & Co. stock in a series of Gothic, Renaissance, and eighteenth-century French and English rooms occupying a Promenade Gallery, which stretches along the



*"Here's to the biggest and best damn state in the Union!"*

• •

Madison Avenue side of the building from Seventy-sixth to Seventy-seventh Street. "By installing or removing temporary walls," he said, indicating one of the partitions, "this can be divided into ten rooms or made into one two-hundred-foot sweep. We've put in a lighting system that provides for innumerable variations—cool fluorescent, warm fluorescent, spotlights, chandeliers, or a combination. We've also varied the color of the walls to suit the contents—ice blue for French, lemon yellow for English, and so on."

He flipped a number of switches as we promenaded along, and, in varying lights, we admired such treasures as two enormous Flemish tapestries, part of a series called "The Redemption of Man;" a large Nattier pastel of Henriette, daughter of Louis XV; an English breakfront over twenty feet wide; and an eighteenth-century French tapestry, "Breakfast of the Sultana," in which the Sultana was being served coffee while smoking a pipe nearly as long as herself. "Used to belong to the Kaiser," Mr. Samuels said. "We got it through an agent." In the North Gallery, on the Seventy-seventh Street side, were antique rugs and more tapestries, these being hung on electrically operated hoists fifteen feet high, which, we were told, can raise eighty running feet of tapestry; next, tapestry vaults housing a thousand tapestries, and a Textile Room, full of Italian Renaissance cabinets stuffed with brocades, damasks, and velvets. "Fifth- and sixth-century Coptic weaving," said our guide, pulling out two or three richly colored bundles. "Many are fifty to a hundred dollars a yard; a few run up to five thousand."

We took in an oak-panelled Treasure Room, a Majolica Room, and, on the fourth floor, an art reference library of seven thousand books, magazines, and marked catalogues, and gained the penthouse, which was teeming with plasterers, painters, and movers. "Our great sculpture court will be here," Mr. Samuels said, "and a gallery of contemporary pictures. We've hitherto concentrated on Old Masters, so this will be a departure for us; we're going to jump into it feet first, this winter. My principal interest has always been the painting department. I majored in art at Yale, studied it some more at the University of Florence and the Courtald Institute, University of London, and joined my father in business in 1936. This benefit loan exhibit has been a joy to me. We're borrowing back things we sold thirty, forty, or fifty years ago. I'm forty-five, and I remember some of them from my childhood. It's a great pleasure to see these old friends coming back."

•

OVERHEARD on a crosstown bus, one high-school girl to another: "Honestly, you can't imagine how bored I get with the whole thing. My parents expect me to dress and make an appearance so they can show me off, and then I have to stand around drinking *Coke* out of a Martini glass!"

## *Candidates*

FOLLOWING our usual nonpartisan policy, we've been paying calls on the chief candidates for office in the current state campaign. This week, we'll report on the Republicans; in a week or so, we hope to give equal time and space to the Democrats. As in past years, the Republican campaign headquarters is at the Roosevelt, but this time an unprecedented amount of space has been rented for the duration—the entire seventh floor, consisting of eighty bedrooms and baths, and costing a cool nine hundred and ninety dollars a day. (In the course of converting bedrooms into temporary offices, the hotel simply stacked the beds on end in the adjacent bathtubs; politicians aren't fussy.) All campaign headquarters tend to look pretty much alike, and the Republicans are preserving the tradition this year with plenty of blown-up photographs of candidates, a steady stream of coördinators of this and that darting up and down corridors carpeted with man-eating cabbage roses, and an atmosphere of wary optimism rather like that of a racing stable shortly before the Derby.

Mr. Rockefeller occupies a corner suite of three rooms. Wearing a dark-gray suit, a tie striped in soft shades of gray, gold, and blue, and an expression at once earnest and invincibly good-humored, the gubernatorial candidate shook our hand, patted our back, found us a chair, and seated himself behind a neat, nondescript desk. When we complimented him on how well he appeared to be bearing up under the rigors of the campaign, he beamed. "I'm loving it," he said. "I enjoy campaigning very much." We asked whether, in that case, he considered himself an extrovert. "Can't introverts like people, too?" he countered at once, making a deft pitch for the introvert vote (possibly a negligible factor upstate but powerful here in the city) and at the same time keeping the extrovert vote in his pocket. "A major part of any campaign is meeting people, which I find very rewarding," he went on. "Some people say politics is a dirty business, and therefore to be stayed out of, but I feel that, on the contrary, everybody ought to be in it. The campaign routine isn't altogether new to me, you know. When I was in the State Department, back in the forties, I spent a good deal of time touring South America, talking to people, being given the key to the city, and all that. It was a lot of fun, as well as hard work, and so is this."

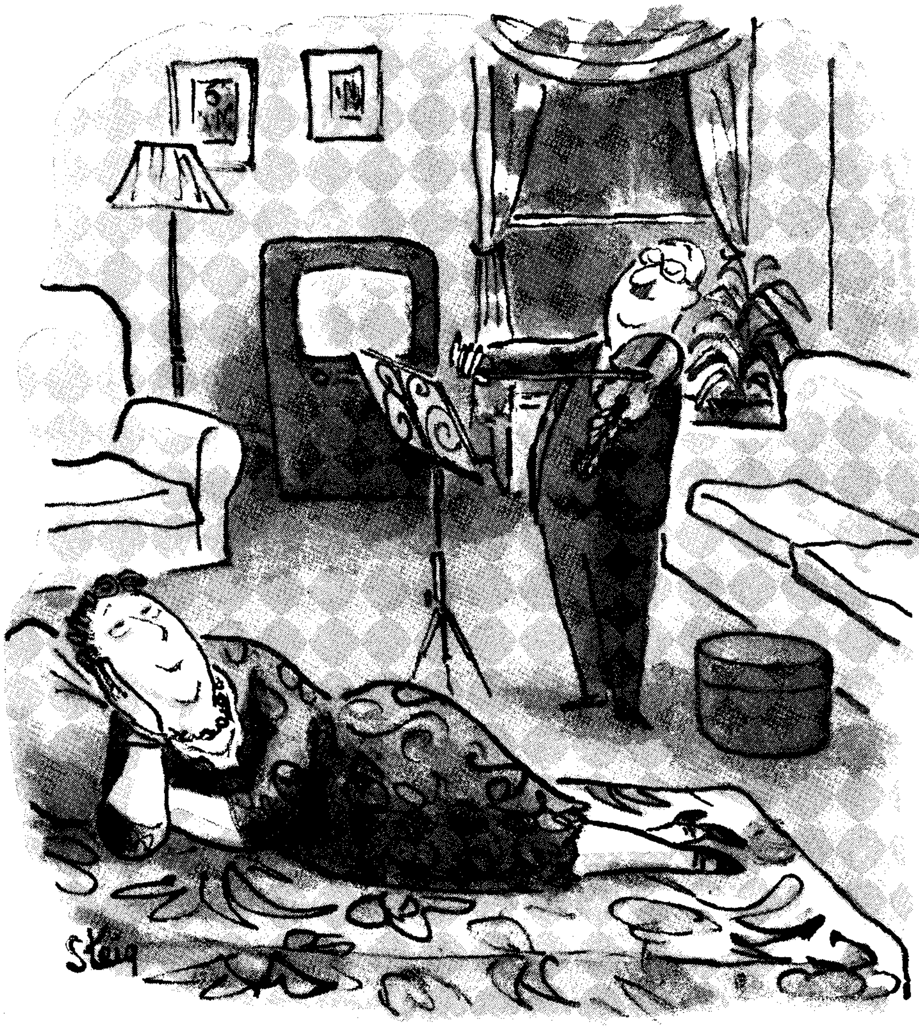
We asked the candidate if he'd noticed Mr. Truman's recent remark to the effect that Rockefeller was a very nice fellow, the only thing wrong with him being that he was a Republican. Mr. Rockefeller grinned, and said, "Mr. Truman is a wonderfully warm, human person. Furthermore, he should be given credit for some of the great decisions of our history."

Approaching more dangerous ground, we asked the candidate for his opinion of his opponent. "A very friendly man," he said. "I've known him for twenty-five or thirty years. We've never been close friends, but I used to see him downtown and, later, in Washington. In my opinion, he isn't much of an administrator but has been a first-rate ambassador."

What about the tricks of the political game? Was he, for example, finding it difficult to remember people's names? "The truth is I have a visual memory and am better at faces," said Mr. R. "If I saw you again on the subway, I'd remember your face but not your name. Speaking of the subway puts me in mind of its financial problems, and those of all forms of public transportation. That's the kind of thing I've been getting at in my campaign. There's been no leadership from Albany in respect to anticipating problems of this kind. If I'm elected Governor, that's one of the things I want to do—anticipate problems, not just let them happen." He reached into a pocket and drew out a shiny silver dollar. "Funny how I got this," he said, flipping it in the air. "We were over in Brooklyn yesterday, making some TV shorts. A crowd gathered—maybe three hundred people. I happened to look down at the pavement and spotted a dime lying there, and I bent over and picked it up. Out of three hundred people, I was the only one to see that dime! Actually, I'm always finding things—have a regular knack for it. Johnny Crews, the Republican chairman in Brooklyn, wanted the dime for a good-luck piece and swapped me this silver dollar for it. Not a bad trade!"

ANOTHER handshake, another smile, and we proceeded to our next interview, which was with Malcolm Wilson, the Republican nominee for Lieutenant Governor. A slender, good-looking man, with bright-blue eyes and an air more poetical than political, Mr. Wilson waved a hand at his desk, which was strewn with drifts of paper, and said charmingly, "I assure you, this desk doesn't represent the state of my mind, which is only *slightly* disordered." We asked him for his *curriculum vitae*, and, no less charmingly, he sketched it in. Born in Manhattan, where his father was a patent attorney, at four he entered St. Thomas Academy, a school run by the Sisters of Mercy; at six he moved with his family to Yonkers, where his mother became a Republican county committeewoman; and from his twelfth year he spent every Election Day helping out at the polls. A graduate of Fordham College and Fordham Law School, he received the 1938 Republican nomination for assemblyman from the First Assembly District of Westchester County, and he has been in the legislature ever since. Mr. Wilson is married, has two children, is a partner in the Yonkers law firm of Kent, Hazzard, Jaeger & Wilson, and is a man of correct habits. "I was fifteen when I entered college, and my wonderful mother asked me not to smoke or drink," he said. "I started smoking in law school, but I've never got around to drinking, though we serve drinks to guests."

We mentioned Mr. Wilson's reputation as one of the ablest speakers in the legislature. Modestly, he said that he developed his gift as a member of the debating society at Fordham, which his mother had prompted him to join. "My years in Albany have been in no sense a bore," he told us. "Every session has brought its own challenges and satisfactions, especially the satisfaction of participating with others in the solution of common problems. If elected, I hope to take a more active part in the solution of state problems than Lieutenant Governors have been accustomed to do in the past. I share the view of my fellow-candidates that the over-



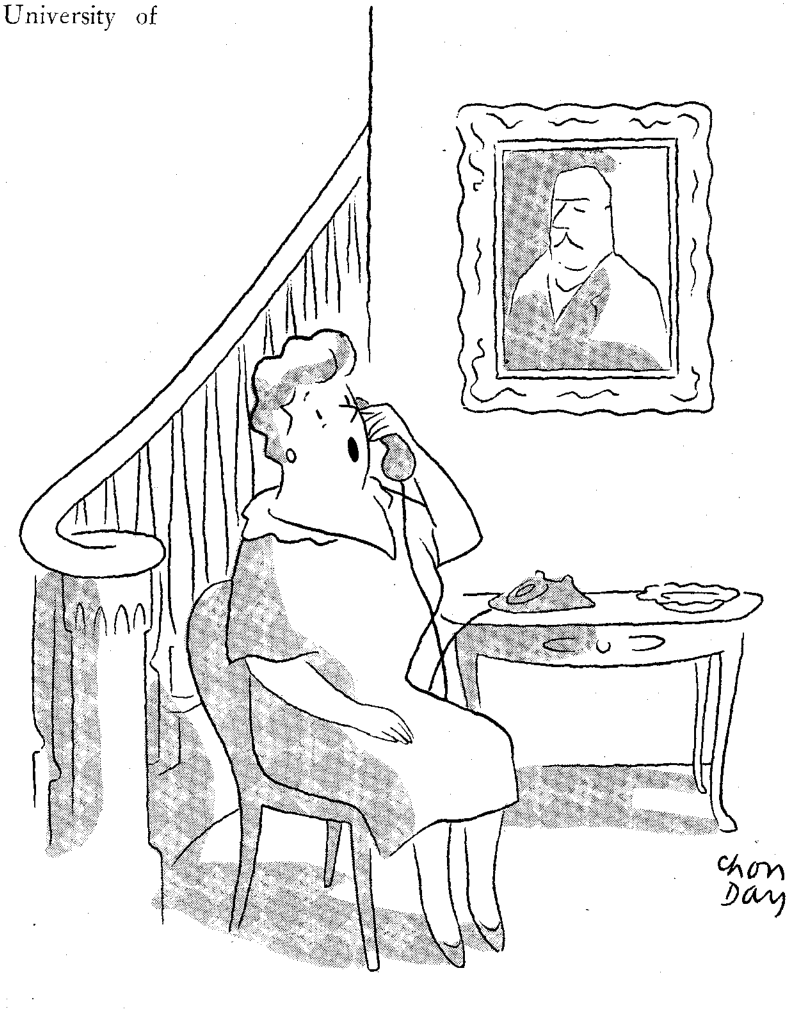
riding issue in this campaign is the economic climate of New York State. Under Harriman's administration, it has failed to keep pace with the other states. I have no particular comment to make on my opponent, Mr. De Luca. He is a fine gentleman. Nevertheless, I feel obliged to point out the striking contrast in the ages of the two tickets. Mr. De Luca is sixty-nine and Harriman sixty-six, while Mr. Rockefeller and I are fifty and forty-four. There is also a striking contrast in experience. De Luca had been only a district attorney and judge, and Harriman had not had much administrative experience when he became Governor and has had very little since.”

AS smoothly as Aqua Velva, we were passed along to Kenneth B. Keating, the senatorial candidate. Mr. Keating is a handsome man of fifty-eight, with wavy white hair and a rosy complexion. He speaks slowly and thoughtfully, as if determined never to utter an unnecessary or foolish word. “I was raised in the village of Lima, New York, where my father ran a little grocery store,” he told us. “I worked my way through the University of Rochester by tutoring other students, and graduated from Harvard Law School in 1923. Started the practice of law in Rochester, and eventually became a member of the second-largest firm there—Harris, Beach, Keating, Wilcox, Dale & Linowitz. They keep my name on the door, but I haven't had time for much legal work since the war.” Keating entered the Army in 1942, with the rank of major, and was released from active duty in 1946 with the rank of colonel. (In 1948, he was made a brigadier general in the Reserve.) “Two days after I got home, I was offered the job of running against the Democratic incumbent in the Fortieth Congressional District,” he said. “It was a district that had always wobbled back and forth between Democrat and Republican. I was a service man and my opponent wasn't, and I won that first election by twenty-nine thousand votes. It hadn't occurred to me to devote the rest of my life to Congress, but when my first term was up I decided to try it one more time. That was the year of the Truman upset, and my margin of victory dropped to forty-eight hundred. Next time, I ran because I wanted to do better, and I won by fifty-two thousand votes. My fourth-term margin was a hundred and twenty-six thousand, my fifth-term margin was sixty-two thousand, and last time the figure was eighty-two thousand.”

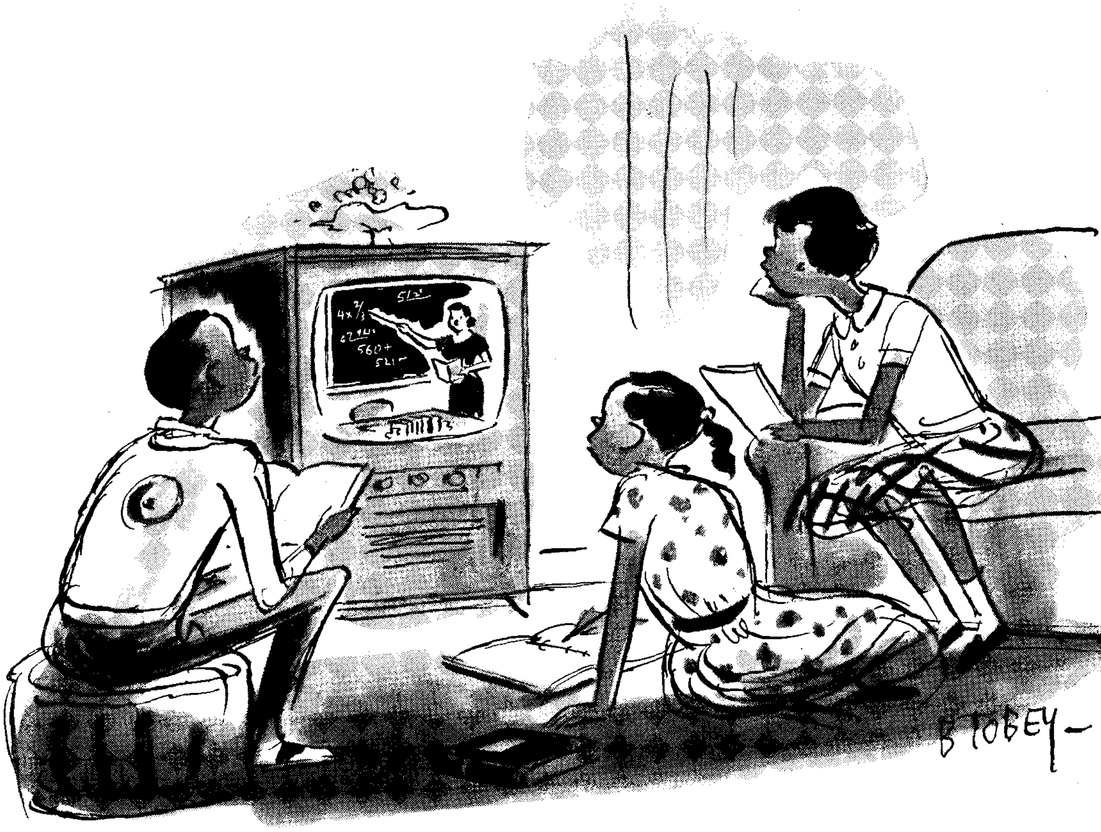
Keating has often been described as a terrific vote-getter, but he hesitated to accept the designation. “I wouldn't want to sound as if I were blowing my own horn,” he said. “Besides, a man ought to want to represent his constituents, not just get votes. I'll say this, though: the people in my district—Republicans, Democrats, independents—have been very kind to me. I've voted as I thought best on every issue that has come along, and so far haven't ducked a single one. Though nobody likes to be called a radical or a reactionary, I suppose ‘liberal’ and ‘conservative’ are respectable words. I'm suspicious of labels, but maybe you could call me a ‘liberative’ or a ‘conserveral.’ ”

As for the present campaign, Keating called it the hardest fight he has ever been in. “It's a gruelling business, trying to cover this big state day after day,” he said. “Luckily, I'm in good health and can take it. If I'm defeated now, my legislative career is at an end. The *News* said of Hogan and me the other day that we were both good men and that it was fortunate that whoever was defeated would continue in public life. No doubt that's true of Hogan, who didn't have to resign as District Attorney in order to run for office, but it isn't true of me. I've given up my seat in Congress, and at my age it would be impractical to try and start in all over again as a freshman congressman. I've taken a big gamble, but I think I'm going to win.”

ON the door leading into the campaign office of Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz, the Republican candidate for an office he already holds in a Democratic administration, was a hand-printed sign reading, “Please Knock.” Just as we were about to do so, half a dozen men filed out, laughing and shaking their heads, and Mr. Lefkowitz beckoned us in. A small, wiry man, with sparse black hair, heavy eyebrows, and lively brown eyes back of gold-rimmed spectacles, Mr. Lefkowitz can talk twice as fast as his fellow-candidates; in the course of our brief interview he struck us as a notably direct and engaging man. “Sit down! Sit down!” he exclaimed, clasping his brow in mock despair. “Delighted to see you. I can't stand sitting here in this hotel room while they're finding things for me to do outside. Like yesterday—a whole *day* with nothing scheduled! Finally, I took it into my head to go down to the garment district and start shaking hands on my



*“You've had experience in these things, Laura. When you throw your entire home open for charity, does that include closets?”*



own. Some of the people were pretty surprised to be meeting the Attorney General that way. Reminds me of a lady in Riverside Park, where I walk my spaniel. After I was appointed Attorney General, she came up to me and said, 'Mr. Lefkowitz, now you're in high office, don't you think it's a little undignified to be walking your dog like that?' I said, 'Madam, Rusty doesn't have the slightest idea that I'm Attorney General, and if she did she wouldn't care.' "

Mr. Lefkowitz was born on the lower East Side, where his father was a tailor. He attended P.S. 188 and the High School of Commerce, and graduated from Fordham Law School in 1925. "I was one of those *cum-laude* students," he told us. "My father came to graduation, and 'Louis,' he said, 'what does it mean, this "*cum laude*" after your name?' When I told him, he cried like a baby."

Being less than twenty-one when he got out of law school, Lefkowitz had to wait several months to take the bar exams. He was admitted to practice in 1926 and was elected a member of the State Assembly a year later. "At the time, I was the youngest member," he said. "I spent three one-year terms in Albany, then started practicing law in earnest. My practice has been general—whatever comes along. LaGuardia appointed me a municipal justice in 1935, to fill an unexpired term. LaGuardia was great, if you could stand his outbursts. The day he swore me in, he had to stand there and bawl me out for something first. Then, after he'd sworn me, he barked, 'Now get out of here and go to work!' When I ran for another term, I got licked. I ran again and got licked again. In 1954, Dewey appointed me to fill an unexpired term in City Court. I followed Javits into the Attorney Generalship in January of '57. The legislature, with a Republican majority, had the right of appointment, which is how it happens that a Republican is Attorney General in a Democratic administration. My department is the second-largest law office in the world; the United States Attorney General's office is, of course, the largest. When I'm not down here campaigning, I work fourteen hours a day. I've suggested a lot of reform legislation, but the Governor has vetoed all my pets—a migrant-labor bill, a civil-rights bill, a bill to prevent real-estate frauds. That's what burns me up. I'm running on my record. I'm not afraid to let the people decide whether or not they want to keep me on."

THE last of the candidates we interviewed was James A. Lundy, who is running for Controller. Mr. Lundy is a big-boned fifty-three-year-old with strong features, thinning hair, and a no-nonsense manner. He greeted us in shirtsleeves, over the remains of a tray lunch. When we asked him what a Controller does, he gave us an indulgent smile. "Handles money," he said. "Every penny of state aid to city governments passes through the Controller's office. The Controller audits the books of all villages, towns, and cities in the state, with the exception of New York, Buffalo, and Rochester. He also handles the state's pension funds. Basically, it's an administrative job."

How would the Lundy way of handling money be different from the incumbent Controller's way? "To talk about what my opponent has done wrong would be negative thinking," Lundy replied. "Our purpose under Rockefeller will be to restore those sound and effective policies that were established by the Dewey administration and have been allowed to deteriorate under Harriman." Lundy, who served two terms as Borough President of Queens, is the first Republican from Queens to run on a state ticket. Before entering politics, he was a businessman. "I was in petroleum naphthas," he said. We looked blank, and Lundy obligingly swung back to politics. "Speaking of the mismanagement in Albany," he said, "the first thing we Republicans want to do . . ."

## *Progress*

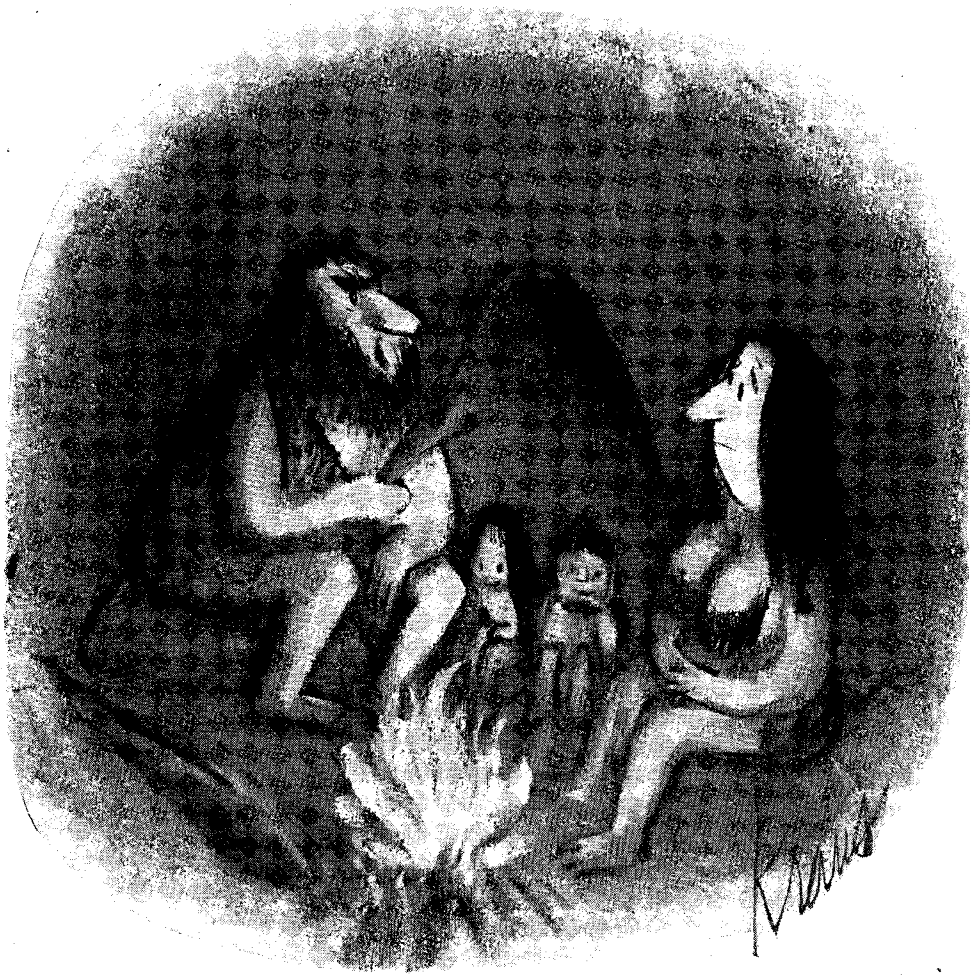
A BEHIND-THE-TIMES but durable gaffer of our acquaintance was inordinately pleased recently when one of his grandnieces presented him with a pair of goldfish in an old-fashioned glass bowl. His head full of memories of long ago, he stepped around next day to a pet shop, intending to get a supply of the fish food he used to know—the kind that looked as if it were turning into snowflakes when it was sprinkled on the surface of the water. What he got, he tells us, was a preparation of crab meal, liver, shrimp, beef, mosquito larvae, eggs, fishbone, and wheat cereal, containing Vitamins A, D, E, and $B_{12}$, plus riboflavin and chlortetracycline (aureomycin). Holding his nose, he dumps some of it into the bowl at the proper times, and there are no snowflakes, but he's fond of the goldfish nevertheless.

# HISTORY IN THE BALANCE

ONE afternoon recently, I took, as they say, a personal loan from a friendly bank. When I came home and added this sum to the previous balance in my checkbook, the figure that materialized in the left-hand balance column was $1492.16. Ignoring the sixteen cents, I suddenly realized, gave this figure a new significance. It seemed a marvellous omen for me to be setting out on a sea of bills with such a promising number on my ship, linking the hopes of my creditors with the discovery of America. This auspicious beginning to the monthly chore served to put me in a pleasant historical frame of mind and to postpone the painful business of actually writing checks. What other great events, I wondered idly, had taken place in $1492?

I went into the living room and found, on the bottom shelf of the bookcase, the Encyclopedia of World History, which my wife's Boston aunt gave us as a wedding present twelve years ago. After leafing through the Preface, Foreword, Introduction, Index, and Genealogical Tables, I plunged into Later Middle Ages, Western Europe, and learned that this crucial year also marked the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent and of Pope Innocent VIII ("the first pope to recognize his children and dine publicly with ladies"). What else? The Russians, under Ivan III, were invading Lithuania, as usual. Over in England, Henry VII had just signed the Peace of Etaples. I was about to dig into Far Eastern history when my wife called to me from the kitchen that she needed ten dollars for the cleaning woman. There being no ready cash in the house, I was forced to write out a check. This, of course, spoiled the balance, so I went ahead and paid the gas company and the mortgage installment, and sadly subtracted the total from $1492.16. The new balance, carried over to the following page, was $1394.29.

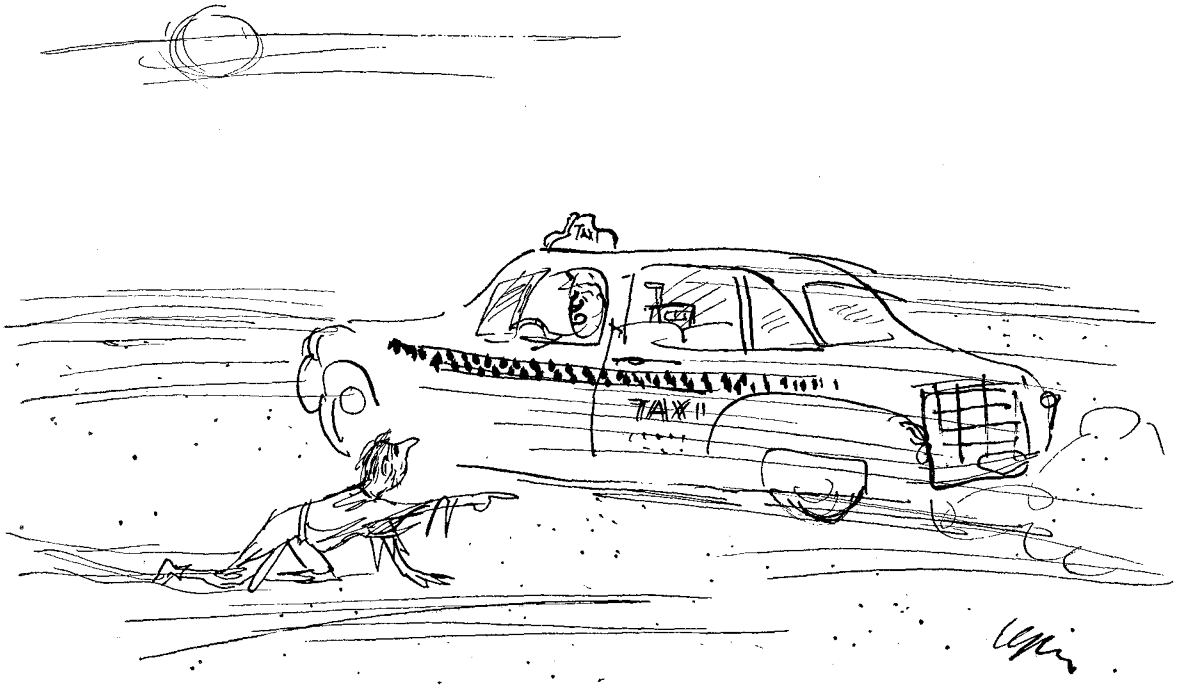
My curiosity still aroused (how can we understand the present without understanding the past?), I returned to the encyclopedia and found, with a surge of relief, that I was still in the interesting Later Middle Ages. In $1394, it turned out, a twenty-year truce had been signed between the Swiss Confederation and the Duke of Austria, whereupon Austria abandoned its claims to Zug and Glarus. Not quite up to $1492, admittedly, but it was something. Hopefully, I veered into Eastern Europe, only to learn that I had missed by nine years the capture of Sofia by the Ottoman Turks ($1385), and by five years the battle of Kossovo ($1389)—"a decisive date in all Balkan history." The ground here seemed unpromising, so I drifted back to our side of the Iron Curtain, looking for $1394s. In $1400, I noted with some surprise, King Wenceslas of Bohemia was deposed "for drunkenness and incompetence." (*Good* King Wenceslas?) Back I coursed through Medicis and Holy Roman Emperors, Guelfs and Ghibellines, Neapolitan Anjous, and neglected figures like Joanna II ($1415-$1435), sister of Ladislas, an amorous widow whose "amazing intrigues . . . with her favorites, successors designate, and rival claimants to the throne kept Italian diplomacy in a turmoil" for many years. But only precise dates would do if I was going to play the game right, and Italy, Portugal, Spain, France, and England didn't seem to have made significant history in $1394. I shut the book with a snap, snagging a hangnail between the Black Death and the Battle of Agincourt, and applied myself once more to my own rival claimants.



*"You have food, clothing, and shelter. What more could you possibly want?"*

Checks to the plumber, the fuel company, and the consulting tree surgeon reduced the balance to $1235.61—a disappointing figure in all respects. The only incident worth mention in European history in that year was an expedition sent by John Vatatzes against the Venetians, which "failed to achieve anything." Earlier (later, that is), in $1305, another Wenceslas (Wenceslas I), challenged by claimants of the Piast family, had resigned and gone home to die, and in $1234 there was "unrest in southern Italy," but mere unrest no longer interested me. I hurried on, paying the exterminator, the garbage man, and the newspaper-delivery service, and looking for other small bills. I felt a sharp joy when a bill for a renewed magazine subscription enabled me to pause for a moment on the field of Runnymede and hail the signing of the Magna Carta at $1215.39.

Down I dropped through the Crusades and the Rise of the Towns, through the reigns of Louis the Young and Louis the Fat, coming finally, by way of Altman's, Bloomingdale's, and Bonwit Teller, to the $1076 Synod of Worms. Frankly, I would have preferred $1077 and Henry IV's dash across the Alps to the melodramatic pen-



*"Sorry, Jack, I'm heading in!"*

ance at Canossa, beloved by modern newspaper correspondents, but I refused to tinker with history. At $1001.02 (coronation of St. Stephen, greatest ruler of the Arpad dynasty), I stopped for dinner, postponing the dreary descent into three figures and the early Middle Ages.

During the meal, I astonished my wife and our two older children by references to the Battle of Bouvines ($1214), in which Philip II and Frederick the something had completed the defeat of Otto and the Welfs. "You mean wolves?" asked my daughter, who is in the fourth grade. "Of course not," I shot back, and went on quickly to a discussion of Manegold of Lautenbach, who developed the theory that an evil ruler violates his contract with his subjects and may therefore be deposed. My wife said she would bear this in mind.

ACTUALLY, it was the next morning before I returned to the checkbook and the encyclopedia, where I immediately became bogged down in the Abbasid Caliphate ("Spain never recognized it, nor did Morocco") and the Danish kings, from Knut the Great back to Harold Bluetooth. Still searching for bills of small denomination, so as to prolong the Middle Ages, I paid McDermott's Dairy, Oak Tree Pharmacy, and the waterworks. This brought me to $929.91, the year in which St. Wenceslas (*this* must have been the good one!) had the bad luck to be murdered by his younger brother, who thereupon ascended the Bohemian throne as Boleslav I. I had a strange feeling that this would mark my last encounter with the Wenceslases (of the House of Premsyl), and I was right. The scene was darkening. As my balance declined, history grew less splendid.

Charles the Fat (who blocked Charles the Bald's advance to the Rhine) reigned for the exact number of years, or dollars, it took to satisfy Bide-A-Wee Diaper Service. The disintegration of the Carolingian Empire, played out in reverse, led me, via Andy's Meats, Tots' Togs, and a place called Twig, Ltd., to the start of the reign of Charlemagne ($771.05)—that "typical German" who "understood Greek, spoke Latin, but could not learn to write."

Just as the pile of bills at my right elbow seemed to be shrinking, I uncovered a quarterly notice from the Internal Revenue Service, plainly marked "Do Not Fold or Spindle." The thought of missing out entirely on the Merovingian kings so distressed me that I nearly lost my temper and spindled the notice, but instead I sighed and paid up, reeling back through Vandals and Visigoths to the birth of Emperor Jovianus ($331.33), who "surrendered Mesopotamia to the Persians and died soon after." Battered and full of foreboding, I was borne down by two M.D.s and a D.D.S. into the third century, "characterized by the complete collapse of government and economics throughout the Mediterranean." The Dark Ages were upon me. I was now twelve centuries from that jubilant start in $1492.16, and there remained four or five inches of unpaid bills. A few more big ones, I knew, would push me over the brink into overdraft, or B.C.

Writing in a cramped, unwilling hand, I slogged through the Antonines and the Flavians toward Augustus Caesar, hoping that the rest of the bills would stay in two figures, but long before the end I knew the game was up. My balance stood at $54.06 (death of the Emperor Claudius, "reputedly from poison administered by Agrippina in a dish of mushrooms"). The bill I had just opened was from the insurance company, for $118.54 (the year Hadrian took his oath not to execute senators without trial). Smothering a Latin oath, I shut the encyclopedia on insolvent Rome and bankrupt Greece, and went downtown to see about another loan. After all, I reminded myself, Columbus himself had managed to raise the money for three voyages to the New World before they sent him home in chains. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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## UPON LEARNING THAT A BIRD EXISTS CALLED THE TURNSTONE

A turnstone turned rover
And went through ten turnstiles,
Admiring the clover
And turnsole and fern styles.

The Turneresque landscape
She scanned for a lover;
She'd heard one good turnstone
Deserves another.

She took to the turnpike
And travelled to Dover,
Where turnips enjoy
A rapid turnover.

In vain did she hover
And earnestly burn
With yearning; above her
The terns cried, "Return!"

—JOHN UPDIKE

# ELEGANT ECONOMY

When I came into the dressing room, my mother, without looking up, acknowledged my "Good morning" with a flutter of one hand. She picked up a nail file and proceeded to stab the letter spread out on the table in front of her, three times over and always in the same spot. "Tindog," she said. "That must be the word. If the earth were to open this moment and swallow me up, I would still say Tindog. You do agree, don't you?"

"Yes, Mama," I said, just as, two years before, upon my mother's receipt of a similar letter, I had agreed on "Furdrag."

"Of course," said my mother, " 'dog' is easy. That's 'day.' And if the 'T' is an 'F,' then 'Tindog' is Friday. But what if the 'T' is a 'T'? That would make it Tuesday or Thursday. That means there are three Tindogs a week, and I can't do anything about it. Today is Friday, and Prochazka will have to go and meet the train, and if she doesn't arrive, he'll have to go again next Tuesday, and so on till the right Tindog comes round. Oh God, what a nuisance! But I do admire her, just the same."

"Yes, Mama," I said, and I cast a glance at the letter, which, beautifully and deceptively neat, as all Aunt Leonie's letters were, looked like a length of unravelled crochet lace. Aunt Leonie hated all waste, and did not like to use more than one sheet of paper for her communications. At the same time, she was convinced that it was ill-bred to write on both sides of the letter paper. She managed to be both well-bred and thrifty by writing first from top to bottom, in the ordinary way, and then, after turning the sheet at right angles, continuing across over what had already been written. This particular letter, I knew, dealt with Aunt Leonie's imminent arrival at my grandmother's castle in Bohemia, where we were spending the summer, as we did every year at this time, in the early 1920s. And since Aunt Leonie knew that my grandmother was away, taking the waters at Karlsbad, she had written to my mother, who was left in charge.

"Mama," I said, "do you admire Aunt Leonie because she is so mean?"

"Who says she is mean?" asked my mother. "Have you ever heard me say she is mean? Have you ever, for that matter, heard me say one bad word against Aunt Leonie?"

"But she only has charwomen in London," I said. "And they have to come in after eleven, so that she needn't give them elevenses, and she buys only broken biscuits, because she gets them at half price."

"You are being ridiculous," said my mother. "That's not mean. That's elegant economy. And perhaps in the future you will be good enough not to hang about in the kitchen all day long and listen to this kind of talk. At your age you are old enough to know your place. Do you think I spent all my time belowstairs when I was twelve? I always did hate backstairs gossip. Even then."

"But it's true," I said. "And she collects dead flies and boils them in sugar, and if you'd look at any of her raisins, you'd see they had lights and livers."

"If the cook didn't shoot her mouth so much," said my mother, "she might get through some work in the meantime. I had to send the coffee back to be hotted up, and, my God, she does take so long over it."

"Shall I go and ask her to hurry up, Mama?" I asked.

"For heaven's sake," said my mother, "that would be fatal. Stay right where you are."

I could not understand my mother's sudden fear of disturbing the cook, and I was still more bewildered when Emma, our own parlormaid, who, as always, had come with us from London, entered with the breakfast tray and was received with real anxiety. "What happened?" my mother asked at once, as though the heating up of the coffee had acquired a dramatic importance.

Emma lowered the tray carefully, so as not to spill the bowlful of steaming water in which the coffee jug had been set. "There is no doubt about it, Madam," she said. "Three times the cook laid out the cards, and three times they came up black and unlucky, with a journey and an unexpected lady guest. And seeing that we don't know when to expect Miss Leonie, that means she'll come today, sudden-like. At least, that's how she reads the cards."

"Naturally," said my mother. "I said all along it would be today. You do agree, Emma, don't you?"

"Indeed I do, Madam. Not that I go by anything the cook says, but seeing that today is Friday and that it's unlucky to travel on a Friday, I should imagine it's just the day Miss Leonie would choose, her being such an independent lady in more ways than one."

"Very true," said my mother. "And, of course, I do admire her for it. But you'd better see that the gong is taken away."

"Madam can rely on me. I have already hidden it where no one will find it. Dear me, it would never do, what with Mr. Frederick staying, and he being such a light sleeper and needing his rest, same as Madam does."

"Quite so," said my mother coldly, and she looked straight ahead of her with a frown. I could guess the reason for this sudden chilliness; it was because Emma had given first consideration to Uncle Frederick's comfort and had mentioned my mother only out of mere politeness. Uncle Frederick, my mother's younger brother, was a great favorite with all the servants.

"And remember, Emma," said my mother, "I don't like to be told that we are extravagant. No butter curls—that's vulgar, and besides it makes people take more butter than they really need. When you serve fruit, always a vine leaf or two tucked in between, because it looks pretty and costs nothing. With the tea, brown sugar, white sugar, and lump sugar—that's not wasteful, because it all costs the same and it looks good. And before teatime always ask if she wants China or Indian, because we haven't got China tea and she drinks Indian, and it makes a good impression."

During all this, Emma had arranged and rearranged the plates, the breadbasket, the butter dish, and the honeypot, without dislodging the napkin that she held squeezed in the crook of her elbow. Now she whipped this out, with one of her virtuoso movements, furled it round the handle of the jug, and poured the coffee. This meant that she had come to the end of her task and was unwilling to listen to any more of my mother's household litanies, which, in any case, were as ill placed as if one had lectured Uncle Frederick, who was an art dealer, on the different schools of painting.

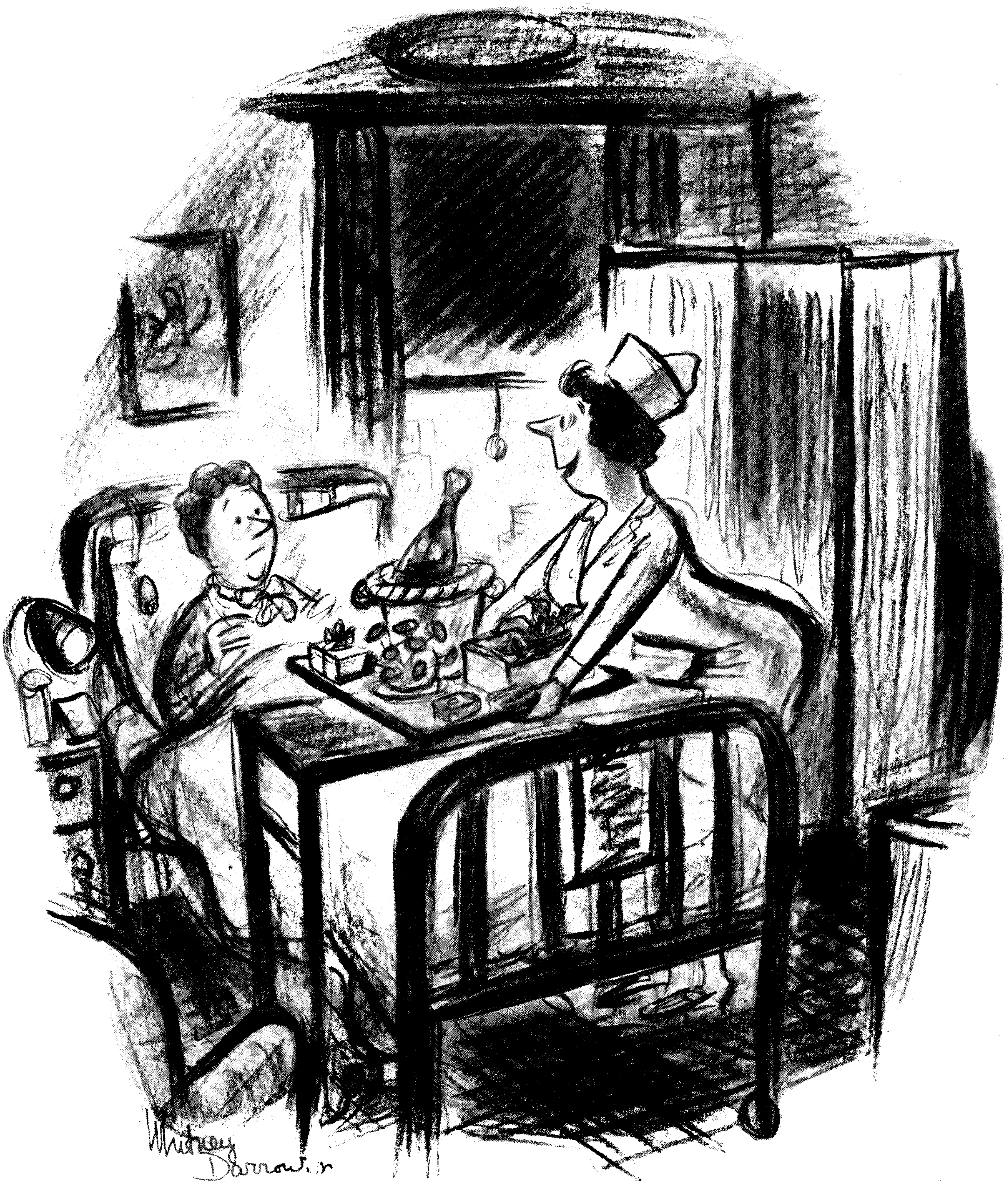
"At Madam's service," said Emma, and she was gone.

"Did you see that?" asked my mother. "How she upped and left? She's got one of her haughty days again, and all that because I dare to take the trouble and give some thought to—"

"Mama," I said, "where did she hide the gong?"

"If you want to know, you can go and ask her yourself," said my mother. "I've had enough of Emma to last me for the morning."

I could not find Emma in the silver pantry or in the linen room or in the dining room, and when I looked into the morning room and saw her stand-

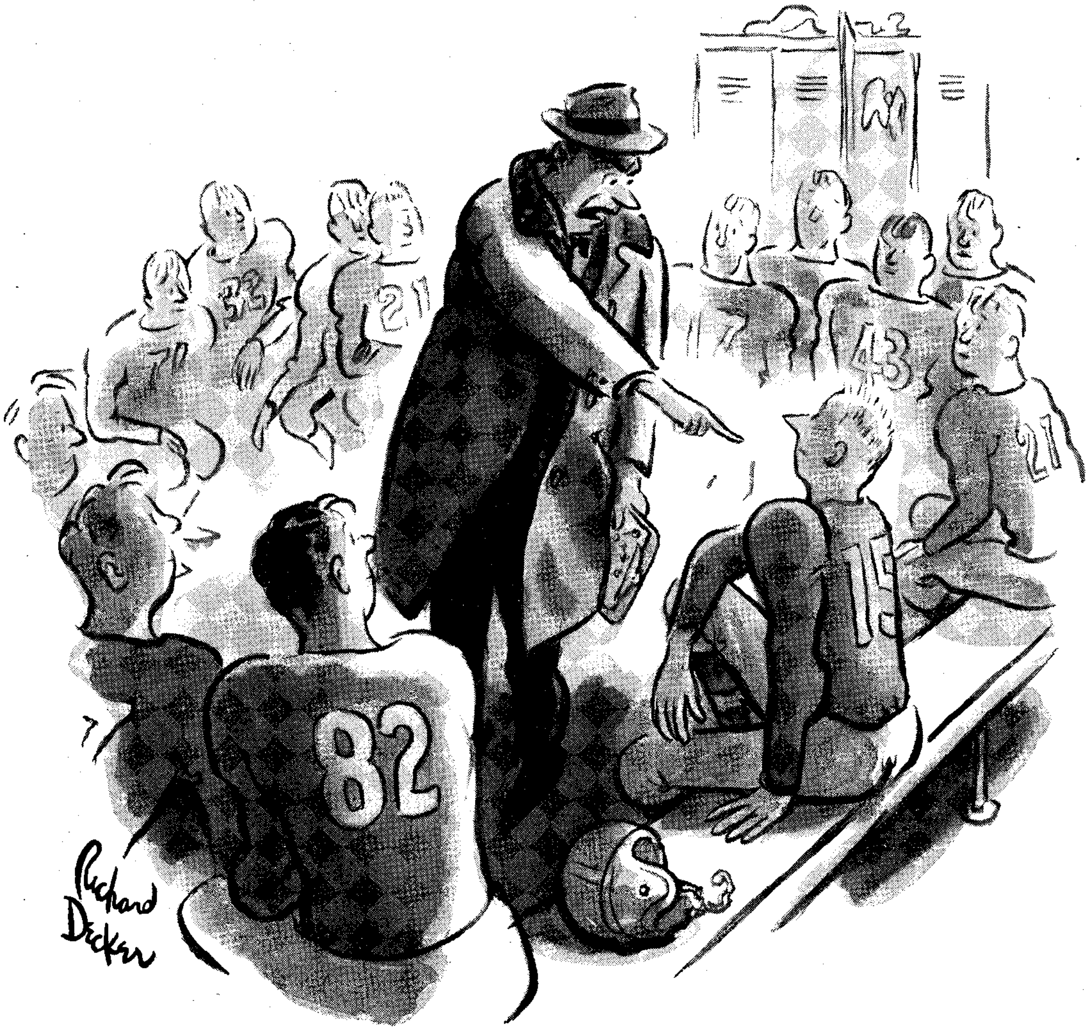


*"It's a Blue Cross special for October."*

• •

ing behind Uncle Frederick's chair, I was glad that my mother was not there to see it. Emma, who as a rule wore stiff blue-striped linen and a pleated cap until noon, had already changed into her black parlor dress with the tiny frilled apron and had crowned her head with the lace-trimmed bow. There was no doubt that she had done so to pay further homage to Uncle Frederick. I curtsied, not daring to speak, for I had arrived just at the moment when Uncle Frederick was going to have his fried egg. He had an exciting way of eating it. First, he divided the white into three sections, cut it away from the yolk, and swallowed it in three bites; then, when only the yolk remained, he lifted it whole and gulped it down in a single go. I knew nothing about Uncle Frederick's way of doing business as an art dealer, but from his way of eating eggs I imagined that he was in the habit of taking risks and that, mostly, he brought them off.

"Which one do you think, Emma?" he now asked, taking no notice of me



*"And you, Harrison, can stop saying, 'It's just a game.'"*

and gazing suspiciously at the toast rack that Emma had presented to him.

"The third slice looks the likeliest to me, sir, if I may say so. The cook not being in the habit of toast at the best of times, and today even more so, seeing that Miss Leonie is due to arrive today."

"So it's today, is it?" asked Uncle Frederick while he gazed without enthusiasm at the array of liquid honey, firm honey, marmalade, and cherry jam that Emma had placed in a semicircle round his plate. "How does the cook make that out? Was it written on the wall in letters of burning toast, or what?"

"The cook knows what she knows, sir, in a manner of speaking."

"Ha," said Uncle Frederick. "Except how to make toast. Mind you put the blasted gong away, Emma—do you hear?"

"It's been attended to, sir."

"And, to make quite sure," said Uncle Frederick, "serve her breakfast in her own room. Tether her like a goat, you understand?"

"As you say, sir," said Emma.

I knew the story, but when my mother first mentioned the gong I had doubted it. Now, when I saw how serious Uncle Frederick was, I knew that what Emma called Aunt Leonie's "independence" must be true. Aunt Leonie was my grandfather's sister, and ever since her parents' death she had lived on her own in a house in London, near the river, which cost her nothing, since it was part of her inheritance. She kept no servants—she said she could not afford to pay their wages—and made do with two charwomen, who worked in shifts during the daytime. Aunt Leonie was determined, however, to continue living in the style she had always been accustomed to, no matter what thrift she practiced. Thus, she got up every morning at six, swept the forecourt, whitened the front doorsteps, and polished the bell plate and the door knocker. Then she laid the table in the dining room, cooked her breakfast in the kitchen, set the meal on the table, ran down a flight of stairs into the main hall, beat out a prolonged peal of thunder on the gong, and ran hurriedly up the stairs and sat down at table. Clearly, my mother and Uncle Frederick were afraid that Aunt Leonie would insist on the gong even when staying with us at the castle. They knew that if the castle servants did not indulge her, she was quite capable of performing the ritual herself. I also recalled being told that Aunt Leonie never threw anything away. She even made good use of bits of broken china, cementing them on the walls of her kitchen behind the stove and the sink, like a patchwork mosaic, so as to save herself the expense of tiled splash backs.

"Does Mama admire Aunt Leonie because she is so clever with her elegant economy?" I asked Uncle Frederick.

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick.

"Is Aunt Leonie very poor?" I asked.

"Very poor," said Uncle Frederick. "She is so poor my heart bleeds for her all the time. Of course, I don't know what she has been up to recently, but she has some lovable ways of raking in the cash."

"But she is not richer than Grandmama?" I asked.

"But quite a bit richer."

"She can't be," I said, "because Grandmama has got the castle and the park and the estate, and Aunt Leonie has just got a house with twelve rooms and not even a gardener."

"What's wrong with that?" said Uncle Frederick. "She grubs about nicely with her own lily-white claws." He passed a hand over his head and gave me a disgusted look. "But that's neither here nor there. She owns many houses and collects the rents, while your grandmother is sitting tight on all this glory, in her feudal way, so that it's just dead capital, with money going out all the time and nothing to come in. There's your answer." He rose from the table.

AUNT LEONIE arrived that day on the morning train—in order not to have to pay for her lunch, Emma said to me. Uncle Frederick joined us in the dining room just as we were sitting down to table. "I kiss your hand, Aunt Leonie," he said hurriedly. "I hope you had a pleasant journey."

My mother, who had clearly been afraid that Uncle Frederick would burst upon us with a rude remark, spread out her napkin with a look of relief and said eagerly, "Though it's been very hot and sultry all morning, I must say."

"Do you have to tell her?" said Uncle Frederick. "Do you think Aunt Leonie doesn't sweat, or what?"

"Dear boy," said Aunt Leonie. "Always so down to earth."

It always amazed me how Uncle Frederick, brimful as he was with unpleasantness, managed to make himself liked and respected by most people who knew him. I could only suppose that they thought of him as they thought of medicines, which are known to be bitter and nasty to take and yet are trusted and highly thought of, and that it was precisely Uncle Frederick's unpalatable manners that convinced people he was thoroughly sound.

There was a silence as we all watched Emma serve the soup with the dedicated bearing of a queen carrying the crown for her own coronation. "Such a hot and nasty drive," said Aunt Leonie, at last, "in that stifling coupé. And I had to close the windows and draw the curtains, because I do hate to pass all those dear little people on the road. If they greet me, I have to greet them, too, and it's such a bother looking pleasant."

"It's wonderful how you are growing more and more like the old Countess Sternborn," Uncle Frederick said. "Next time, you'll be hiding your face behind a fan, the way the Countess used to do when she was an old hag and didn't want to show her bad teeth."

"Frederick is being ridiculous," said my mother. "For one thing, fans are out of fashion, and anyway Aunt Leonie has got fine teeth."

"So I have, dear girl," said Aunt Leonie, "and I am very devoted to them."

"Good job, too," said Uncle Frederick, "the price of false teeth being what it is."

My mother drew a sharp breath.

"Dear boy," said Aunt Leonie. "Always so humorous." And, bending over her plate, she cut with her spoon through a marrow dumpling with a remarkably gentle movement, as though to convince the dumpling that she bore no grudge.

"It's very kind of you to call him humorous," said my mother. "If you ask me, it's nothing but sheer bad taste and being offensive, or he would not have dragged up the whole thing in the first place. How could Aunt Leonie ever grow to be like the Countess Sternborn, I ask you? For one thing, the Countess was a chorus girl before she married and came floating up to the top, like the parsley on potato soup."

"And so vulgar forever after," said Aunt Leonie. "Always trailing about with all her pearls on, even in the fields and lanes. And such a lot of pearls, too."

"It makes me quite sick when I think of it," said my mother, "because it's so unfair. And all the good women about the place with not so much as half the pearls the Countess had."

"You goose," said Uncle Frederick. "You don't get pearls for being good. You get them for being damned good."

"So true, dear boy," said Aunt Leonie. "A single good pearl set to advantage is all a decent woman needs." She smiled down at her hand, on which a big black pearl shone like a clouded moon in the night sky.

"And all those furs the Countess had," said my mother.

"Did you expect her to clothe herself in virtue, or what?" said Uncle Frederick.

"But so many of them," said Aunt Leonie.

"That's because she was an orphan," said Uncle Frederick. "Knew she had to look out for herself."

"Orphan, ha, ha," said my mother.

"Now you are cackling like a brainless goose," said Uncle Frederick. "But I seem to remember a certain friend of yours in London who is bellyaching that she's got no title because of her family's bar sinister in the sixteenth century. And I've never heard you say 'ha, ha' to her. I only mean to say, what's a bar sinister among friends?"

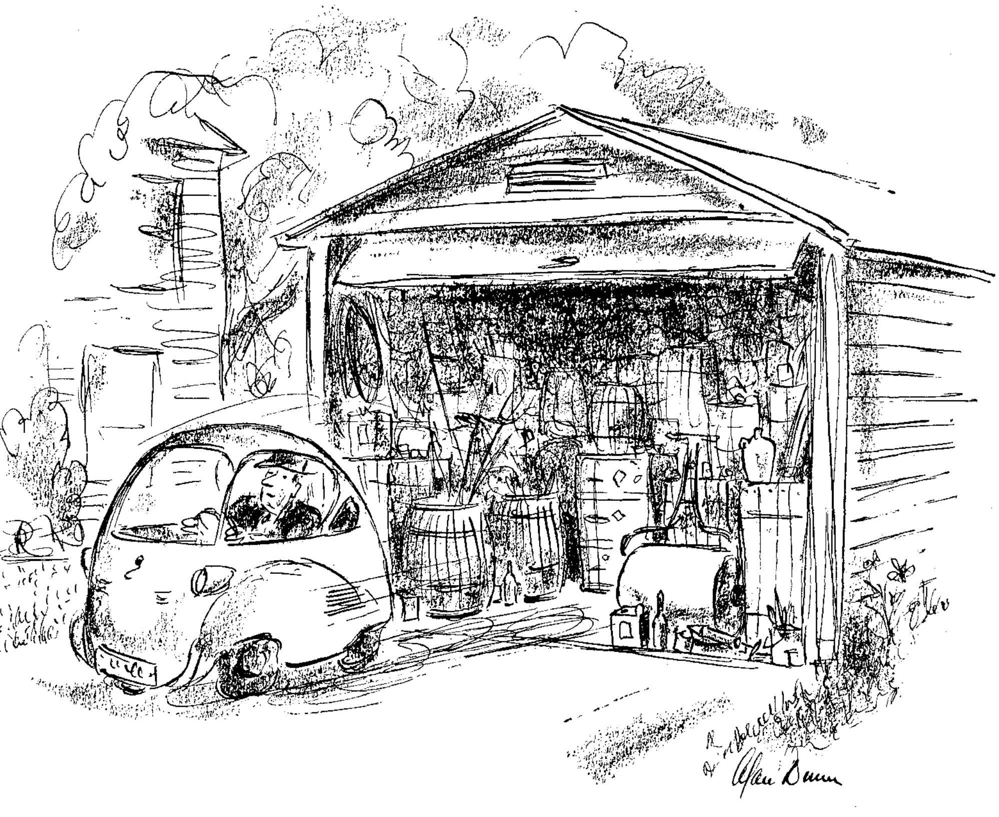
"Dear boy," said Aunt Leonie. "Always so matter-of-fact. If only his dear father had not died so young, he would have taught him how to keep his ideals. And those tutors were never any good, of course." And, with a smile full of pity, Aunt Leonie now glanced at Emma, who was carrying in a roast duck and being followed by two other maids, with new potatoes, gravy, and cucumber salad. She looked like a queen escorted by trainbearers.

"This is too much," said my mother. "First Frederick is being disgraceful, and then, to crown it all, you are sorry for him. And besides you are quite wrong, if I may say so. Papa did die too soon, of course, but then Mama made up for it, and he had plenty of mother love. For instance—" My mother paused and watched Aunt Leonie, who had gone into a dither upon being presented with the gravy boat, which had two spouts—one set low and marked "Lean," and the other set high and marked "Fat."

"Yes, do go on about mother love, dear girl," said Aunt Leonie. "Is the bird very fat, Emma?"

Emma, resentful at being held up in her regal procession, replied, in her most unhelpful manner, "I'm sure I couldn't say, Madam."

"Oh, and I always thought you knew everything," said Aunt Leonie, and she poured some gravy first from



one spout and then from the other. “Now, do go on about mother love, dear girl.”

“Yes, of course,” said my mother. “Now, for instance, as I was saying, when Mama got her first suspicion that Frederick might have flat feet, she took him to a specialist straightaway. She had a cast made for each foot separately, mind you, and they were given to a special shoemaker, and she always saw to it that he only wore shoes with in-built supports. So there.”

“You astonish me,” said Uncle Frederick. “Have you quite finished throwing my flat feet in Aunt Leonie's face, or do you want to tell her more, you ignorant goose?”

“There is no need to be insulting,” said my mother, “just because I spoke the truth.”

“It isn't the truth,” said Uncle Frederick. “I never had flat feet.”

“Never, ha, ha,” said my mother.

“Did I ever? No, I never,” said Uncle Frederick. “Mama was full of mother love, of course, but she was quite wrong. And the doctor was a tripe-hound, and the shoemaker had to make his living.”

“You are being ridiculous,” said my mother.

“Am I really?” said Uncle Frederick. “Then let me tell you that when I was in Vienna last year, Professor Sauerbruch happened to be there, too, for a lecturing visit. I went to see him, and he looked at my feet and photographed them and took X-rays of them, and then he told me that I had been cruelly—do you hear?—cruelly misunderstood by Mama and the rest of you. My feet had such high arches that I was as Gothic as a Gothic cathedral—do you understand? In the end, he asked me if he could keep the photographs, because he might publish them in a scientific paper of his, as examples of perfect feet.”

“With your name underneath?” asked my mother. “Once I got into the *Tatler* myself.”

“Ha,” said Uncle Frederick. “Salad, please.”

“Dear boy,” said Aunt Leonie. “Such a sad childhood; I always knew it.”

I thought that Uncle Frederick's story was beautiful and satisfying, like the one about the frog who turned into a prince, but my mother was still puzzled and envious about it, while Aunt Leonie gave him a broad, gentle smile, as though wishing to console him for past injustices with the sight of her fine teeth.

Emma began to offer a sweet dish the cook called “cobbler's apprentices.” It was made of prunes that had been stoned and stuffed with walnut kernels and then fried in batter and dusted with powdered chocolate and sugar. After Aunt Leonie had eaten the first few apprentices, Uncle Frederick gave her a look of genuine interest, which astonished me. Following his glance, I burst into laughter. Emma turned round from the sideboard, where she had been busying herself, and an instant later she came forward with a small plate, which she put at Aunt Leonie's left with a murmur of “For the stones, Madam, begging your pardon.” Aunt Leonie acknowledged it with a nod. My mother drew a deep breath and bit her lips, and swept Emma with a severely reproving glance. Then, after another deep breath to steady herself, my mother seemed to remember that this was one of Emma's haughty days. So she turned on me, instead. “Edith, how often have I told you that one does *not* look at other people's plates? And if Aunt Leonie does not like walnuts, there is nothing funny about it, either. And if you must go on laughing, then perhaps you will be good enough to leave us and go up to your room.”

“I am sorry, Mama,” I said.

“Really,” said Aunt Leonie. “And I never dreamt.” She had been carefully taking the walnuts out of the prunes and placing them on the edge of her plate, mistaking them for stones. “Really,” she said again. “You people are leading such wasteful lives that one never knows what to expect. Not even the prunes are good enough for you as God made them. Such wicked extravagance.” All this she uttered with her head bent, as though chiding the prunes, and with her fork and spoon flashing above them like signals of distress. “I might have known,” she went on. “In 1905, I gave your mother a recipe for a clever cake without butter and without eggs, with grated carrots to replace them. And in 1911, when I asked her about it, she said the cook had lost it.”

“Oh, my God,” said my mother.

Emma now stepped in. “Will it be all right, Madam,” she said, “if I serve the coffee in the Austrian Room?”

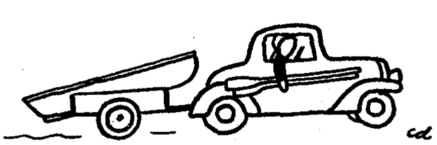
“Would you like it in the Austrian Room?” asked my mother, who was clearly anxious to make up to Aunt Leonie for the walnuts.

“That would be delightful, dear girl,” said Aunt Leonie. “I do enjoy sitting there, with those painted landscapes all around me. It is as good as a holiday in Salzburg—only nicer, because you don't get the rain, and much cheaper, of course.”

Emma left the room with her daintily affected step. The napkin that she draped over her hand when serving at table was flung over one shoulder in a jaunty fashion, indicating that the coronation was over. My mother watched her exit with a frown.

“I am so glad we are having coffee,” said Aunt Leonie as we rose from the table. “It's not really in my life, but I know you people go in for it and I've been wondering if you could save me some for afterward. I've brought a few pairs of stockings with me. So cheap and such a nasty pink. And if that poisonous Emma of yours would boil them up in the coffee, they would turn the color of elegant flesh. Dear little Edith, here, can fetch them down from my room later on.”

“Emma won't do it,” I said, “be-



* * *

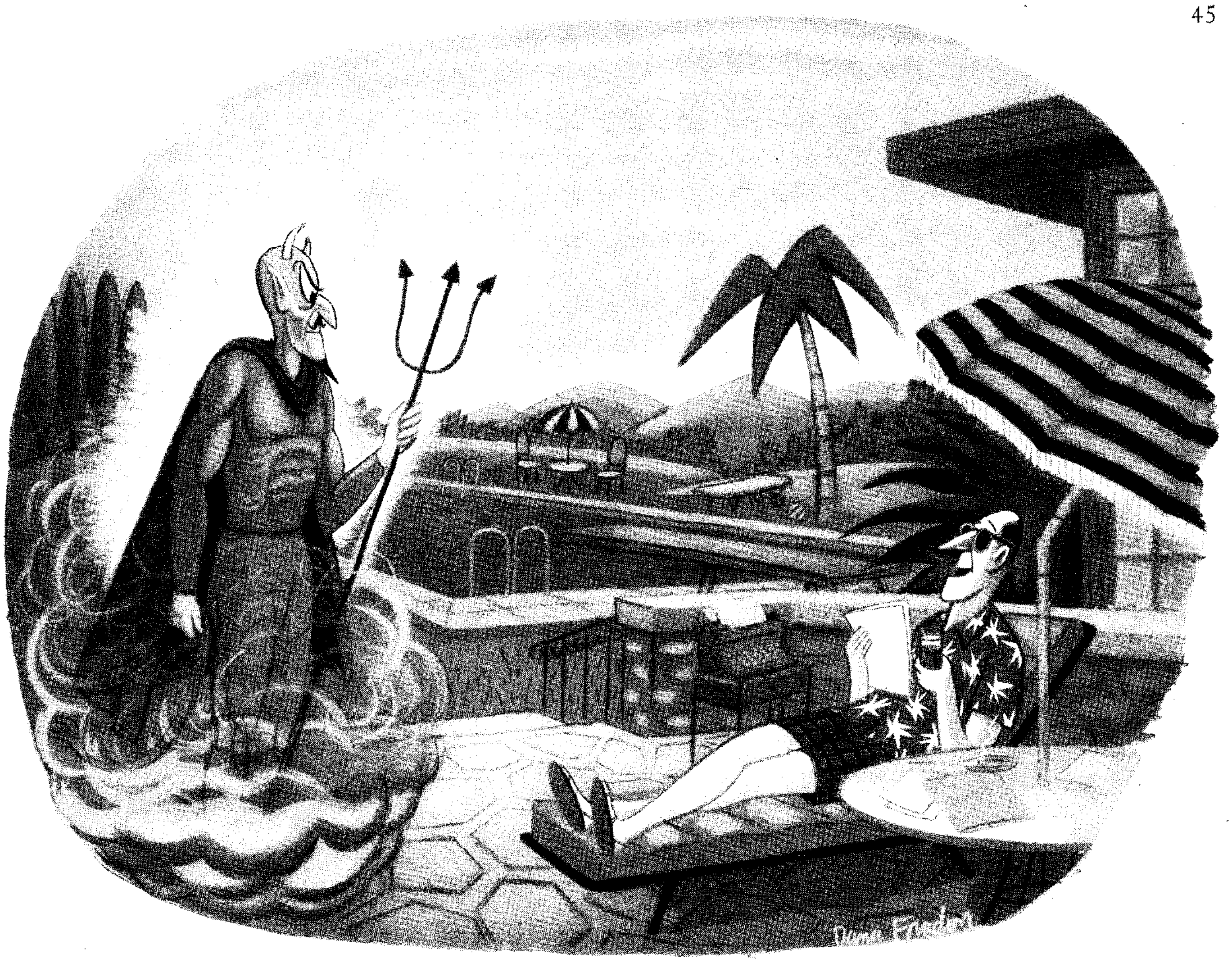
## LULLABY TO TWO GROWING OLD

For you alone under the eaves
At nightfall I sing these few black notes,
Which then become a sky and go like leaves
Under your lids, upon your throats—

For you alone. For you alone
My fretting wings trace in a little night,
The little night where all your years are one
And I am alone but for your light

To which I sing—for you alone.
I have come close again to watch your sleep;
Now that you are old and children of your son,
Slowly toward you my years creep. And I weep,

Under the eaves for you alone.
—Irving Feldman



*"Sell my soul? Do you mean I still own it?"*

• •

cause she is not a lady's maid. Mama hasn't got a lady's maid at all now—not even in London."

"That's quite true," said my mother. "Though God knows I need one badly."

"You wouldn't, dear girl, if you were in my place," said Aunt Leonie. "One evening dress at a time, and that lasts me for fifteen years. After that, I cut it up for sofa cushions. It makes a drawing room so nice and nostalgic."

"I do so agree," said my mother, with a forced smile.

"And the tiny itsy-bitsies make such pretty slipcovers for account books and timetables," said Aunt Leonie.

Uncle Frederick had been listening to all this in disgusted silence, and now, when we reached the Austrian Room, he settled himself in a corner by the third window, as though to make sure he would not be drawn into the talk. But Aunt Leonie, who had been disappointed about the plan to improve her stockings, seemed determined to get some use out of him. "I have been wanting to ask you something, dear boy," she said, "because you are so clever—finding those pretty little pictures and making people pay such high prices for them."

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick. "Do you think I deal with fools, or what? Nobody has ever bought a picture from me because it was pretty. They buy as an investment or for purposes of concealment."

"Concealing what?" I asked.

"Do be quiet, Edith," said my mother, as she always did when she could not give an explanation.

"What everybody wants to conceal," said Uncle Frederick. "Income, of course. It may mean nothing to Edith, but I believe it will strike a chord in Aunt Leonie's heart."

"Dear boy. Always so understanding," said Aunt Leonie.

"What do you want to know?" asked Uncle Frederick. "Speak on."

"You know I always like to put things to good use," said Aunt Leonie, "and all waste is hateful to me. I can't help it—I am just that sort of person."

"You must be unique," said Uncle Frederick. "Do you think everybody else loves paying income tax, or what?"

"Dear boy," said Aunt Leonie. "Always so wonderfully clear-sighted."

"I'll be still more clear-sighted in a minute," said Uncle Frederick. "I don't know how you've been getting rid of some of your tenants, but I do know you have been letting those flats of yours at exorbitant rents, and now you are dancing with anxiety. If you tell me how much you've got to be salted away, I'll see if I can find a picture for you. A nice picture, a dear little picture—you understand?"

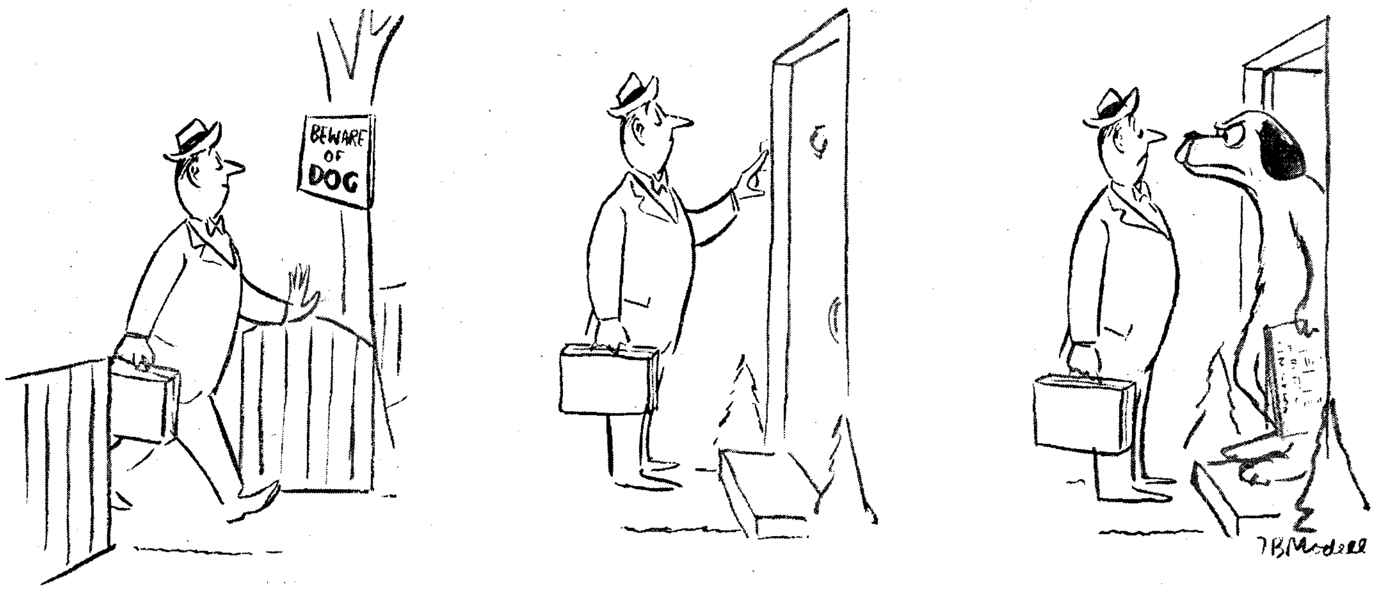
"Dear boy," said Aunt Leonie. "Always so helpful."

"I love being helpful," said Uncle Frederick, "because there's nothing like art to brighten people's lives. And nowadays more than ever, what with shares at nominal values and not a single currency that is really stable."

"What is nominal values?" I asked.

"Nominal values means," said my mother, "that you have already been staying far too long in this stuffy room and that it is high time you went out into the nice fresh air."

I curtsied and left. I wondered whether I would ever see the picture



that Uncle Frederick was going to sell to Aunt Leonie, and whether it would be really large enough for her to wedge all the money she wanted to hide between the back of the canvas and the frame.

WHEN I entered my mother's dressing room on the following morning, I found her again in a state of agitation, alternately wringing her hands over the coffee tray and fastening and unfastening the bow at the neck of her *mille-fleurs* morning gown. When she failed to notice that one of her sleeves was trailing in the coffee, I knew that she was genuinely upset.

Emma stood behind and slightly to the left of my mother's chair. "Tchk, tchk, tchk," she kept saying, shaking her head.

"This sort of thing has never happened before, has it, Emma?" asked my mother. "I mean, not here, in the castle?"

"Dear me, Madam. I should say it hasn't."

"What has happened, Mama?" I asked.

"Aunt Leonie," said my mother.

"Has she been strangled?" I asked.

"No such luck," said my mother. "I mean, she is alive and well, and for that we are duly grateful."

"Yes, Mama."

"Her ring has gone," said my mother. "The ring with the single pearl set to advantage, which is all a decent woman needs. It was out of your great-grandfather's tiepin, and it looks all right, but it is only half the pearl. The other half Aunt Leonie gave back to Mama, although Mama never wanted it, because she doesn't wear things by halves."

"Has it been stolen?" I asked.

"And then there was a row over it," said my mother, "because Aunt Leonie said that if Mama did not care for the presents she gave—presents, ha, ha, when you think it never cost her a penny in the first place—then she'd never give any presents any more to any of us. And that's why she always comes to visit when she is sure Mama isn't here and is well out of the way, if you must know."

"Has it been stolen?" I repeated.

"How should I know?" said my mother. "Stolen or lost. Anyway, it's gone."

"If I may make so bold, Madam," said Emma, "I can't see how Miss Leonie lost it, seeing that she is so careful about her things."

"You are right, Emma," said my mother. "It must be worse than lost. Besides, when the cook laid out her cards yesterday morning, they turned up black and unlucky, you remember. I thought at the time it was just because of Aunt Leonie in herself, as a guest, if you know what I mean, but now I know better."

"As Madam says," said Emma.

"But what I can't understand is how it could have disappeared," said my mother. "Because she always wears it, and she had it on last night at dinner. And then you say you took in her breakfast at seven today, to her own room, which means that no one had gone in before you, and she was already groaning and gnashing her teeth by then."

"Indeed, Madam," said Emma. "Carrying on something cruel."

"It would not be so bad in itself, because I shall write to Mama, and I am sure Mama will let her have the other half pearl to make up for it. But then Mama, too, will be most upset that anything like this should have happened under her own roof."

"Indeed, Madam. But it's still early in the day, and if I were in Madam's place, I would wait and see. It wouldn't do to upset the old lady, and she having gone to take the cure, and it may turn up, unexpected-like. There's no knowing."

"Do you really think so?" asked my mother. "Perhaps the cook could perform again with her cards. Then we might know where we stand."

"I'm afraid that's no go, Madam, the cook being very upset on account of there having been words about wasteful prunes and being contrary to God's will. There's some people who never know when to shut their traps, begging Madam's pardon, and there's times I could wring those girls' necks for them."

There was a knock at the door. "Look who is there, Edith," said my mother.

It was Uncle Frederick. "Who is going to wring whose necks?" he asked.

"You are not being funny," said my mother. "And please leave me alone. I am not in the mood to see anyone just now."

"Are you out of your mind?" said Uncle Frederick. "Do you think I come here for the pleasure of seeing you and to wish you a good morning, or what?"

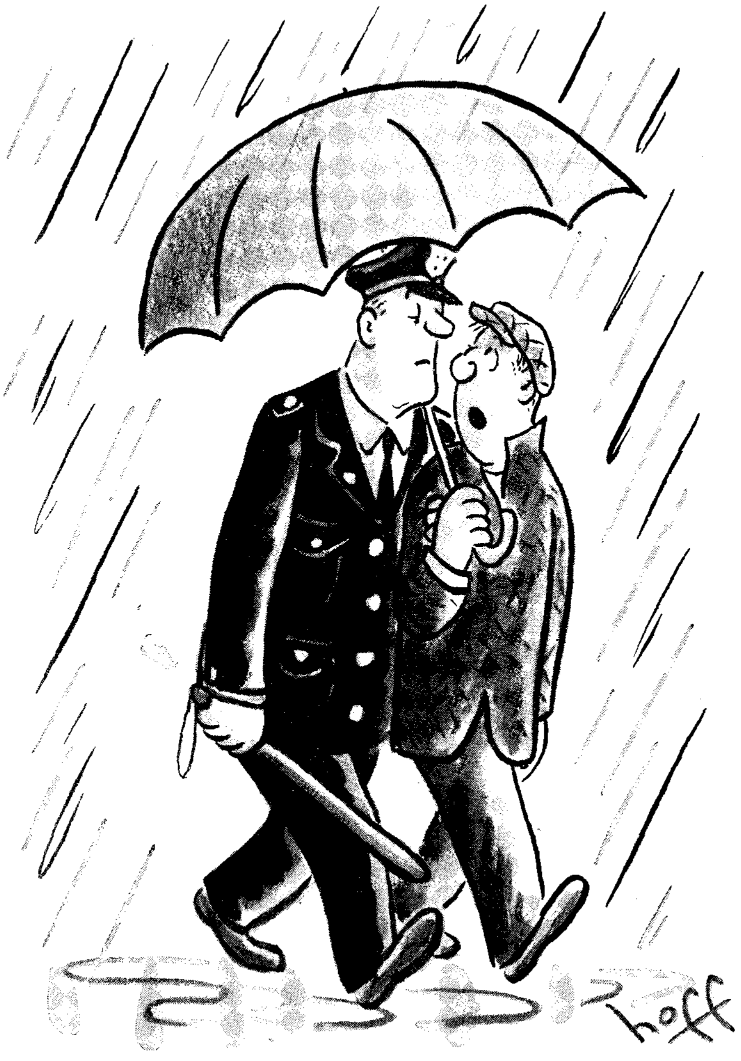
"Good morning, ha, ha," said my mother.

"It's Emma I wanted to see," said Uncle Frederick. "Now, listen, Emma. You are to get Miss Leonie downstairs, and then you will wing your way to her room, clean up, turn out, and what have you. All on your own, you understand? Look under the blasted mattress and behind drawers, and so on and so forth—do you hear? I'm going to have my breakfast now, and I'll see you later."

During the next hour, I did the tour of the kitchen and the stables and the hothouses, and found that the cook and Prochazka and Kucera, the head gardener, were all in a hopeful mood. They all declared that the ring was bound to turn up. This opinion was delivered with a measure of contempt, and Kucera even went as far as to shake his fist in the direction of the castle and to say that there was always trouble with the family, as sure as there were buds in spring, and that he was sick of all of us, always excepting madam my grandmother and Mr. Frederick.

When I got back indoors, I found my mother and Aunt Leonie and Uncle Frederick in the Austrian Room. As soon as Uncle Frederick saw me, he said, "Edith will run along and tell Emma that I want some brandy in the Saints' Room."

"You are being ridiculous," said my mother. "You could have it here just as well."



*"You sure you're not picking me up on account I got an umbrella?"*

"Of course I could, you goose," said Uncle Frederick. "Do you have to tell me?"

"The dear boy," said Aunt Leonie. "He is feeling the strain."

"I don't know about the strain," said Uncle Frederick, "but I feel a need for brandy. You'll excuse me, Aunt Leonie. I kiss your hand."

I followed Emma, with the brandy tray, into the Saints' Room.

"Dear me," she said upon entering. "I hope you haven't been taken queer, sir, what with the goings on. Say when, sir, begging your pardon."

"Say when yourself, Emma," said Uncle Frederick. "And put it over there. And now tell me, where is that blasted ring?"

"It's not for me to give an opinion, sir, seeing that it is not in Miss Leonie's room," said Emma.

"But you have an idea, haven't you?"

"I have, sir, in a manner of speaking. Miss Leonie must have lost it out-of-doors, seeing that last night we had a full moon."

"How do you mean?" asked Uncle Frederick. "Do you mean she is batty and gets on the go when it's full moon, or what?"

"If I may make so bold, sir, Miss Leonie did visit the orchard last night, the moon only being a convenience. Seeing that she's got a trunk full of windfalls—nasty green apples and plums, and worm-eaten into the bargain."

"Ha," said Uncle Frederick. "For baking clever cakes, or what?"

"For the making of preserves and pickles, I daresay, sir—the way the poor people do. But I would not like it to be known, because it might embarrass Miss Leonie, and also seeing that the trunk was locked."

"You bet it was," said Uncle Frederick, and he took his first gulp of brandy. "We'll draw a veil of decency over that bit. It's wonderful what one can do with a bunch of odd keys and the jolly old nail file. Now speak on."

"As I see it," said Emma, "Miss Leonie did not like to think of that fruit in the orchard wasting there on the ground and rotting away, and she went out with a string bag and an apron, because those are in the trunk, too, locked up with the rest. The apron being meant to save her dress, in the first place, and also being useful if the bag got too full. It is to be regretted that one of the undergardeners happened across her path, coming back from the village, the way they do."

"Boozed up, was he?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"To be sure, sir. And he got behind a tree and made noises. Meowed and barked, I understand, sir."

"And she barked back at him, or what?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"No, sir. But Miss Leonie looked round and did get suspicious, and hurried putting the windfalls into her apron, the string bag being full up by that time. And the man says he didn't steal the ring—it was lying there on the grass when she walked off. The way I see it, sir, she must have put the ring into her apron pocket to save it from getting scratched, and in the rush at the end it must have slipped out."

"That's what comes from saving," said Uncle Frederick. "Pour me another drop, will you?"

"At your orders, sir. The only trouble now being that the head gardener has got the ring and doesn't know what to do with it."

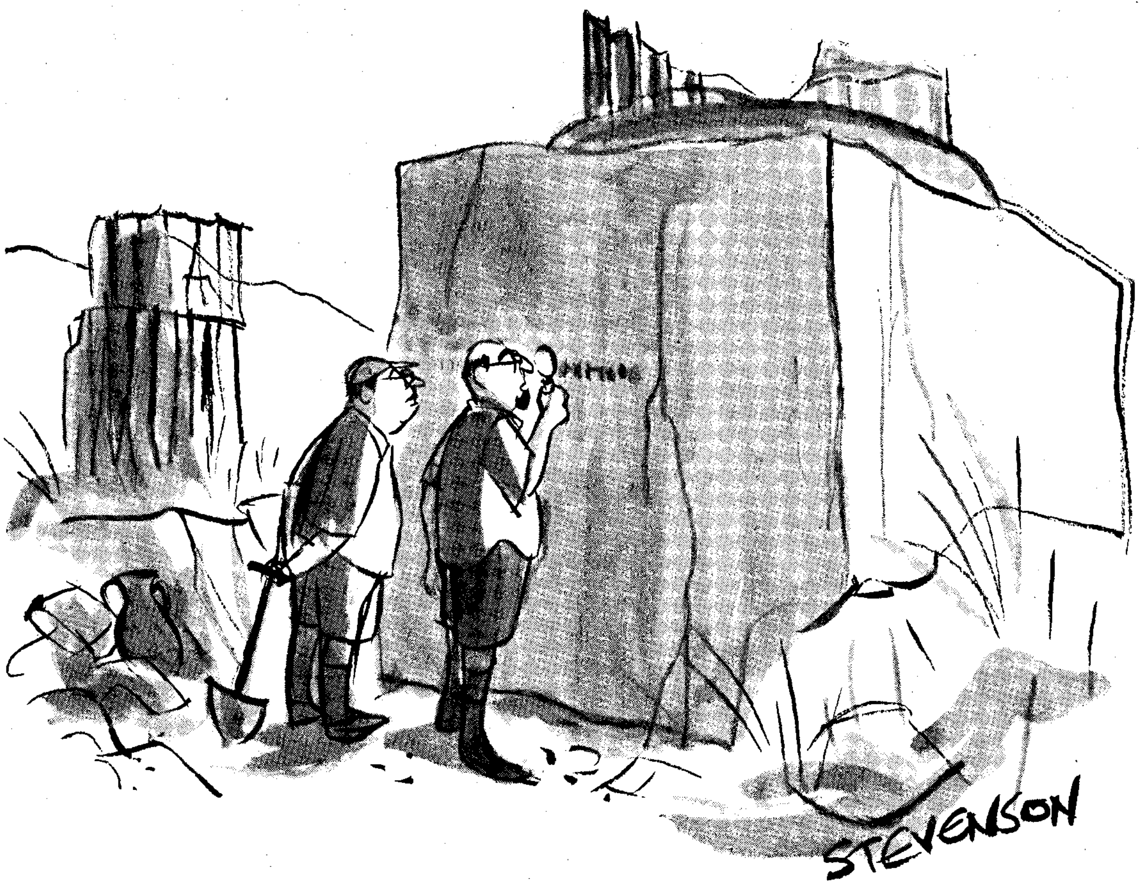
"I'll take it," said Uncle Frederick. "Tell him to send it up, and I'll see to it that he won't regret it—you understand? And that goes for his man, too."

"As you say, sir. It's only that the head gardener says he well knows your generosity, sir, but there's things that can't be bought for money."

"Well, what does he want?" asked Uncle Frederick. "Does he desire Aunt Leonie, or what? There's nothing she wouldn't do to get her ring back."

"Good gracious me, it isn't that, sir. It's just he wants a promise Miss Leonie won't be after him, as she always is, to give her cuttings from his plants for her garden. He says he'll even send her up a rose if only she will leave him in peace."

"He's never sent me a rose," said Uncle Fred-



*"That's what it says, all right—'Ostrogoths Go Home.'"*

• •

erick, "nor Edith, here, nor her mother. Did he ever send you a rose, if it comes to that? It just goes to show it always pays to be a pest."

"As you say, sir."

Emma hurried off. About fifteen minutes later, she returned with the ring, which, like all things sent up from the garden, was wrapped in a rhubarb leaf.

"Goody, goody!" said Uncle Frederick. "We'll give her the leaf as well, because rhubarb is so relaxing."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Emma, "it isn't the leaf that's used—only the stalk."

"Pity," said Uncle Frederick. "Now, look here. We'll let her fret a bit longer, and when you come in to say lunch is ready, you give her the ring and say it's just been found. In the washstand, where the hole is—you know, for the basin. Wedged between the marble and the basin—do you hear?"

"As you say, sir," said Emma.

"It's lucky that we haven't got any bathrooms in the castle, isn't it?" I said.

"How do you mean?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"Because," I said, "in a bathroom the ring would have been swept down the drain."

"Too true," said Uncle Frederick.

"So it's really very lucky," I said, "because in that case you'd have had to think up another story."

"It would be still luckier to have some modern bathrooms and no Aunt Leonie," said Uncle Frederick. "But I see your point."

Before luncheon, I went to my room and washed my hands all the way up to the elbows, to make sure I was perfectly clean and would not be sent away at the last minute for a wash. It would have been unbearable to miss anything at this point.

Usually, when Emma came to announce a meal, she would open the door and remain standing there until she had delivered her message. This time, she came right into the Austrian Room, where we were all assembled. She was carrying the Persian salver, which had a raised rim of pierced silver, so that one could not see whether it was empty or not. No doubt she had chosen it in order to heighten Aunt Leonie's surprise.

As it turned out, Aunt Leonie was as stingy with her emotions as she was with all her other possessions, and I was sorry for Uncle Frederick and Emma, who had taken such pains.

"My dear little ring, at last," said Aunt Leonie as she slipped it on her finger.

"Thank God for it!" cried my mother. "Now, Emma, where did you find it?"

"I believe lunch is ready," said Aunt Leonie.

"But I simply must know," said my mother.

"Dear girl," said Aunt Leonie, "all things in due course, and I should hate to let the soup go cold."

After Emma had left and while we were helping Aunt Leonie to gather her bag, her shawl, and the case with her needlework, she sat down again and made a sign for us to wait.

"As you may have observed, dear girl, I did not want to make a fuss and inquire any further. For one thing, that poisonous Emma of yours would not have told the truth, because she is very deceitful, as you may have noticed yesterday on the occasion of the gravy and the prunes. Besides, I am certain she was playing hard for a tip. Servants always do—they have those quaint little ways. That's one reason why they are not in my life. If it comes to it, I would not even be surprised if Emma herself—"

"But she isn't like that," said my mother. "You are being ridiculous, Aunt Leonie, if you will allow me to say so. I would not know what to do without Emma."

"I would know what to do without her," said Aunt Leonie, rising from her chair. "One can live in proper style without being at the mercy of all those priceless servants. Which reminds me—where is that gong you used to have in the hall?"

"You'll have to ask Emma," said my mother. "I can't think—"

"I only hope it hasn't been thrown away," said Aunt Leonie. "I know the idea seems absurd, with a gong of that size, but then, when it comes to that, where is the beef that went into the making of yesterday's soup? We didn't have it for lunch and we didn't have it for dinner, as you may have observed."

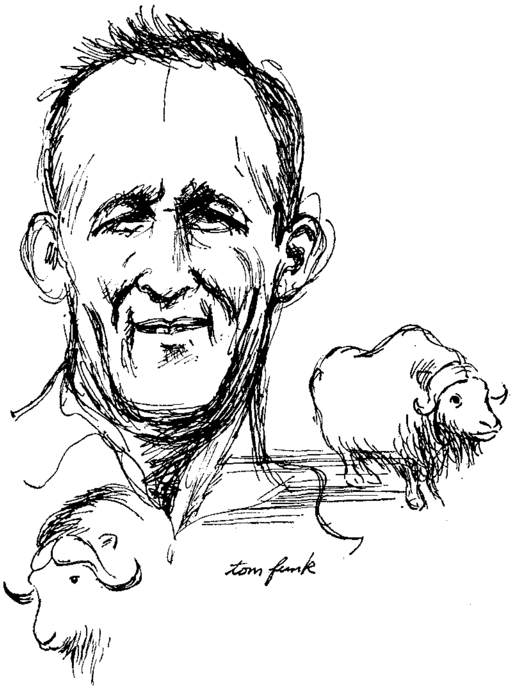
"I really can't think," said my mother.

"Dear girl," said Aunt Leonie. "Always so forgetful, just like your mother. In 1906, when I came to stay, I told your mother . . ." She swept out the door and into the passage that led to the dining room.

—Edith Templeton

# PROFILES

## THE FRIEND OF THE MUSK OX—I



*John J. Teal, Jr.*

JOHN J. TEAL, JR., a thirty-seven-year-old former Harvard fullback who often acts as if he were a reincarnation of Leif Ericson, enjoys the unique and quite profitless distinction of being the only musk-ox herdsman in the world. Quite apart from his athletic prowess, which remains formidable, he is a man of weighty academic attainments and a scientist of striking detachment, and he hopes eventually to see the musk ox, a creature native to the arctic, lead Far Northern man out of his economic wilderness and into an almost indolent financial Canaan. At the moment, Teal is not altogether certain how he means to accomplish this. The bypaths of pioneering are littered with obstacles—new ideas in general are seldom easy to sell—and the tangible response to his ecological thrust has thus far been sluggish. Until about ten years ago, Teal lived in Greenwich, his boyhood home, but now he maintains a comfortably ramshackle six-hundred-acre farm high in the Green Mountains of Vermont, and here he keeps his herd—three bulls and two cows, great shaggy, dark-brownish, horned beasts that appear lost in a zoological never-never land somewhere between the sheep and the bison—which he assembled during two expeditions to Canada's Barren Grounds, and which was only recently augmented by the birth of a male calf. Both trips produced a rich variety of complications. En route back from the first, Teal telephoned Colonial Airlines, in Montreal, to inquire if it would transport three musk oxen from there to Burlington, near his farm. He regarded the answer he got as peculiar, but decided not to explore the subject further. The line had a strict rule against hauling animals, a representative said, but it might accommodate him if no other passengers showed up, "especially since those animals are so small." Teal pulled up at the Montreal airport aboard a truck on which were also three gigantic crates that seemed in a state of wild inner agitation—a confusion of shudderings, lurchings, and the banging and scraping of slats, the over-all ruckus partly effaced by a species of lowing, or bawling, that rose up in pastoral discord.

"What on earth are *those*?" demanded a Colonial ticket agent, running out in anguish from behind his counter.

"The musk oxen I phoned you people about," replied Teal, relaxed and equable.

"Musk oxen!" cried the agent. "What in Hades are musk oxen? We thought you said musk*rats!*"

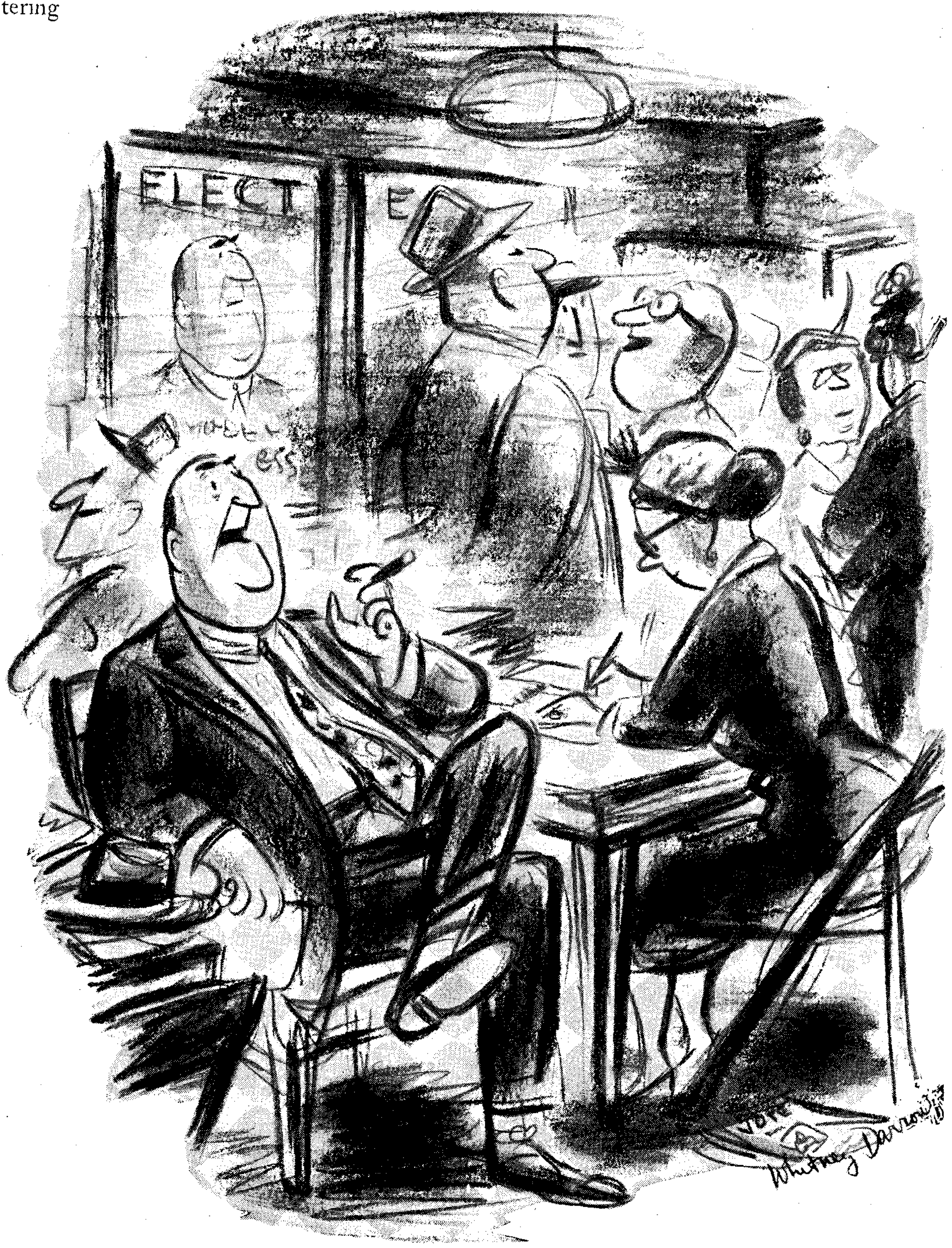
No passengers showed up, and in the end Teal, somewhat like Noah, guided his flock onto the plane.

Teal's expeditions to the Barren Grounds, made in 1954 and 1955, have received a lot of fairly spectacular publicity in newspapers and magazines, on the air, and in the movies. All this fuss—even though, for economic reasons, he has been a party to much of it—makes him uneasy, violating, as it does, his principles of scientific purity. The trips were carried out largely at Teal's own expense, and were organized with precision. He was anxious to make no mistakes, for he had devoted a great deal of time and thought to gaining Canada's permission to capture and bring home some musk oxen for his agricultural experiment. He took along several companions, who were chosen for diverse reasons, including scientific skill, experience of the Far North, general hardihood, and an unusual degree of curiosity about musk oxen. One of his key men was Dr. Ernest Paquette, a veterinarian and a neighbor of his in Vermont, who was quick to confess that his professional knowledge of the musk ox could easily be inscribed in large print on the head of a pin. Indeed, practically nothing was known—to Dr. Paquette or, it seemed, to anybody else—of the biological nature of the thick-coated, heavily horned wanderers, although it was known that they had been all but exterminated in the late eighteen-hundreds, when Eskimos acquired guns from traders in exchange for pelts of musk oxen. As is usual in any outstanding field of human ignorance, a great many strong opinions prevailed, nearly all of them wrong. Teal, being well aware of this tendency to theorize groundlessly, had a shrewd notion that the musk ox was by no means as ferocious as advertised, that it had no musk glands (and consequently no musk smell to spoil the flavor of its meat), and, what was of prime importance, that its wool could become a marketable commodity of incalculable benefit to the Far North. By the time of his first musk-ox expedition, he had long been shuttling in and out of arctic regions—Alaska, Canada, Lapland, Spitsbergen, and elsewhere—like a commuter, repeatedly drawn back by whatever lodestar it is that impels men from temperate regions to go mushing over the tundra, and he had talked to Eskimos, Indians, and fellow-explorers about musk oxen. Whereas the scientific name for the animal is *Ovibos* (which means "sheep-ox"), Eskimos call it "*oomingmak*," meaning "the bearded one," and some northern Indians refer to it as "the bear with horns." For years, both races, during the infrequent periods when they were not fighting each other, pursued the musk ox with such *élan* that in 1926 the Canadian government felt obliged to pass a law protecting it. Since that time, the herds have roamed largely unmolested over the Barrens, munching on grass and small willows, suffering only the mild attrition brought about by wolves and a few lawless hunters, and, on the whole, prospering without shelter in the arctic's long, blizzard-swept winters and brief, hot, fly-infested summers.

If Teal has his way, the musk ox's shepherdless career, the old life of freedom to browse and decamp, is nearly over. He could scarcely wait to get his first captives home and begin exhaustive studies of their makeup and habits. Teal is married to a tall, handsome, athletic New Canaan girl, the former Penelope Holden, and they have three small children; his family had been alerted and was waiting, not without curiosity, to see what he might now unload on a farm that was already a nightmare of livestock, including three desperately untamable Himalayan goats that he bought in New York, two Bantam gamecocks, nine golden retrievers, a raccoon that made a practice of biting guests, any number of rare geese and ducks, a herd of cattle, ten snowshoe rabbits, and twelve horses. For the musk oxen that he hoped to round up, he had selected a sizable pasture adjacent to his house—encountering some slight opposition from his wife, who had visions of children trampled and gored—built a steel fence around it, and erected a number of small corrals, for purposes of domestication. His first haul, on a trip filled with dramatic incident, netted three calves—two females and a male—and they spilled out from a truck into Teal's new pasture with a conspicuous lack of belligerence. The animals evinced one brief moment of dissatisfaction with his accommodations. Backing off from his steel fence, they charged it at full throttle, and bounced off about thirty feet. Then, as soon as their heads had cleared, they settled grassily down. This seemed odd in view of the reports of their viciousness that several quick-tour-north-and-then-home-to-lecture "explorers" had spread—quite slanderously, as it developed.

With the help of a number of scientists, Teal began his studies of the genus. Among the first myths that he exploded was the forbidding business of the musk. Not only is the animal muskless but it has no characteristic odor, like that of horses or cows; its sweat glands are on its hind feet. In the weeks that followed, the question of his charges' ferocity, so long trumpeted from the Far North, dwindled away to zero. The herd began trailing him and his family around the pasture, nuzzling their pockets for goodies and playfully making off with the hammers and screwdrivers used by workmen at the corral. Their savagery finally reached a point, one hot summer day, where they followed the Teals down to a pond in the pasture and joined forces in a swim—frolicking, snorting, and splashing beside the children. Teal feels that his own acceptance by the animals became complete on an occasion when he turned his retrievers into the field. The oxen showed their first sign of battle, a display of instinctive self-protection. Undoubtedly mistaking the dogs for wolves—their ancient enemy—they formed a quick circle of defense and made the further, friendly gesture of enclosing Teal in its center. Today, grown to healthy maturity, the oxen of both expeditions still decline to allow Teal's dogs, alone among all the creatures in his menagerie, past the gateway to their compound.

THE business of organizing expeditions to the arctic and running a musk-ox farm calls for a special dimension, both physical and mental, and Teal is richly endowed in each line. He is something of an ox himself, standing six feet three inches tall and weighing between two hundred and twenty and two hundred and thirty pounds, depending on the season. Moreover, he gives a singular impression of massiveness even for his bulk, partly



*"With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right . . ."*

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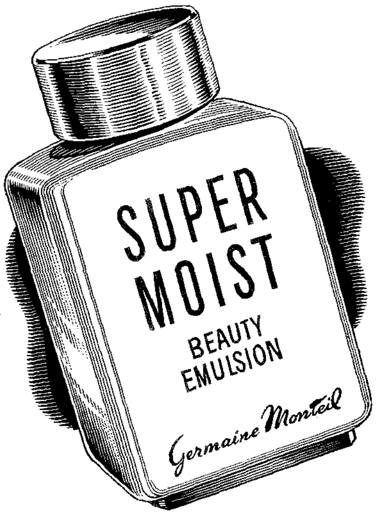

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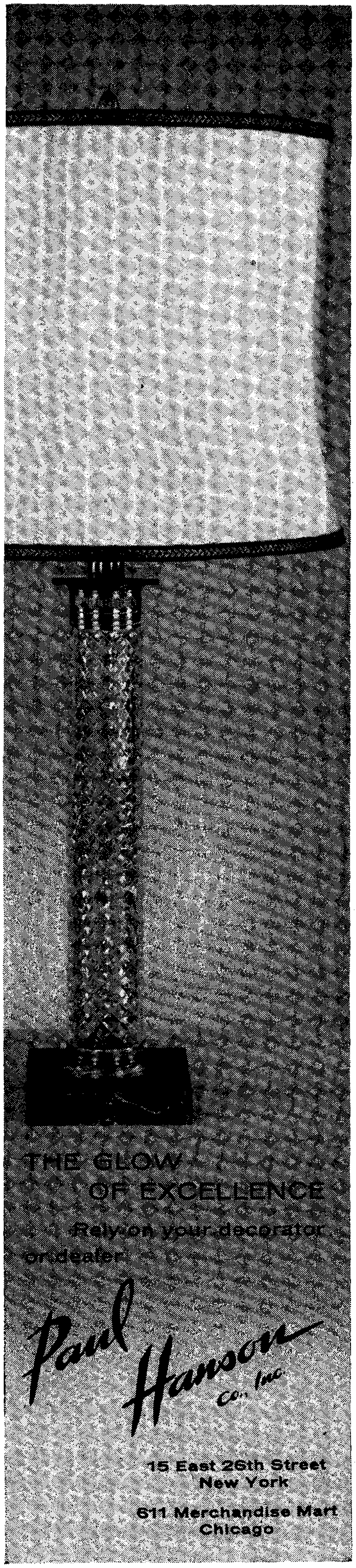
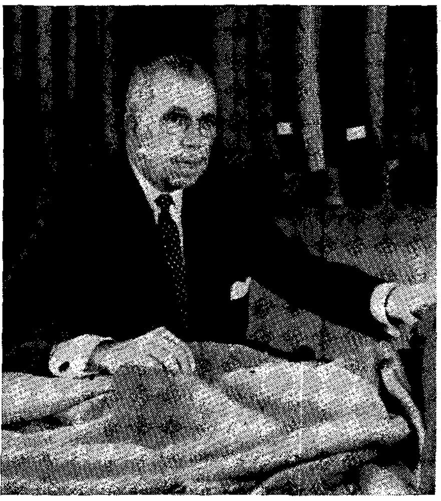
because he stays in rocklike condition, and partly because of his head. His hat size is a shade under eight, and his face—weathered, craggy, generally fixed in an expression of challenging resolution—looks like something that might have been carved on Mt. Rushmore. Essentially, it is a Far Northern face, reminiscent of tundras, blizzards, emergency igloos, and icecaps. If it were not for one slight defection on his part—not wearing a beard—it would be difficult to find a man more palpably classifiable as an explorer. When he makes trips to New York to confer with other scientists, taxi-drivers frequently mistake him for a Scandinavian—a newly arrived one at that—and, with the loose-jawed hospitality of their guild, they sometimes swivel around and try to engage him in conversation, starting off, perhaps, by asking, "Hey—Ole—how—you—like—it—here—ha?" It happens that Teal speaks all the Scandinavian languages with fluency (he once spent well over a year living with Lapps), and it is his whim to reply in Norwegian. The tête-à-tête soon languishes. Teal's facial expression is the principal key to his personality. It reflects his feeling, a fairly acute one, that the world is crowded, jammed to the eaves, with misconceptions, and his intention to straighten them out as soon as convenient. He is one with Vilhjalmur Stefansson, a close friend, in believing that a thorough scientific debunking, with special reference to the Far North, is long overdue. In some ways, Teal is not unlike Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Professor Challenger, in "The Lost World," who, it will be recalled, derived nourishment from bucking the tides of scientific opinion, and who arose at a solemn gathering of his colleagues and asked permission of the chair to "put Dr. Illingworth [the speaker] into the street."

Teal, however, is not a man of violence; rather, he believes that his great strength imposes a sacred obligation on him to protect the weak. By nature courteous and controlled, he never administers even a gentle rebuke without adding a frosting of both politesse and erudition. An illustration in point arose when his mother-in-law, of whom he is basically fond, once attempted to remonstrate with him about a plan he had at the moment to move his family to Alaska and, in effect, take up residence with the Eskimos. "You must remember," he said with a stately smile, "that the Lhopa of Sikkim and Bhutan make a practice of eating the bride's mother at the wedding. Kindly count





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your blessings." Still, a toiler of his high-echelon intensity must have an outlet for the pressures of exasperation, and he has hit on this sort of device at his Vermont farm. When he becomes annoyed—by outsize feed bills for his menagerie, rude and insistent spectators, the follies of bureaucracy, or just ordinary household abrasions—he seizes a baseball bat and tramps up into the woods. Selecting an extraneous sapling, he beats it to a pulp. Then he saunters back down to civilization, refreshed and cheerful. This sort of physical enterprise stands out in arresting contrast to his mental life, which has always been rarefied. The truth is that in Teal, as also, perhaps, in Ernest Hemingway, the physical and mental are always on the ragged edge of warfare. In a sense, his is an intellectual's mind imprisoned in the body of a giant—a juxtaposition that makes his actions, even to himself, unpredictable. On a given summer day, for instance, he can never be certain whether he will stay home and write a learned arctic treatise for *Foreign Affairs* or drive into Burlington and join a scrimmage of the New York football Giants, who train there.

Teal has a B.A. in anthropology from Harvard and an M.A. in the same field from Yale. In addition, he has been a research associate, lecturing on the arctic, at McGill University; the recipient of a travelling grant to Scandinavia from Ohio State University's Research Foundation; an associate professor of geography and anthropology at the University of Vermont; a writer of articles for a number of scholarly journals; and a speaker at countless scientific conclaves here and abroad. In 1954, he agreed to appear, and show some musk-ox films, on the television program "Omnibus," and after being sternly briefed on what he should say, he doggedly but quite cheerfully went ahead and said exactly what he pleased. A longer film, called "Arctic Roundup," which is the story of his first musk-ox expedition, was bought by R.K.O. and, having been applauded by many critics as an exciting adventure story, is currently on view in theatres around the nation. Teal was an Air Force bomber pilot in the war, and it is characteristic of him that he should have placed the project of flattening Germany on a scientific basis. He set to work learning everything available about airplanes and combat, from da Vinci on, and rose rapidly to the eminence of command pilot, leading large missions over cities like Berlin and Hamburg. In a total of twenty-eight operations, he didn't

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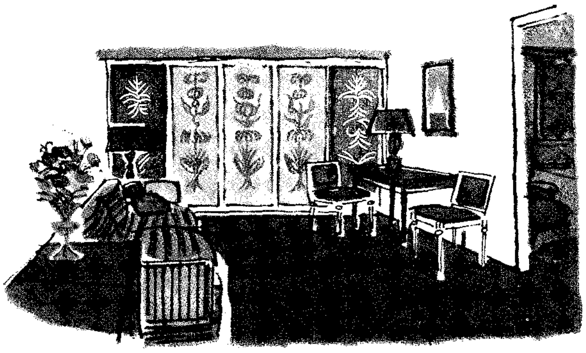

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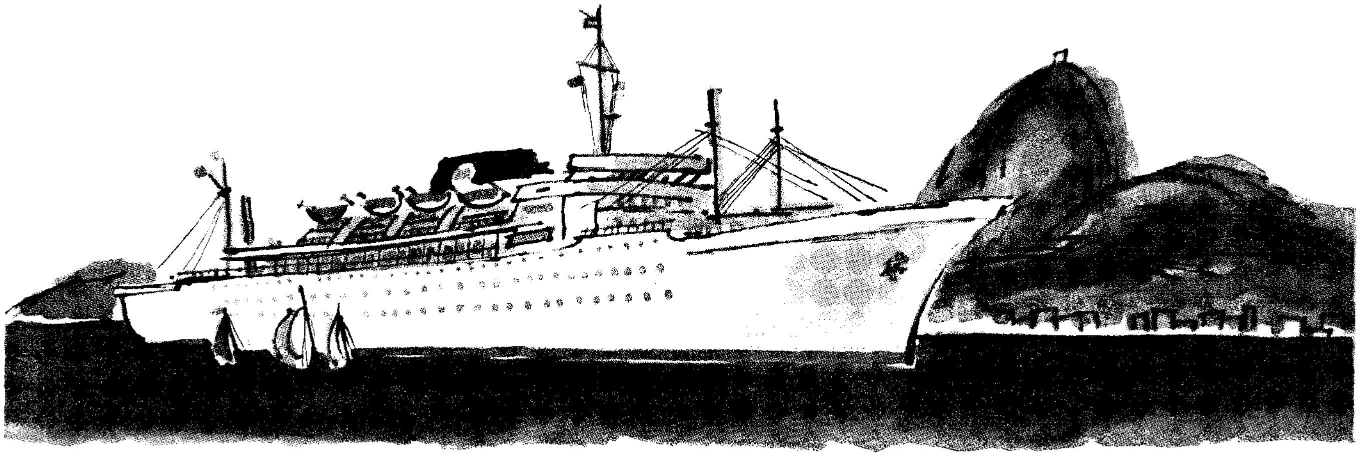

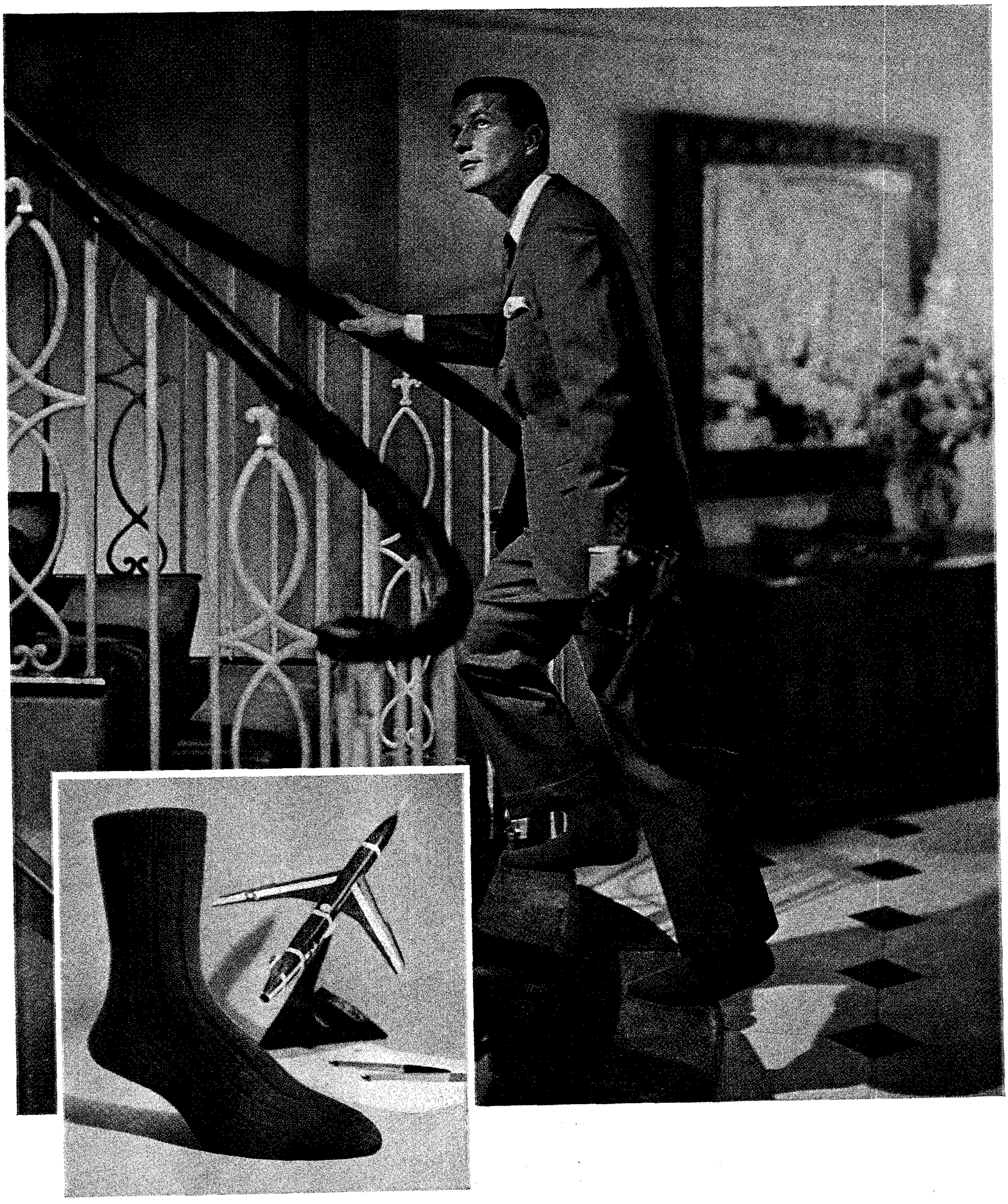

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lose a plane. He declined to drink so much as a glass of beer during the fighting period, but evened things up when Germany collapsed. He went on a three-day binge, in the course of which, drawing on his reserves of muscle and pent-up feeling, he destroyed an entire barracks by hand and burned it to the ground. Moreover, he returned to normal in possession of two African grass monkeys. Not surprisingly, he was summoned before the authorities. At the very least, he expected to be imprisoned for ten or fifteen years. "Teal," said his commanding officer, "I'm told that you've been going around tearing down U.S. government barracks." "Only one, sir. Demolished manually and by conflagration," replied Teal, getting the facts straight, as has always been his custom. Rising from his desk chair, with an ominous look, the officer said, "Teal, don't let this happen again, do you understand?" Teal saluted and left, at a half sprint.

DURING an era when many scientists everywhere are trying to find the one great explosive that will sweep all life from the planet, it is uplifting to note that a few others, like Teal, are working to ease man's burden. Boiled down, his aim is simply to domesticate musk oxen and to open up the vast arctic regions to permanent, civilized settlement. Teal's undertaking is singular in several ways. Refuting the worldwide concept of Americans as unanimously in pursuit of the almighty dollar, he would be shocked to consider receiving a personal reward for his efforts; his interest in money ends when the feed bills are paid (no easy feat) and it appears that his researches on the musk ox, and in favor of depressed peoples, can proceed apace. Teal also serves as a reminder that American schools may not be wholly vile, and that a society able to contribute substantially to the spread of civilization and to the support of peoples other than its own can hardly be totally ignorant or stupid. Like Lincoln, Teal got an education for the simple reason that he wanted one, and, furthermore, he left the classroom determined to use it humanely. Quite possibly, he will do his bit toward curing the national disease of perpetual apologia. It must be said, though, that Teal's first exposure to formal tutelage was not auspicious. He was born in New York City, the son of John J. Teal, who directed an engineering firm, and the former Isabelle D. O'Sullivan, a teacher of speech and phonetics at Hunter College. The newcomer was

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ticketed with honors the moment he arrived on earth; he had the distinction of being the largest white baby ever born at Sloane Hospital, weighing in at thirteen pounds—a record at that time. During his infancy, the family moved to Greenwich, and there, when the time came, he was placed in the first grade of the Brunswick School, a private academy, where he immediately showed signs of wanderlust. His problem was perplexing; he loved nature, and he found that nature did not thrive indoors. Before long, however, the school made its adjustment by the expedient of establishing a nature club and a nature magazine, of which Teal was made editor, and the renegade agreed to emerge from the woods.

Brunswick then began to find Teal a many-faceted asset. For one thing, he played in the backfield on the football team from the second grade on. This is not surprising in view of the circumstance that he attained his present oversized stature by the age of fourteen, and he had stood approximately head, shoulders, and stomach above most of his classmates right along. The Brunswick coach was a most fortunate man; it is not often one sees a well-coördinated child towering well over six feet and weighing in excess of two hundred pounds on a grammar-school team. Altogether, Brunswick made a very good football record during Teal's eight years at the school. In his studies and at home, he specialized in natural history. The biographer examining Teal's development is apt to decide that arctic explorers are born, not made. From the day he learned to read, Teal says, he began to collect books on the arctic, and he often crept to his open bedroom window on hot summer nights, wistfully hoping to see the northern lights. The Teals lived in a thirty-room house, on several acres, in the wealthy Belle Haven section of Greenwich, and Teal made the place a repository for all the bur-ridden stray animals that the local dog warden let slip between his legs. Along with these, the boy had two thousand tropical fish and a good-sized aviary. The ménage was a bedlam of yapping, meowing, cawing, and clucking, and Teal considers it a high tribute to his neighbors that they suffered it all in silence.

It should be said that Teal was, and is, blessed with a family sympathetic to his interests. The elder Teal encouraged the melodious youthful adventures in zoology, often, with weary tolerance, extracting a garter snake from his bed before retiring, and his

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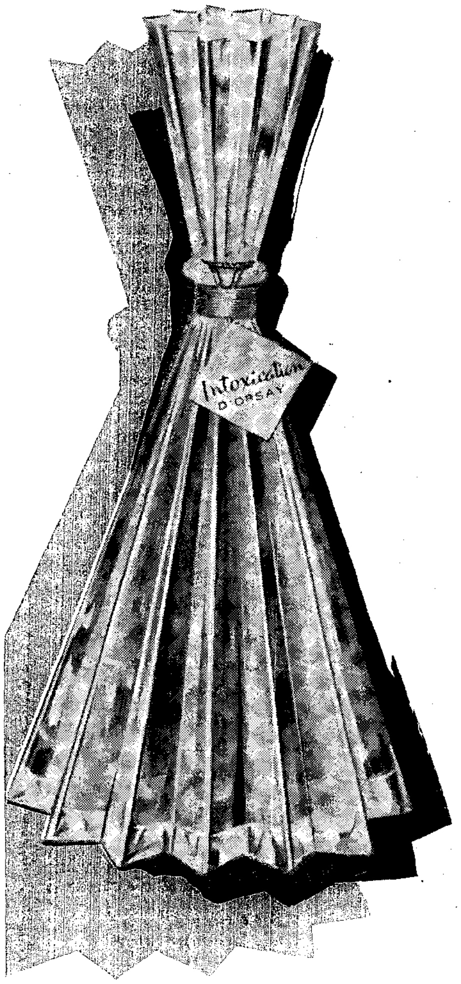

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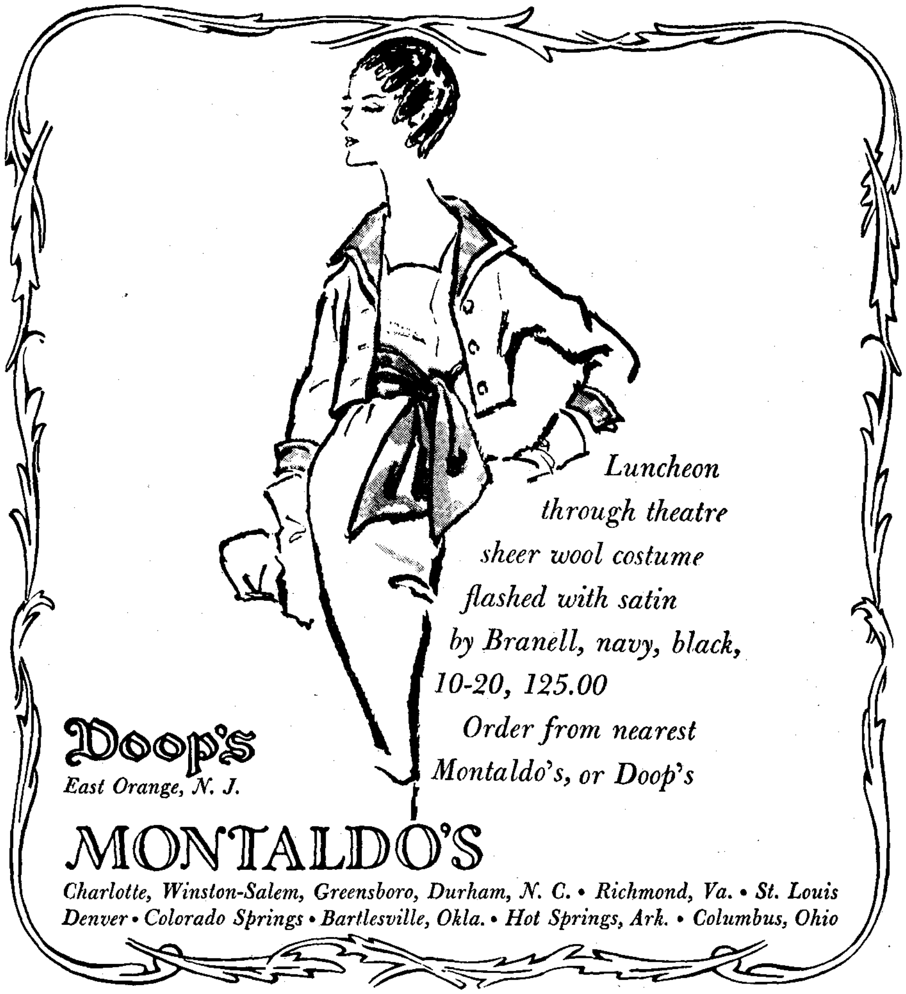

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wife, an extraordinary woman, conducted her son and other children in the neighborhood on a field trip every weekend. The members of these expeditions probed the backwashes of Belle Haven, and the additional jungle areas of Greenwich, and if in the course of an afternoon they spotted a bench-legged titmouse, the event was hailed with a gusto reminiscent of Teddy Roosevelt's when he succeeded in potting a torpid rhino. Teal's father was in the engineering business in a pretty large way, constructing installations like railroads, bridges, highways, and airports for foreign governments. His company, Continental Commerce, was hired by Kemal Atatürk in 1926 to do a sweeping modernization job on Turkey, and during this period, and others, the rest of the family lived for a while in France and Spain. In these foreign countries, young Teal continued his back-to-nature program.

Throughout Teal's boyhood, his bed required making only a few times, and he had no more need of sheets than a coyote does. It was his peculiar whim to sleep on the floor, uncovered, as a means of toughening up. Also, he swam a great deal, especially outdoors in the winter, and was never so happy as when he could break ice to get into the water. Teal has two slightly younger sisters, both beautiful (one, Ann, was depicted on the cover of *Life* during her college days), and when he, and they, reached the partying stage in Greenwich, his preoccupation with muscularity became a thundering nuisance. To a beau impeccably awaiting a sister's descent from upstairs, Teal would propose a game of toss-the-football to while away the interminable last-touch dressing lag. He would then lead the timorous swain out onto the lawn and run him practically bowlegged. By the time the sister appeared, her escort would be a sodden ruin—far too whipped to dance—and if he wasn't scratched and bleeding, it was just because he was lucky. This wholesale destruction of eligibles gave rise to intramural friction. The sisters retaliated by turning loose all of Teal's dogs and cats.

Teal's hardihood, so stoutly nurtured in those years, still causes trouble. His two-story farmhouse, lying up in the hills of northern Vermont (a very cold state), has nine rooms and no heating plant other than a rickety wood-burning furnace, with one register. Moreover, the fire, carelessly made, goes out about midnight every night. There is never any heat on the second floor. On the frequent mornings when the tempera-

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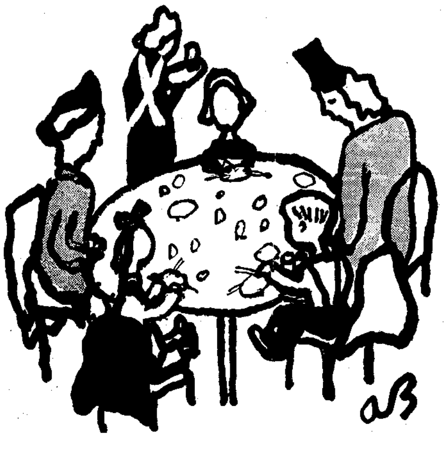
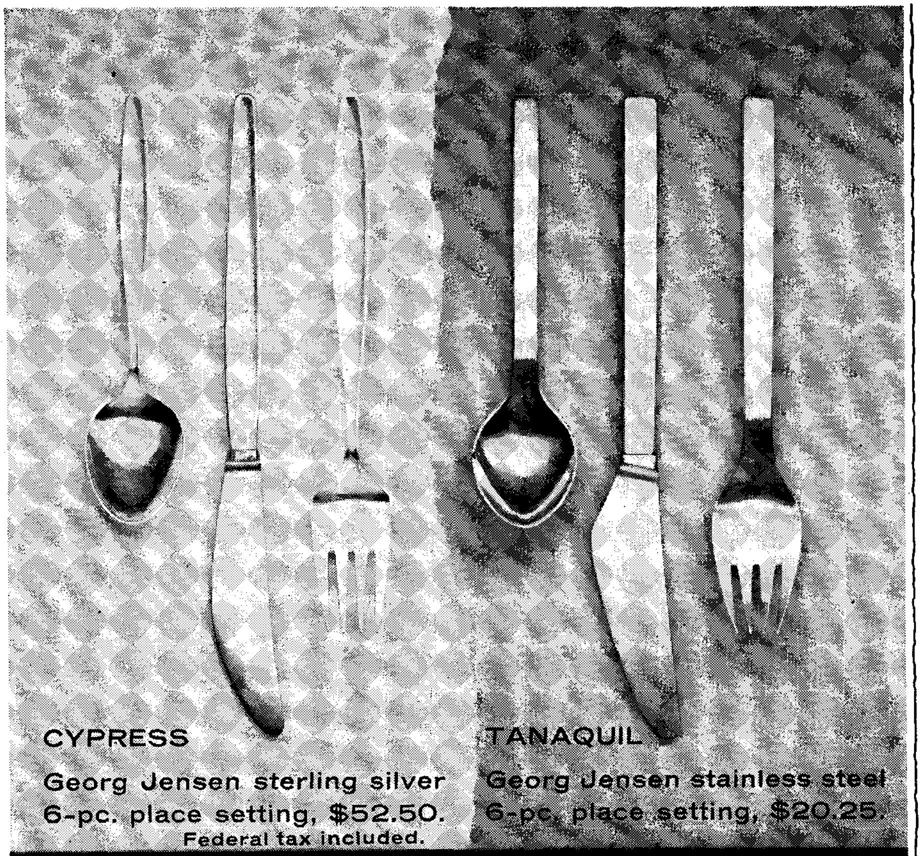
SUPIMA IS THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF SUPIMA ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA ture is twenty below zero, Teal's wife refuses to get up and make breakfast until he has bundled out and hotted up the downstairs. Teal himself is unaware of the cold. To begin a winter's day at his desk, he removes the inkstand from his study, thaws out the ink on the kitchen stove, and then gets to work, perhaps on a piece for the *Scandinavian Review* describing the near-tropical comfort of the arctic.

In 1928, the elder Teal's engineering operations were recounted at length in *Time*, which described him as a kind of genius in his line and predicted great things for his future. Six years later, however, while his son was still short of prep-school age, he contracted a serious ailment that all but removed him from the business scene. It was therefore fortunate that the boy was given a scholarship to Newman, a New Jersey school that had acquired a kind of nervous renown through the presence there, some years earlier, of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Athletics were a decisive factor in Teal's winning the scholarship, but the school authorities also took into account his serious interest in learning, and seemed favorably impressed by his Belle Haven menagerie. For one reason and another, Teal was never very happy at Newman. The school no longer exists, but during its lifetime it gave some attention to Biblical studies, and it would be virtually impossible to find anybody less smitten by organized religion than Teal, then or now. Paradoxically, he is greatly in demand as a lecturer before church gatherings in Vermont. On these occasions—basket suppers, dedication ceremonies, Founder's Days, and so on—he good-humoredly takes along a projector and a few spools of film, and gives the assembled farmers (whose incantations he disapproves of with mild, scientific disdain) a whacking good tour of the Far North. To remove any taint of false pretense, though, he explains his heathenhood and appends,





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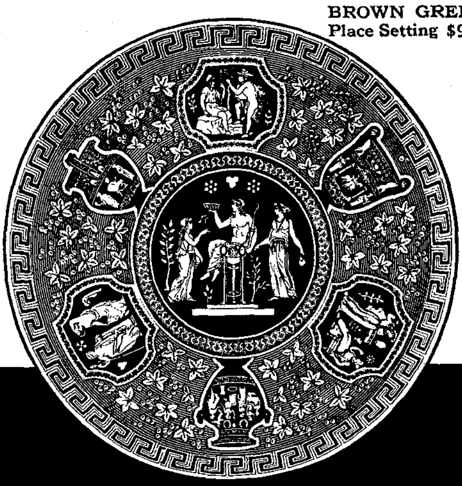

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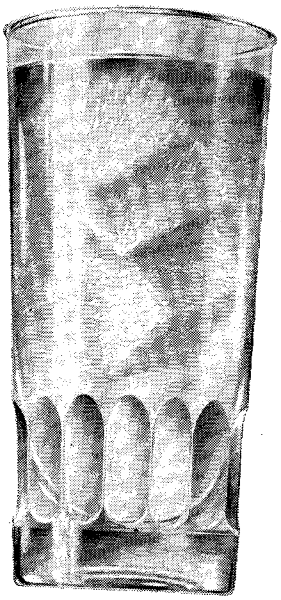

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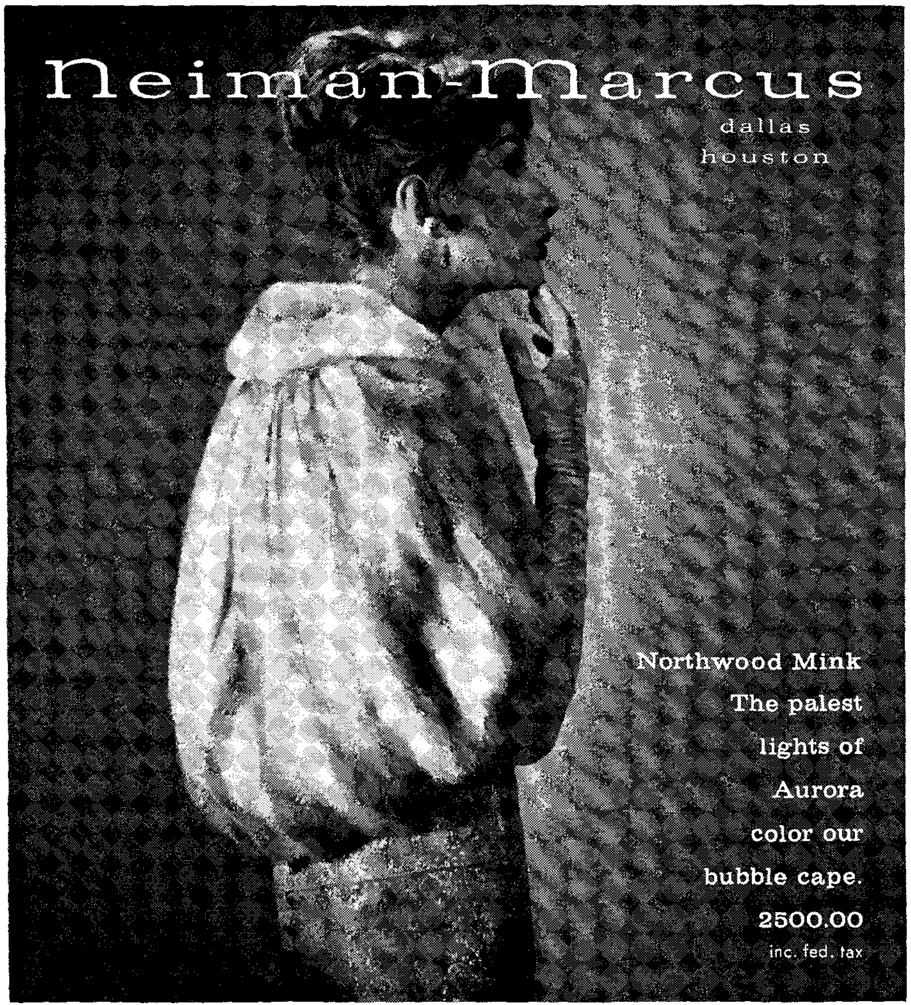

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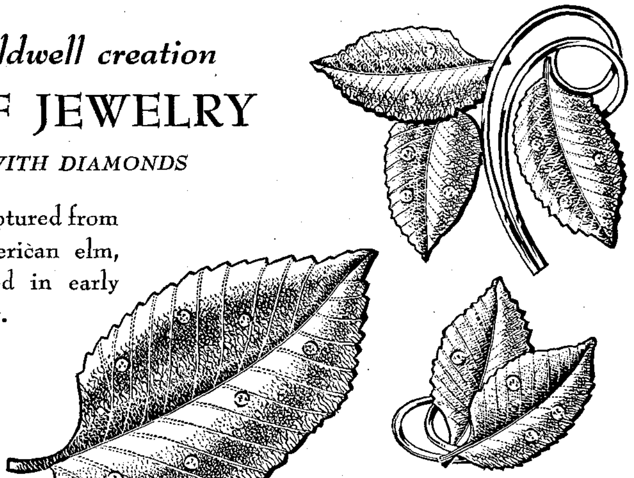

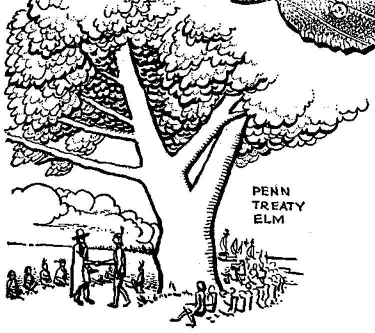

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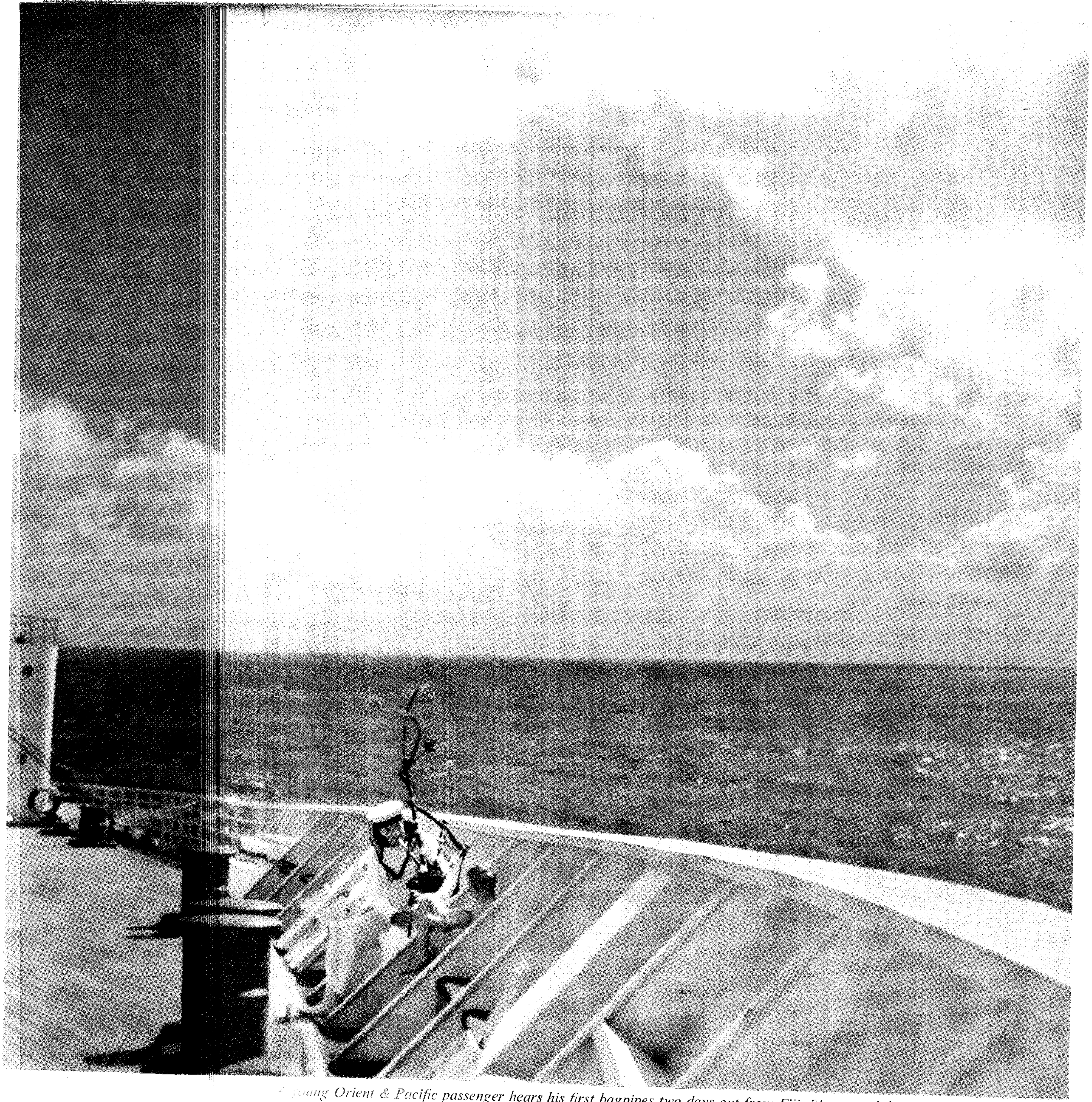
more or less in illustration, an anecdote from his sojourns with Eskimos. It involves a young missionary friend of Teal's who arrived, filled with zeal, among the Eskimos and immediately organized a prayer session, working through an interpreter. He delivered what he thought was a bang-up job on the Twenty-third Psalm, after which the Eskimos got up and walked away, looking sore as a boil. The missionary collared an old white man who was present and inquired into the source of the trouble. The man said, "My boy, you're a victim of translation. When it comes to Eskimos, it's a business of finding not only the words but the ideas. Specifically, there are no domestic sheep up here—only wild mountain sheep, which everybody hunts. What's more, there are only fast-flowing rivers or streams. Thus, your Psalm when translated to the Eskimos ran about as follows: 'The Lord is my sheep hunter. I don't want him. He shoots me and I fall down in the tall grass; he drags me down to the beach.' "

NOTWITHSTANDING his lack of enthusiasm for Newman, Teal stuck it out there, and graduated in 1938. Then, after floundering around for a year trying to get his bearings, he went to Harvard, to major in anthropology. His studies in school and his researches at home had already made him something of an expert on the subject, and at first his application to it on the college level was informal. His attendance at classes was conspicuously spotty. Among the most notable members of the faculty to find his manner raspy was Dr. Earnest Hooton, the celebrated author of "Apes, Men and Morons," who conducted a friendly feud with Teal through several courses. Whenever Teal, with time hanging heavy on his hands, would drop into Hooton's class, the Professor would go into a mock frenzy of welcome, acting as if he could be no more honored by Teal's presence than a Scottish peat digger by a surprise visit from a member of the Royal Family. "Ah, Mr. Teal, what a *pleasure!*" Hooton would cry with a happy smile. "Come in, take a chair— Wait! Let me dust that off for you." And he would rush down from the podium, flourishing his pocket handkerchief. The staple requirement of Teal's first course under Hooton was to identify bone chips from widely diverse people, some of whom had not been visible in the live, or recognizable, state for several thousands of years. Every now and then, to keep his hand in



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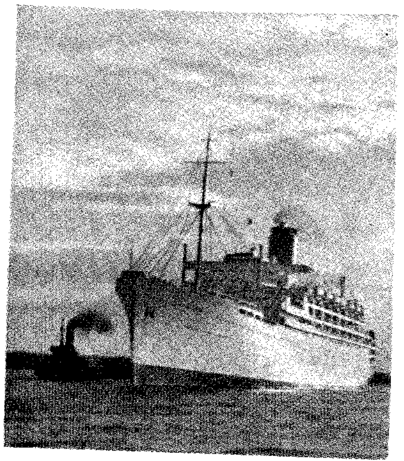

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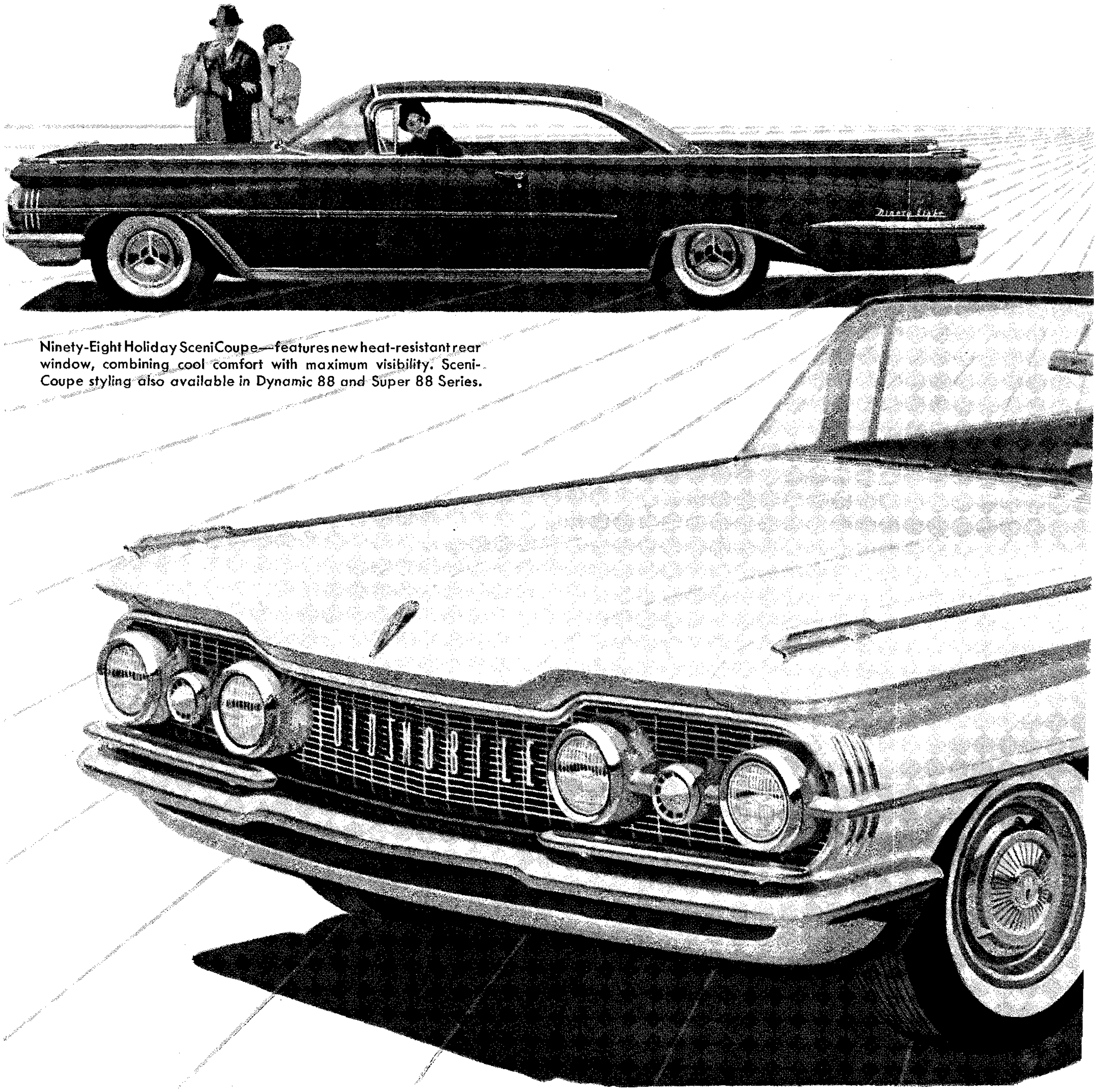

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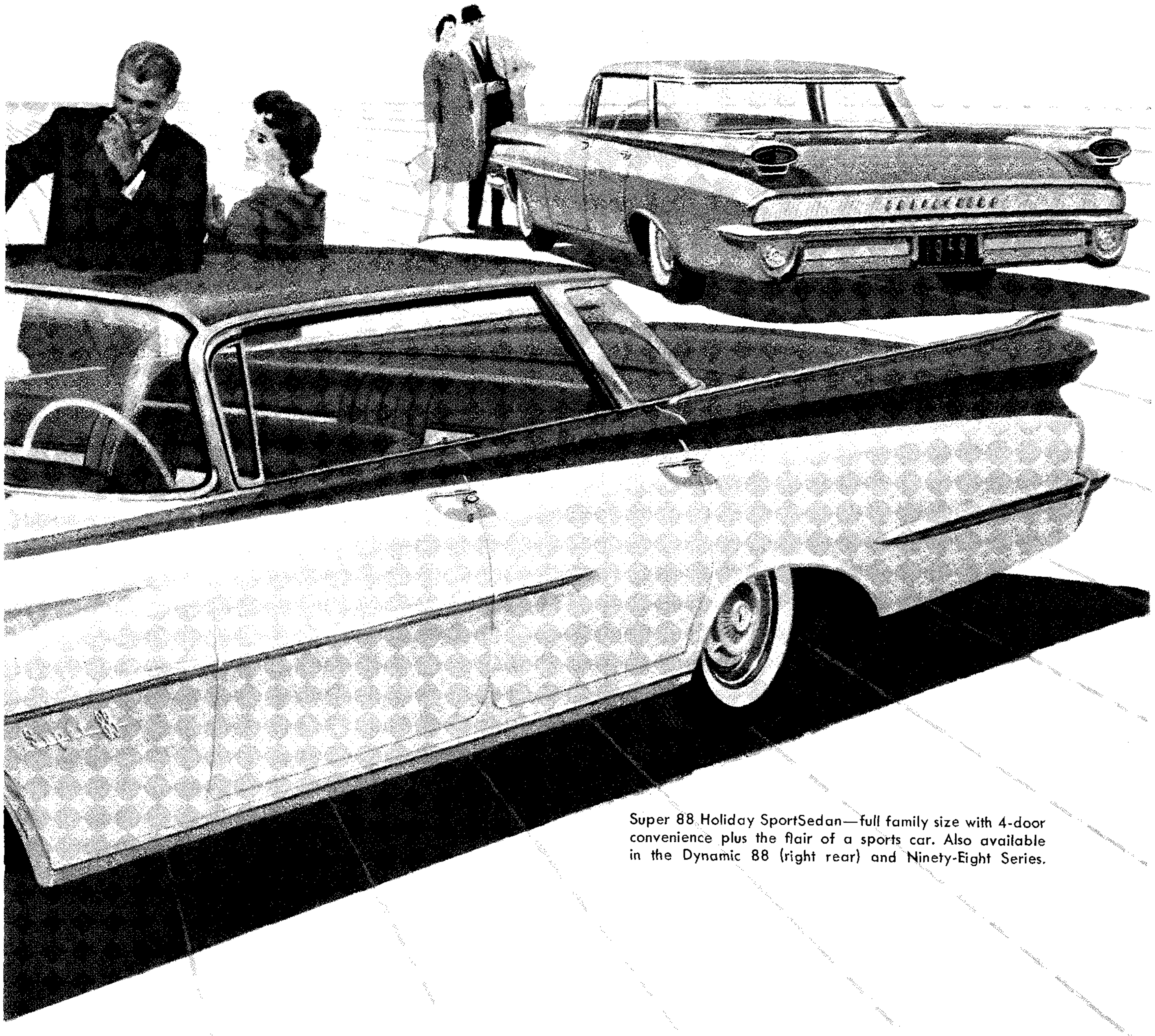

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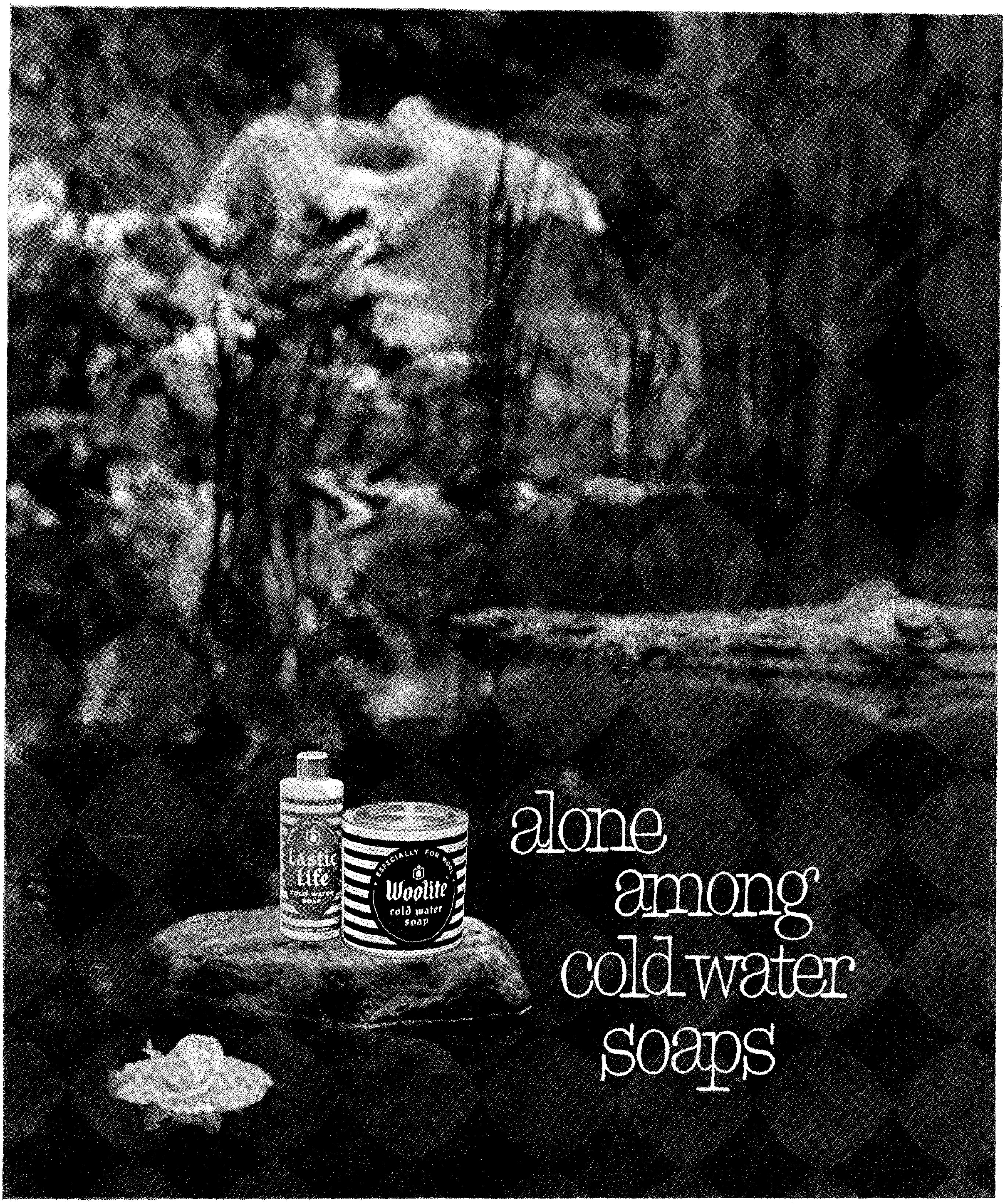
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HEAD OFFICE: 10614 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA and to refresh his memory of what he had previously learned, Teal would visit the laboratory and, as it were, bone up on this obligation. Then, on a day when Teal happened to be in class, Hooton would march down the aisle with sly malice, hand him a stumper from some excavation or other, and inquire, "You are no doubt familiar with this fragment, Mr. Teal?" "One can never be certain," Teal might reply, leaning back with a tolerant smile. "The most elementary identifications occasionally trip us up, but surely this is the left front metatarsal of a female Paleo-Amerind?" Hooton's return to the podium (in a hurry) was usually marked by a grinding of his teeth. Teal feels that his romance with Hooton reached a peak on a morning when the learned Professor was lecturing on Cro-Magnon man. As he rambled along in his eloquent and amusing way, his glance came to rest on Teal. His body stiffened and his jaw dropped in amazement. "Behold!" he cried, whipping a pair of calipers from his pocket, rushing over to Teal, and affixing them to the student's head. "The perfect example of Cro-Magnon man!" Some years afterward, when Teal was bombing Germany, and exploring some neolithic English barrows on the side, he wrote Hooton a letter, requesting the answer to an abstruse anthropological question. The Professor replied, in part, "Dear Mr. Teal, I remember you both pleasantly and well, though I seem to recall that your presence in my class was more honored in the breach than in the observance." Teal feels today that, as between him and Hooton, Hooton had the last word.

The physical side of Teal's Harvard years was mainly a matter of football in the autumn and hard employment in the summer. People are apt to cherish through life some compliment of exceptional triviality, and Teal sets great store by a statement addressed to him, with sincere fervor, by his Harvard football coach, Dick Harlow. "Teal," said Harlow, "you are the greatest disappointment of my entire coaching career." There is sustenance in this, food for honest pride, Teal thinks, for he was unable to agree with Harlow on even the rudest fundamentals of the game. One week Teal would be on the first team, the next week on the third, and the week after that he might wind up unclassified—a lonely anthropologist, his mind scientifically aloof as he sat huddled on the bench in the snow. Essentially a fullback, he played first one position and then another. The only as-

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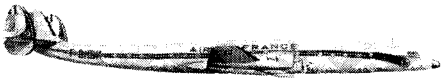

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pect of Teal's game about which Harlow had to conceal his impatience was kicking, especially kicking off. Those fans who recall the Harvard team of, say, 1941, when it beat Army and tied Navy, will remember Teal as the kick-off man who used to lob the ball far, far up into the stands, each time arousing a general laugh. Actually, Teal booted the ball so far that his kick-offs introduced a certain monotony into the game; there was never any question of a runback, and each time the opposing team would wearily set things in motion again on the twenty-yard line.

In the summer months, Teal worked for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, in Jersey City, at a job in which he had charge of three hundred hoboes. The occupation, a peculiar one brought about by the imminence of war, consisted of sifting the Jersey earth for scrap iron buried in the Black Tom explosion of 1916. Teal was hired partly because of his size. His charges were a most mulish fraternity; to go a step further, it might fairly be said that a more sportive and ribald collection of cutthroats, highwaymen, grand and petit larcenists, and all-round bruisers had never before been assembled on one job. It was the gleeful pleasure of the hoboes to nudge their boss, the educated sissy, at every opportunity. At length, Teal, in sorrow, foresaw that he could no longer preserve a respectable relationship between supervisor and supervised without violence. The showdown came one morning when his worst tormentor, a man nearly as large as himself, tripped him up, ostensibly by accident. Teal, unheatedly resorting to discipline, picked the man off the ground, and, after arranging him in the ritual posture over one knee, administered a spanking by hand. At the close of each day's session with the bums, Teal commuted home to join the summer frolicking in Greenwich. He would take a bath, after which, starched and proper, he would wheel the local débutantes around at yacht-club dances. The hoboes heard about this reverse Jekyll-and-Hyde existence of their boss—the prowler among the half world by day and the luminous moth by night—and began to take pride in him. Once it had been established that he could whip them, they accepted him like a brother. They even took to quizzing him about the social qualifications of the other guests and about his probable costume for the forthcoming evening—whether black tie or white—and implied that, as the man in charge of three hundred

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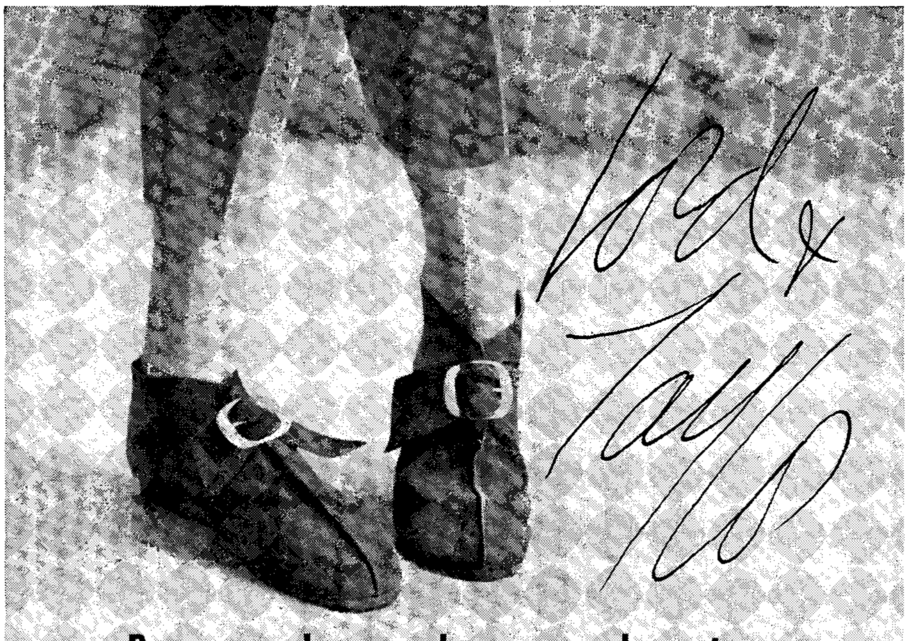
hoboes, he had a position to maintain. Regrettably, the débutantes displayed no corresponding interest in his life among the hoboes.

However sporadic Teal's visits to the classroom may have been, he was a rather accomplished student at Harvard, doing special work in genetics, philosophy, and literature, as well as in anthropology, and he graduated with a good standing in 1942, feverishly impatient to get into the war. Curiously enough, Teal, a man who regards Harvard much as a Tibetan lama regards the holy city of Lhasa, never bothered to pick up his diploma. It was a gorgeous thing—of Grade A, government-inspected sheepskin—and Harvard requested a fee of twenty dollars from each graduating student who wished to own one. Feeling that the charge was excessive, Teal declined to shell out. A year or so ago, Harvard, impressed by his experiments with musk oxen, wrote to him suggesting that if he cared to remit a dollar and sixty-five cents in stamps, to cover the cost of airmailing, he could now have his diploma without further palaver. Teal simply framed the letter, remarking that it furnished sufficient proof of his success at the university.

TEAL'S war years advanced him, fortuitously enough, along the road to his eventual career of scientific exploration. It happens that England, the seat of his operations as pilot of a B-17, is a land of promise for a graduate anthropologist interested in ancient man. The moldering handiwork of Britons centuries dead lies scattered over the island, making it a laboratory ripe for research, and inevitably he began putting it to use, though by no means at the expense of his military activities. Teal had been emotionally involved in the war long before he entered it. He was in a lather of anxiety to punish Germany for her oppression of minorities, so at the earliest possible moment he whipped on a uniform in the crusading spirit of Richard I off to flog the Saracens. He remembers the start of his military service as a merry-go-round of training sessions in widely scattered areas of the nation, beginning at the Senator Hotel in Atlantic City. He was in trouble from the first. It is not compatible with a scientist's nature to suffer the shoddy and the makeshift without comment, and Teal had the unfortunate habit of suggesting reform, often in Olympian and pontifical tones. This never went down very well with his superiors. To make matters worse, he



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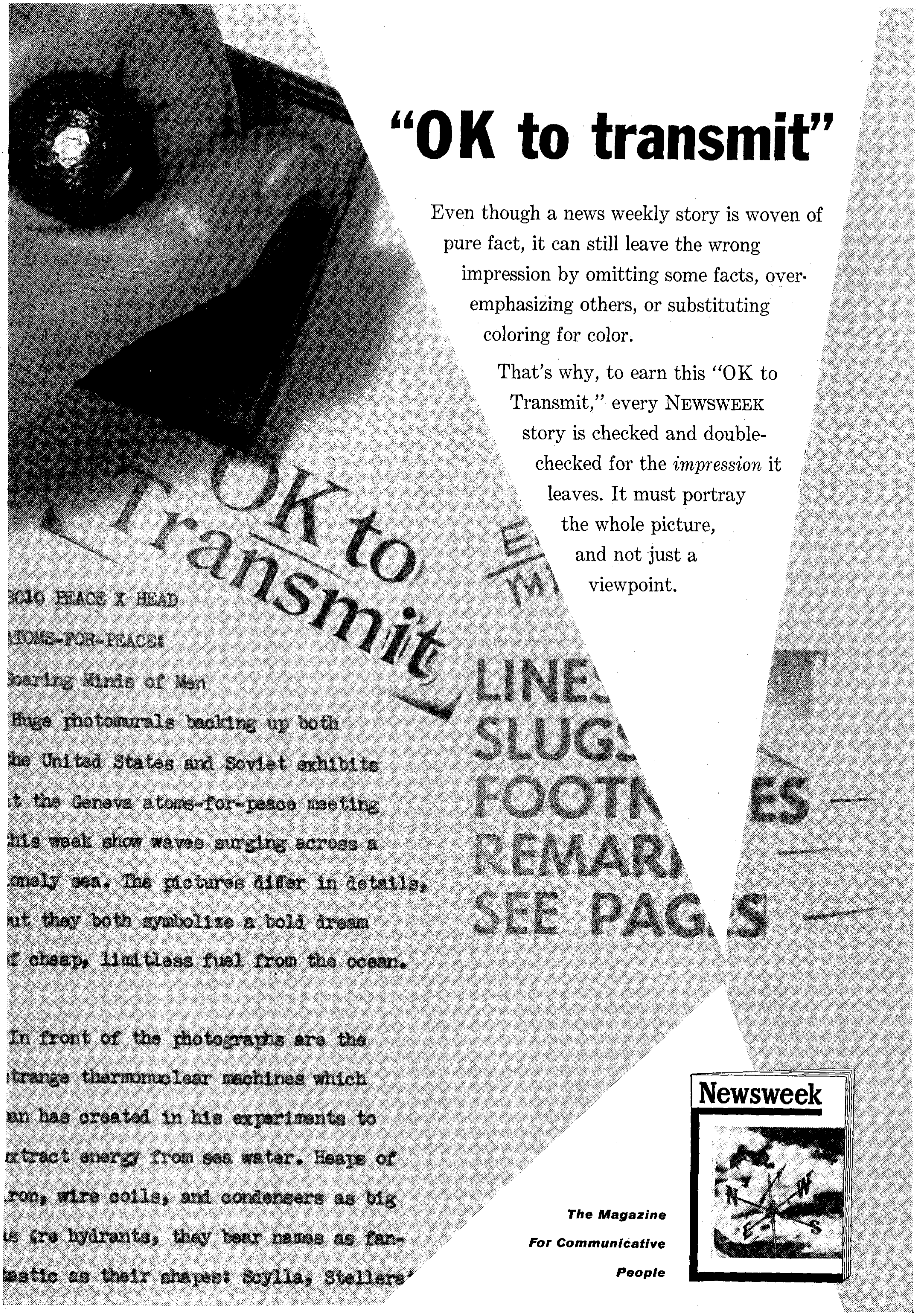

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started out under a corporal who was impossible to classify anthropologically. Teal had a run-in with him almost at once, and consequently spent his first night in Atlantic City scrubbing the hotel ballroom with a toothbrush. In the services, as most civilians found when they stepped forward to succor the regular military in wartime, there are means of evening all scores. Teal's corporal had serious flaws as a drillmaster. In a pinch, before an audience, his mind suffered transpositional quirks, which often caused an intended "Column right" to come out as "Column left." When marching past cheering crowds in downtown Atlantic City, Teal and his colleagues, instead of unscrambling the transposition by doing what the corporal clearly meant to call for, executed his orders precisely as given, which led to their marching into buildings, climbing over cars, mingling with the spectators, and otherwise brightening the scene. The corporal's response was merely to requisition several dozen more toothbrushes.

After Atlantic City, Teal did stints at Penn State; Nashville; Montgomery, Alabama, where he was made a cadet captain; Jackson, Tennessee; Newport, Arkansas, where he was reprimanded for buzzing Ozarkian hillbillies (who peppered back briskly with squirrel rifles, at considerable risk to federal property); and West Point, where he was sent for advanced instruction as one of a number of air cadets chosen for leadership ability. This was a distinct honor, conferred on him in spite of repeated mischief and the knowing mien of a man who, unlike many scientists, is endowed with a vast sense of humor, and one that has a way of taking a harmless turn toward the sinewy. (Nowadays, on the infrequent evenings when he takes a cup too many with friends in his Vermont farmhouse, he is apt—in the sunniest of moods—to gather up all his downstairs furniture and throw it out the windows. This has at times got him into hot water with his wife.) Teal recalls with pride an incident of his cadethood when he was flying a trainer between two layers of clouds and spotted two C-47s. There existed a fair amount of service rivalry between pilots of different types of planes, so Teal instantly flipped over on his back, hoping the C-47 men would do the same thing, under the impression that they had been flying wrong side up in the clouds. They did, and when, later on, still inverted, they came into clear weather over their landing field, they expressed

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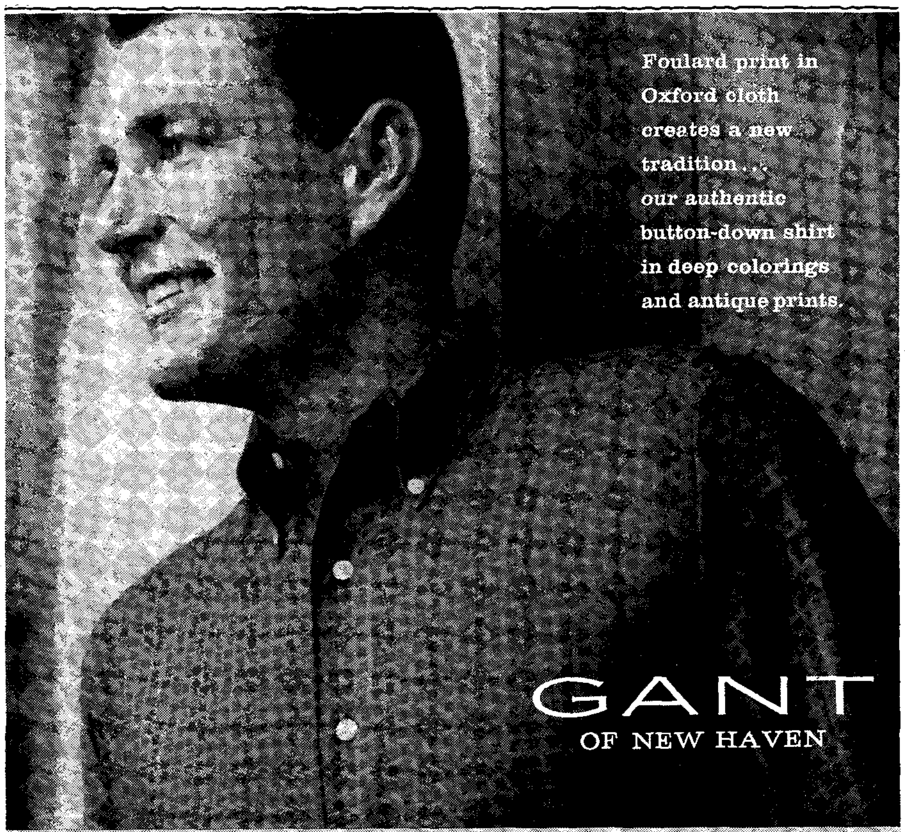
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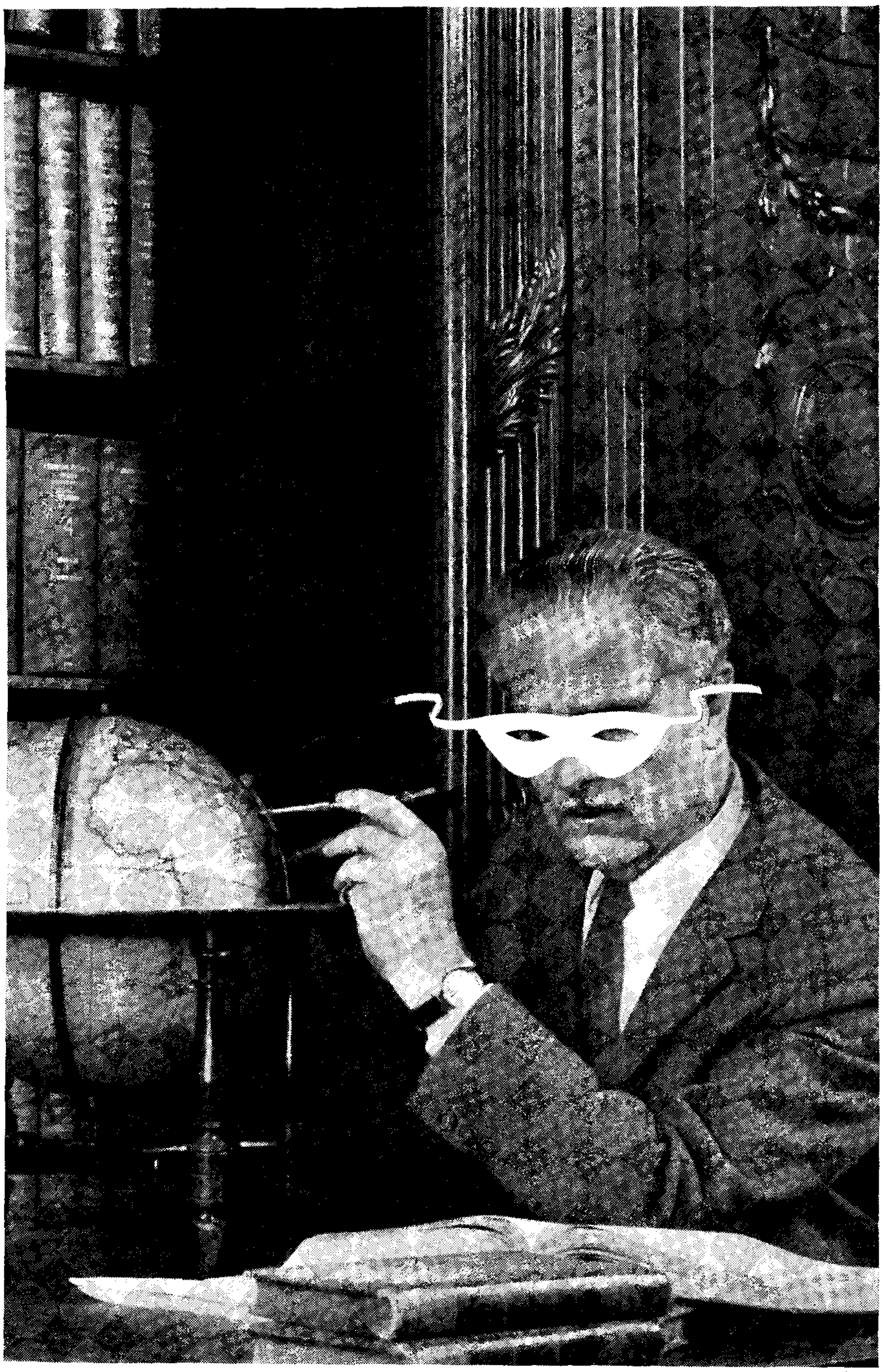
themselves as being mildly peeved. Teal won his wings and bars as a second lieutenant at West Point; went to Columbus, Ohio, to learn B-17s; picked up a crew in Texas; got his combat ship in Nebraska; and, in the summer of 1944, fully prepared at last, left on the long-awaited flight to England.

There was no element of skylarking in Teal's war against Germany. He went on expressing differences with the upper echelons, but he did not let these affect his deadly serious work as a combat man. After fifteen sorties against German cities, in the course of which he had reached the rank of captain, he was made a command pilot—the officer who, riding in the lead plane, directs the mission. This entitled him to dine in the senior officers' mess, but he refused the privilege. He had the contemptuous notion that many senior officers dodged missions and he disliked their custom of sending men on extra trips over Germany as a disciplinary measure. Teal, adopting an air of outright recklessness in the face of official disapproval, not only continued to denounce red tape and rank-hungry ambitions but put in a standing request for whatever extra missions were available. His friends say he became known as a combat crew's officer, who was far more interested in keeping his crew happy than in deferring to the high brass, and, by all accounts, he was an extraordinary flying officer. When it came to directing a flight of B-17s into an advantageous position to drop bombs on the enemy, he was unbeatable. It was impractical for his seniors to resent him openly; he was too valuable in the basic business of destroying Germany. They could never get away from that one point. Indeed, they even loaded him up with corollary duties, including those of head engineering officer, a job he was given because of his economical use of gas. The understandable custom of most bomber pilots was to rev up their engines at the target, in preparation for a quick scamper home. Teal, after his "bombs away," determinedly set his jaw, made the correct turn, and proceeded back to England with the engines turning as slowly as possible. "In the entire history of modern warfare, there has never been anybody more disregardful of flak than John," one of his former crew says. It was Teal's contention that collisions and other accidents occurred during scrambles to get away, and that many pilots were forced down before reaching home because they used up too much gas making a fast getaway from the target. Besides,



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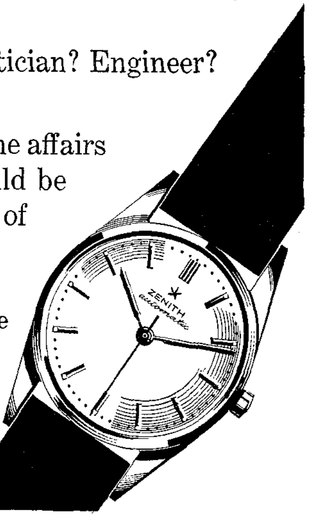

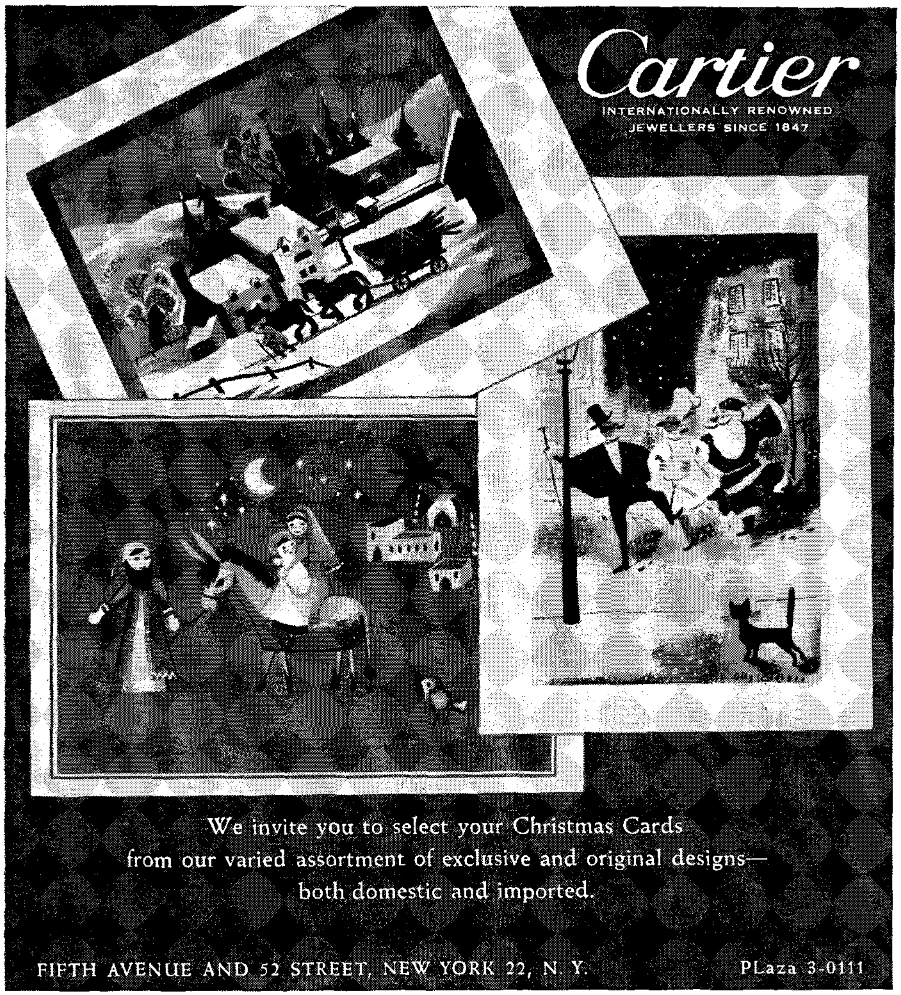

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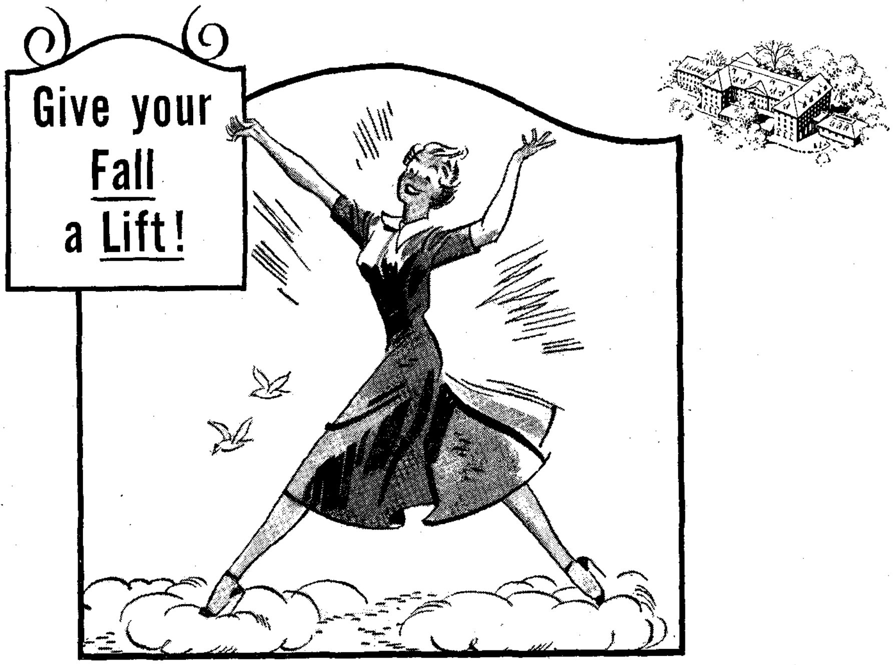

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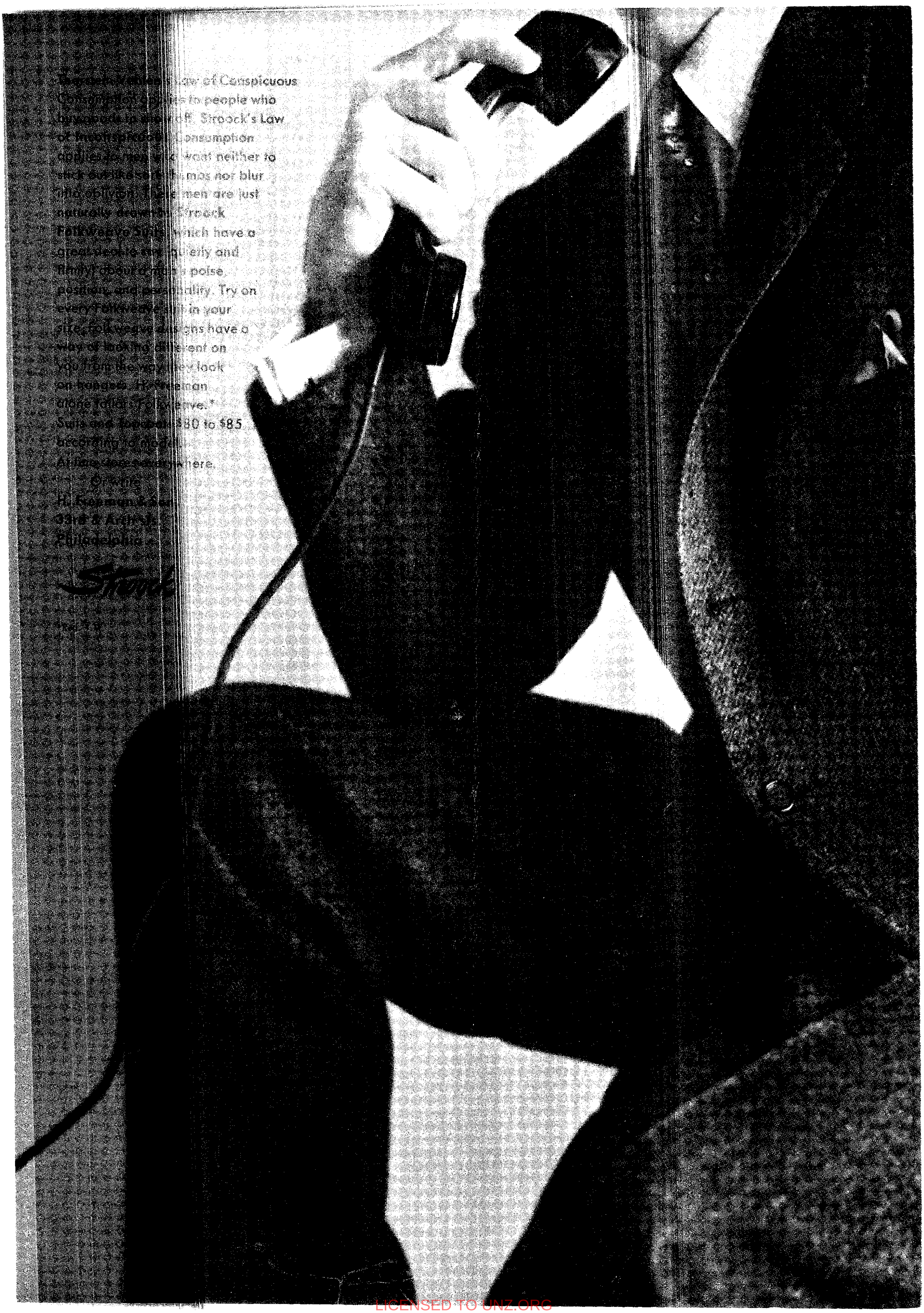
he felt that scrambles were undignified; they gave the Germans down below a false impression.

In the course of the twenty-eight missions Teal flew, only one of his crew members was injured even slightly. And he himself had very few mishaps of any kind for a man who enjoyed combat. He believes that his best moments of the war came when, after the Battle of the Bulge, he was ordered to join a monster show of power staged by the Eighth Air Force over Paris, which, though liberated, was getting discouraged. To cheer up the French, hundreds of American planes were to fly over Paris on their way to bomb Frankfurt and again on their way back. Teal put on his Class A uniform, with the idea that if he should happen to be shot down in the vicinity of Paris, he would be able to see the city in style. Sure enough, the first burst of flak he encountered, from anti-aircraft guns in Frankfurt, knocked out his auxiliary gas tanks and he decided to land at Le Bourget. Some French Army men came running up, and Teal's crew coöperated very adroitly by introducing him as General Eisenhower. The maroons were treated royally. They were assigned a car from the motor pool, driven through the city, stood a first-rate lunch, with wine (while the plane was being refuelled), and briefed on both the military and the political situation in Paris. Teal told his escorts, in a kind of pidgin French, that they were doing a splendid job; then he and his associates flew back to England. As for Teal's worst moments of the war, they had to do with General Earle E. Partridge, now head of the North American Air Defense Command, and the dropping of food supplies to the half-starved Dutch awaiting liberation. Teal's bomber group was given the mission—a tricky maneuver that involved B-17s flying at an altitude of only three hundred feet, for which a special bombsight had to be contrived. During a test run over East Anglia a couple of days beforehand, General Partridge and his aides rode in Teal's plane to observe and report on the new device. At the instant of drop, the bundles of food stuck in the bomb bay, and Partridge, in the best tradition of his rank, nipped down and began trying to kick them loose. At one point, he was hanging by his hands, suspended lightly over England from a flimsy support. Teal, at the controls, rapidly decided on his course of action should he be so supremely unlucky as to let General Partridge drop through to the English turf; he would

Thorstein Veblen's Law of Conspicuous Consumption applies to people who buy goods to show off. Stroock's Law of Inconspicuous Consumption applies to men who want neither to stick out like sore thumbs nor blur into oblivion. These men are just naturally drawn to Stroock Folkweave Suits which have a great deal to say quietly and firmly about a man's poise, position, and personality. Try on every Folkweave suit in your size; Folkweave designs have a way of looking different on you from the way they look on hangers. H. Freeman alone tailors Folkweave.* Suits and Topcoats $80 to $85 according to model. At fine stores everywhere.

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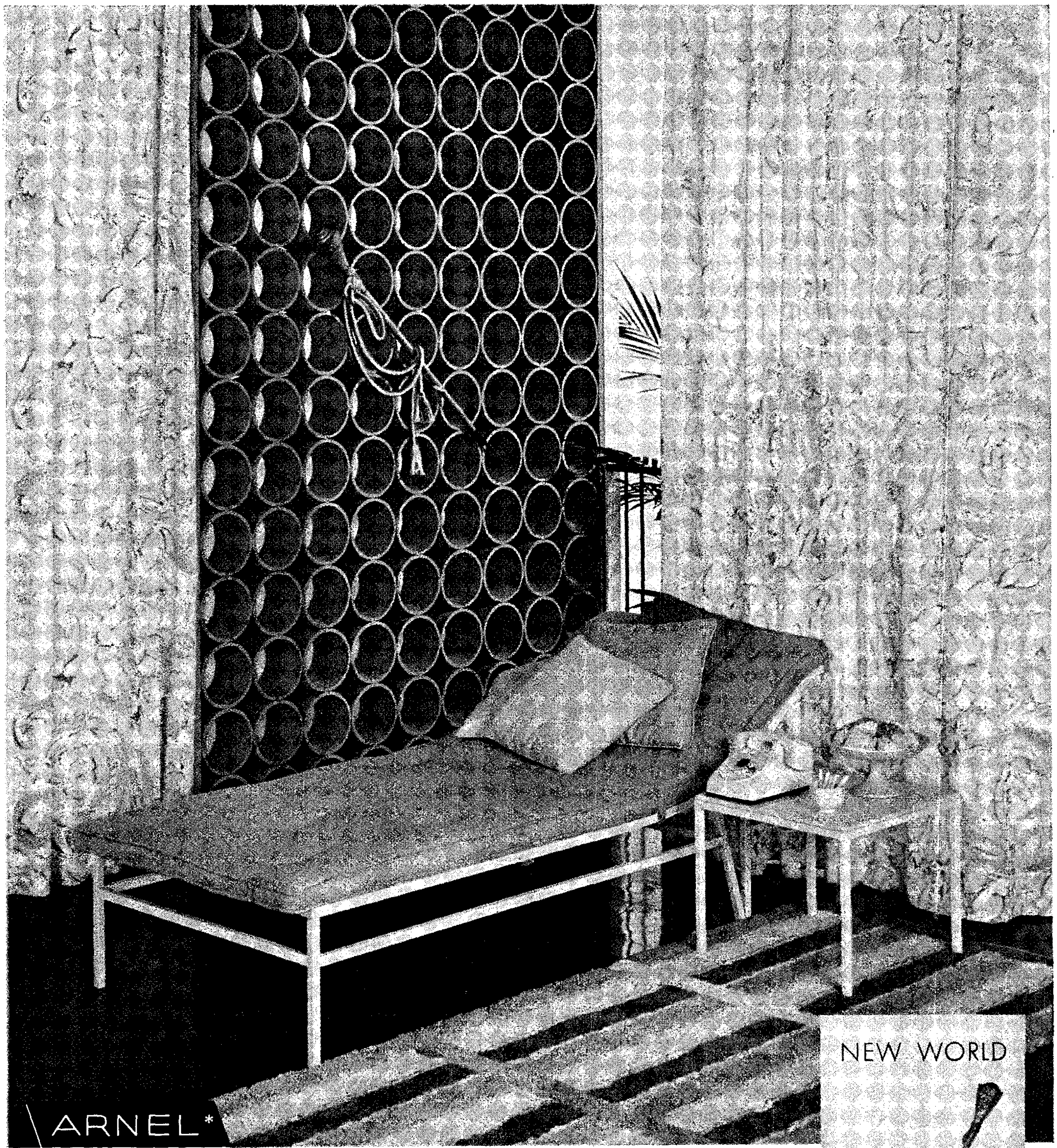

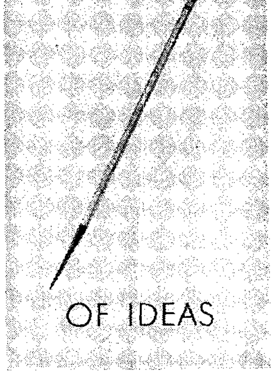

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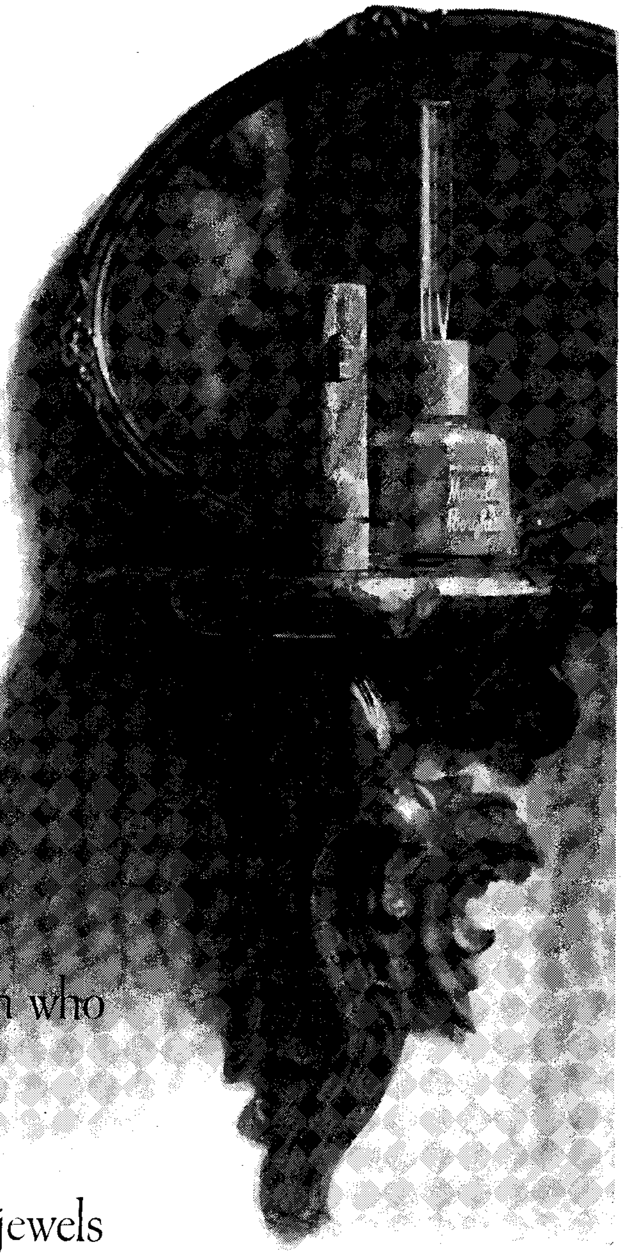
wheel around and head for arctic Canada, there to mingle anonymously with the Eskimos, out of reach, he hoped, of the United States Army Air Forces. This proved to be unnecessary. General Partridge cleared up the trouble, the plane made another run, and the bundles went tumbling, end over end, to the ground. When the mission was actually flown, the Dutch villagers, despite what must have been their frail condition, turned out to perform the backbreaking feat of trimming their still handsome tulip beds to form the words "THANKS YANKS." Teal savors the recollection of seeing all the members of his crew furtively dab at their eyes.

ONCE, while calling on Teal at his Vermont farm, an acquaintance who had heard of the strenuous part his host played in the war expressed an interest in any mementos he might have of those days. Teal courteously escorted him to the upstairs bathroom, upon a wall of which hung one of the customary official diplomas of thanks given all personnel when they were mustered out. The visitor remarked that this was an extremely modest exhibit. "I may have the usual Air Medal, too," said Teal, in a tone of scientific detachment. "I believe it was automatic." Later on, the caller brought up the subject with Mrs. Teal, who went through some musty files and found, in an envelope her husband had not bothered to open, an Air Forces summary of his record. His decorations included the Air Medal with four oak-leaf clusters, three Bronze Stars, and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Moreover, the colonel who had been his immediate superior in England, and therefore the man he had contended against most briskly and most often, had appended a strong recommendation that Teal be urged to stay on as a career officer. Confronted with the summary, Teal, who had obviously not even known of its existence, acknowledged that "they" had told him about the Distinguished Flying Cross, but said he was unaware of the Bronze Stars. In a mild, academic way, he seemed pleased. He even became enthusiastic enough to hunt up his Distinguished Flying Cross, which he thought must be in a box in a desk drawer somewhere downstairs. He got to it a little late. The cross itself, being made of bronze, was intact, but his retrievers had chewed the ribbons to bits.

Teal seldom thinks about his military exploits, but he often speaks of the off-duty researches he carried on during the same period. Among these was a study of some faint but traceable foot-



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prints of England's ancient men. The Icknield Way, a neolithic thoroughfare that the Romans later used, runs near Thetford, where Teal was stationed; he explored it often, examining the mounds that were thrown up in the course of the remarkably expert road building of that era before historians took up the quill. Salisbury Plain, a hotbed of neolithic relics, was not far distant, and it was Teal's custom to slip over there in his B-17, with his crew alerted for Druidical stones, whenever he had the chance. Even in wartime, Salisbury had an elderly watchman on duty at Stonehenge, a guardian of those malign, unhallowed grounds where religious fanaticism perhaps reached its nadir. Teal believes that he buzzed the watchman, and the weathered rocks, with such regularity that the man became slightly addled toward V-E Day. If so, Teal regrets it; his purpose was only to see the stones close up. On each occasion, though, it was evident that the watchman thought he was under attack, for he scurried away behind a ceremonial rock with the spryness of a young, strong Druid in the full flush of moonlit piety. Teal's best opportunities for aerial exploration came when he and his crew were breaking in a new engine, an operation that was performed with frequency. At such times, it was necessary to fly about for four hours at a stretch, more or less aimlessly—or, rather, Teal was generally instructed, with some severity, in wide circles in the area of the field. With his usual cringing obedience, he would strike out, while his crew studied archeological maps, for some place like Hadrian's Wall, on the Scottish Border. By the time Germany surrendered, he had covered an extraordinary amount of ancient England.

The actual cease-fire, or at least its immediate aftermath, is hazy in Teal's mind. He felt the triumph deeply, as a spiritual experience. Germany, at that moment in history, was evil; she had been humbled, her sting drawn. He remembers going quietly into the officers' club and asking for a bottle of whiskey. His next clear impression is of a grange dance in Bury Saint Edmunds, fifteen miles from the field, but this is followed by some murky hullabaloo about the furniture going out the windows of the grange hall, and the dance, he believes, ended. Then his memory moves on to a kind of Cinerama view of London, punctuated by trivial incidents: an unsuccessful attempt to remove a fountain from near Piccadilly and crate it for shipment home; a lecture on English archeology he delivered in

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an Underground station; a visit to a zoo, to which he gained access by climbing a wall; and a shepherding of several women of a species known locally as Piccadilly Commandos to a ducal party at the Ritz. Returning to his base by some means unknown to himself, he tore up the barracks with his hands and burned it. Then he turned in for a snooze. When he awoke, a considerable while later, he had the two African grass monkeys. He was lectured and sent home, with congratulations, to be mustered out. Before flying to the States, though, he took a few drams of a hangover cure in Bristol, and attempted to pass off the monkeys on an Air Forces transport captain as old and valued members of his bomber crew. Balked, he presented the creatures to the Bristol Zoo, where they still lodge in comfort, as he knows from reports furnished at intervals by the grateful authorities of the institution. As for Teal, his war was over, he had saved up some money, and he knew what he had to do. As soon as he could manage it, he was going to make tracks for the arctic. —ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Teal.*)

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### THE NOBILITY OF LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

[*Louella Parsons in the Journal-American*]

SAMUEL GOLDWYN insists that he and William Wyler are still good friends, despite Wyler's suit for $408,356, claiming this amount is due him from the Academy award-winning "The Best Years of Our Lives."

"This suit has been pending for 11 years," said Sam, "and I wanted Wyler to bring it into the open and let the courts decide. I wouldn't want my heirs to have to fight it if I should die."

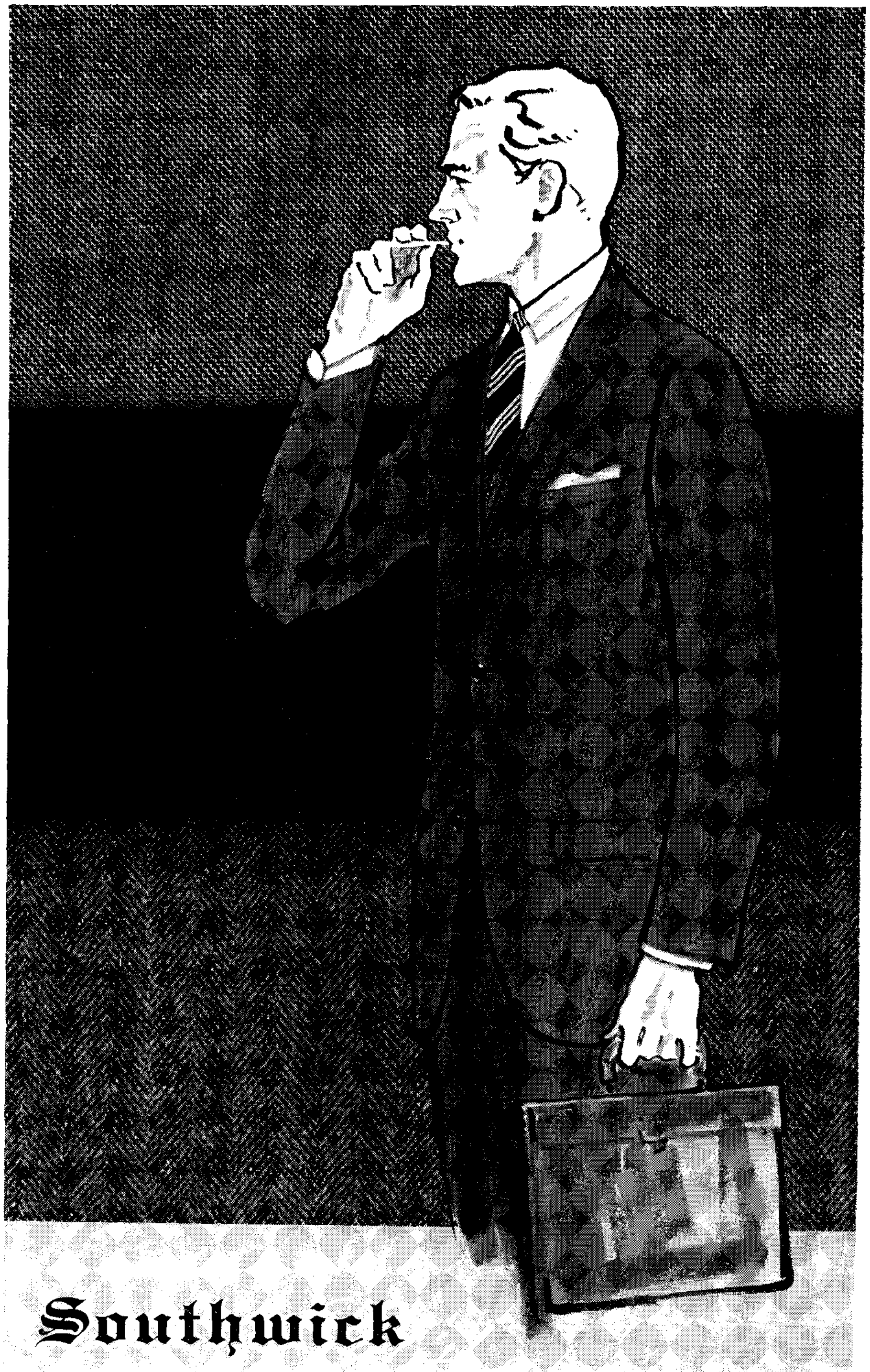
Wyler has already received $1,400,000. But Sam is much more concerned with the fire which did up to $5,000,000 damage and which will delay "Porgy and Bess" for months. He said:

"Thank God nobody was hurt," which was a pretty noble statement, considering all the damage done.

•

While the clock tolled the men on the corner watched the hearse move south down the west side. . . . It went as solemnly slow as a hearse leading a procession, but looking back at the corner by which it had entered, they saw no cars following it. It turned and came their way and through the bug-spattered windshield they saw two men riding in the cab. The clock began the second round of eight chimes. It had picked up on its journey a coat of bleached white autumn dust. It was long and lean and there was restrained power, throttled-down speed. . . .—*From "Home from the Hill," by William Humphrey.*

One of those travelling clocks.



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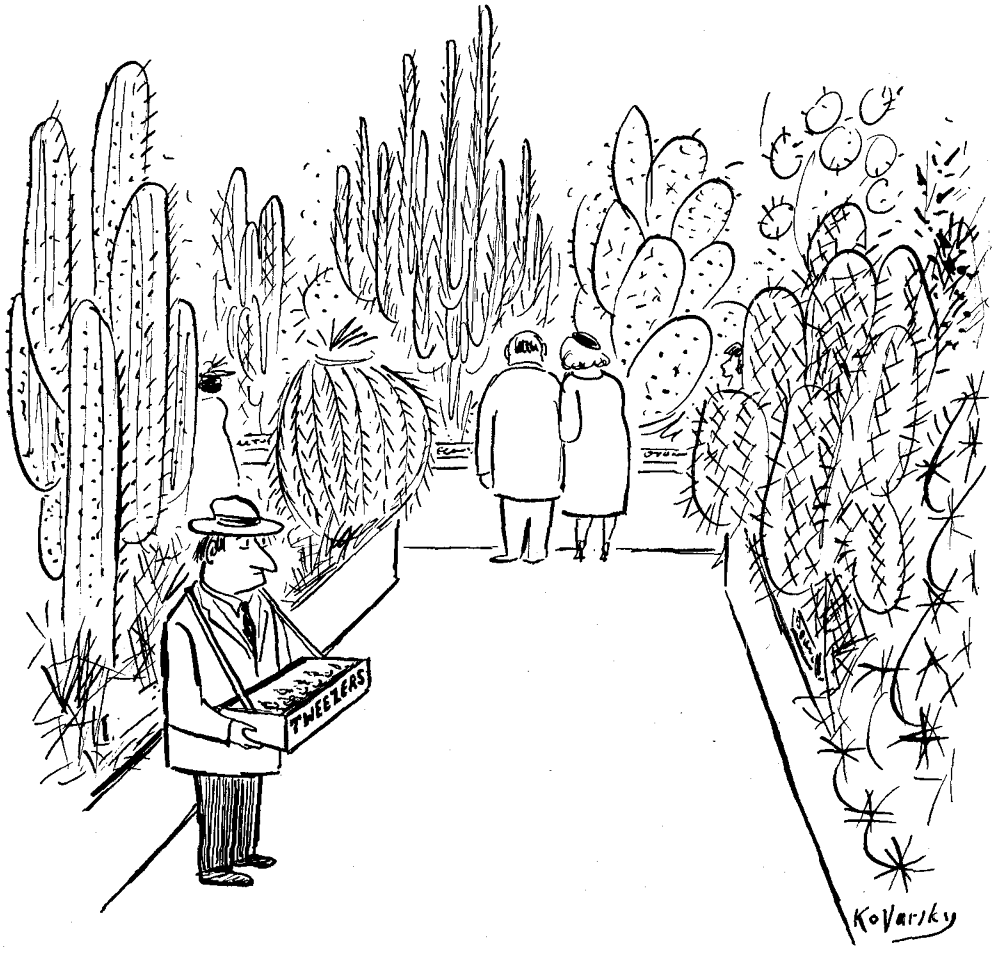
# THE THEATRE

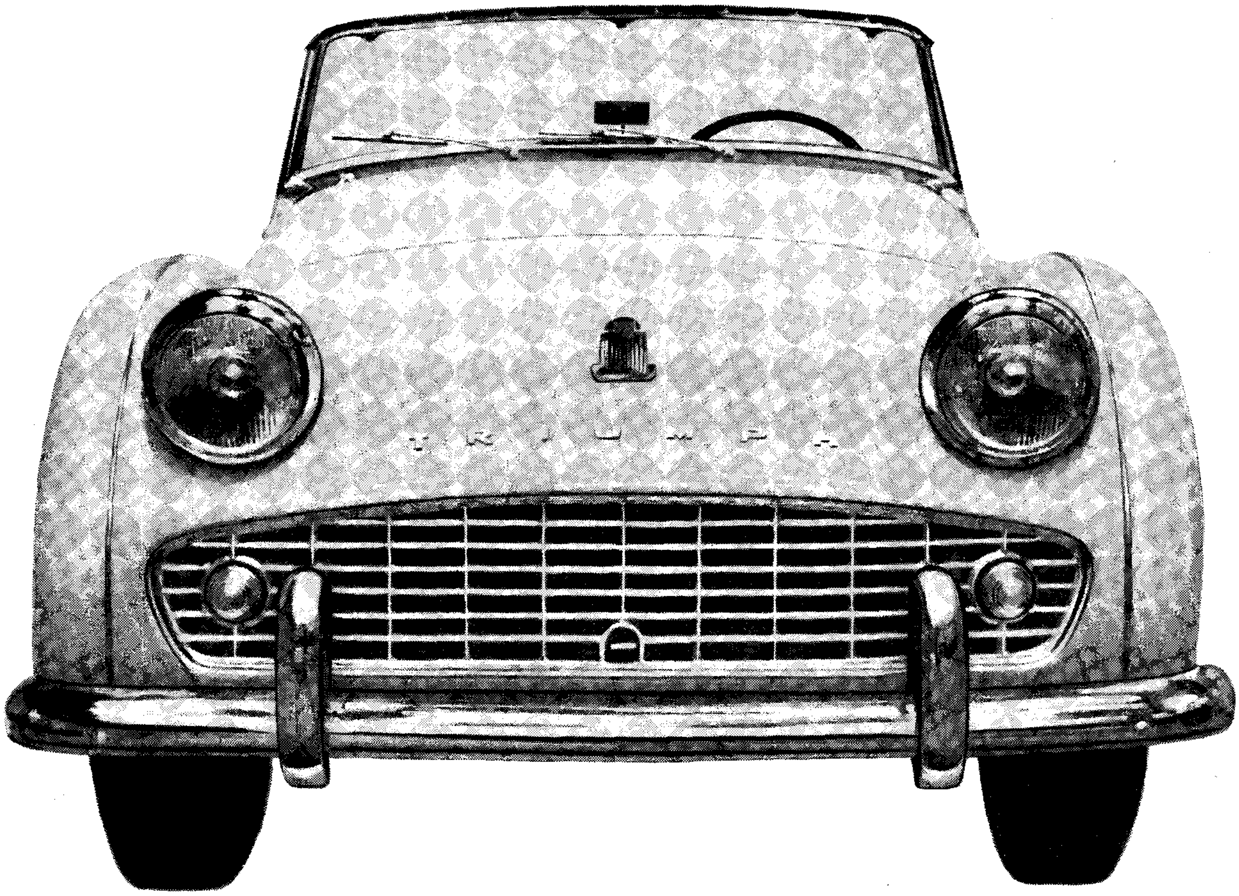
## OFF BROADWAY

ON the whole, the historical Pierre Abélard seems to have been an unattractive person—suspicious, disputatious, and vain. While he was the foremost dialectician of his time, his work was overshadowed by that of later Scholastic philosophers, and if it weren't for Héloïse, he might be little known today. At the same time, the love affair that secured his immortality, considered by itself, was rather more melodramatic than tragic. It is only by a strange combination of things—love, philosophy, suffering, and the Church—that the story of Abélard and Héloïse achieves its undeniable dramatic power. Scrupulously attentive to all these elements, the British playwright James Forsyth has created an excellent play called "Héloïse," which opened last week at the Gate Theatre.

Let's begin with a look at the controversy that provides the motive force for much of the drama. Abélard, a young nobleman who enjoys great popularity as a teacher, takes the view that, apart from Scripture, reason is the only test of truth, and he argues for a fearless use of intelligence. His teachings naturally bring him into conflict with conservative theologians—represented in the play by Alberic of Rheims—who are afraid that reason will corrode faith. Although Alberic is no match for Abélard in debate, he knows one argument weightier than any dozen logical demonstrations—the coercive power of the Church—and in due course he brings it to bear on his opponent. As the play opens, however, Abélard is at the height of his fortunes. Indeed, his reputation for scholarship and piety is such that he finds it easy to install himself in the household of Canon Fulbert, ostensibly to educate the niece of that gullible old gentleman, actually to seduce her. Héloïse, the object of this maneuver, is herself endowed with considerable intellectual capacity, and the love that springs up between them is as much a fruitful meeting of minds as of bodies. It is the grosser side of the affair, though, that comes to the attention of Canon Fulbert, and reduces him to a desperate extremity of grief. The disintegration of this weak and foolish man is vital to the play, and it is brilliantly rendered by the playwright. Fulbert is not only credible but sympathetic in his final madness, when he hires a crew of ruffians to seize and castrate the man who is by then his nephew-in-law. After this calamity, the lovers withdraw from the world, he into a monastery and she into the nunnery at Argenteuil. Héloïse remains wholly devoted to Abélard, however, and even after becoming prioress of the convent she adheres to his doctrines. For this unorthodoxy, she is expelled from the nunnery by Alberic, who has succeeded in having Abélard's opinions condemned by the Church. On taking refuge in the Paraclete oratory, to which Abélard has by now retired, Héloïse finds her former husband exhausted, frightened of his many enemies, and all but defeated. In this final confrontation, it is she who transmutes their misfortunes into something approaching tragedy. Accepting humiliation and defeat as inevitable, she nevertheless holds that since their story will be remembered, the larger victory will be Abélard's.

The part of Héloïse was so capably performed by Mitzi Hoag that it seems uncharitable to point out that it might have been done better. But the fact is that the part is almost too demanding, for at no point in the play does Héloïse determine, by actions that can properly be called her own, the course of events that brings her at last to the Paraclete. Unless she is made vividly present on the stage, Héloïse is in danger of seeming merely a concavity in the play, while Abélard, the active agent in their joint calamity, arrogates an undue share of the story to himself. This is more or less what happens in the present production, with serious consequences for the crucial speeches of the last act. "Capable" is also the word for Eugene Miles' Abélard, but the deficiencies thus hinted at are less serious, since the part is strong enough to carry itself and the actor, too. And "capable," I'm afraid, remains the word for most of the rest of the cast, which includes Alan Arkin, Hugh Palmerston, Brendan Fay, Sol Serlin, Richard Neilson, Steve Wolfson, and Sue Trevathan. The set, by Henry Kurth, makes admirably





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AN indispensable role in any comedy is the one undertaken by the spectator, whose timely laughter or stubborn silence absolutely determines the success of the evening. This part is not, to be sure, an especially taxing one, since the lines never vary much from "Ho-ho-ho," and the physical demands on the actor seldom go beyond a slapping of the knee or a wiping of the eye. We must remember, however, that the spectator, unlike the other performers, does not enjoy the benefit of rehearsals. Doubtless that is why he is thought to require a great deal of prompting from the playwright, and very careful coaching by the other actors, to insure that he laughs on cue.

Let us get down to examples. In Mr. Rock Anthony's comedy "Jackknife," at the Royal Playhouse, there is an exchange that goes something like this:

SHE: Did you ever hear of collusion?
HE: Shucks, Ma'am, we almost had one on the highway just now.

The first of these lines is delivered with a rising inflection, to indicate that a funny remark is impending, while the second is pronounced as if the speaker found its significance almost too great to bear, and this makes it clear that the moment to laugh has actually come. On opening night, the audience, commendably alert to cues, scarcely permitted the actor to finish his speech before filling the hall with laughter. But does this necessarily mean that all is well with the art of comedy?

Let us consider a very different scrap of dialogue that was available to the opening-night audience. This colloquy took place during the intermission, when a young lady working at the theatre helpfully directed a thirsty patron to the water tap:

THIRSTY PATRON: Any paper cups?
YOUNG LADY: Well, there's a glass on the sink, but I don't know how clean it is. The actors have been using it.

Now, this line, though inadvertent, was far superior to any that was delivered on the stage, and our comic playwrights will ignore it at their peril. Otherwise, if it should ever occur to the playgoer to compare the relative charms of the lobby and the stage he might not return from intermission at all.

Having delivered this solemn warning, I can descend from my high horse and take "Jackknife" on its own ground, where it bustles along briskly enough. The plot involves a loutish truck driver called Sailor Novack, whose headlong violation of the Mann Act, with a Southern chit called Lolly, is interrupted by an accident that sends his vehicle into a ditch. Finding themselves intact, Sailor, Lolly, and a third passenger—a late adolescent called Danny—make their way to a motel owned by one Maude Dade. This Maude is an attractive but rather grasping sort, who presently talks the two men into faking internal injuries, with the idea of defrauding the insurance company and sharing the profit. As this scheme progresses to its ultimate misfiring, the audience is simultaneously obliged to regard the spectacle of Sailor Novack shifting his affections from Lolly to Maude, even as Lolly is transferring hers from Sailor to Danny. Inasmuch as these new and final couplings appear to bring unspeakable satisfaction to the parties involved, the authorities tactfully refrain from enforcing the Mann Act or the statutes governing fraud, and the play ends on a note of slightly sordid euphoria.

As a general thing, those actors seemed most comfortable who had least to say; Martin Garner brought a touch of deft Jewish comedy to the part of an insurance adjuster, and Charles Mayer was diverting as a singularly inept and gullible physician. The production stands in greatest debt, however, to Glenn Cannon, who impersonated Danny with such skillful comedy as to redeem every scene in which he appeared. Dolly Jonah contended shrewdly with the part of Maude Dade and very nearly triumphed over it. A vigorous giant of a man, William Thourlby, attempted to carry off the role of Sailor Novack by main strength,

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with results that should be of interest chiefly to endocrinologists.

I MUST retire politely before the American Mime Theatre presentation at the Orpheum, which opened last week and has itself retired before public indifference. Any criticism I might offer would be seriously compromised by the fact that I seldom had a clear idea of what the artists were trying to pantomime. To be sure, when a member of the troupe clutched the air with his hands together and made his way across the stage on straddled legs, I saw in a twinkling that he was meant to be on horseback. But when he crouched very low, still astraddle, and proceeded a few paces in this fashion before resuming his upright progress, I was at a loss for an interpretation. Was he fording a river, perhaps? Or crossing a ravine? Was his horse foundering? Or shuffling along on its knees? All these alternatives seemed equally and hopelessly plausible. No doubt the fault was mine, but the experience was distressing just the same, and it was repeated often in the course of the evening. The acts included a Western, an "abstraction," a dream sequence, a lively imitation of a pinball machine, and a snippet of *commedia dell' arte.* At one point, the leader of the troupe, Paul Curtis, asked the audience to suggest a word on which the cast could improvise a pantomime. It was an awful moment, I assure you, for a shy spectator with an unbridled imagination.

—DONALD MALCOLM

•

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Howards End," by E. M. Forster*]

They returned to the carriage by devious paths; when they were in, she said: "But couldn't you get it renewed?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked Margaret.

"The lease, I mean."

"Oh, the lease! Have you been thinking of that all the time? How very kind of you!"

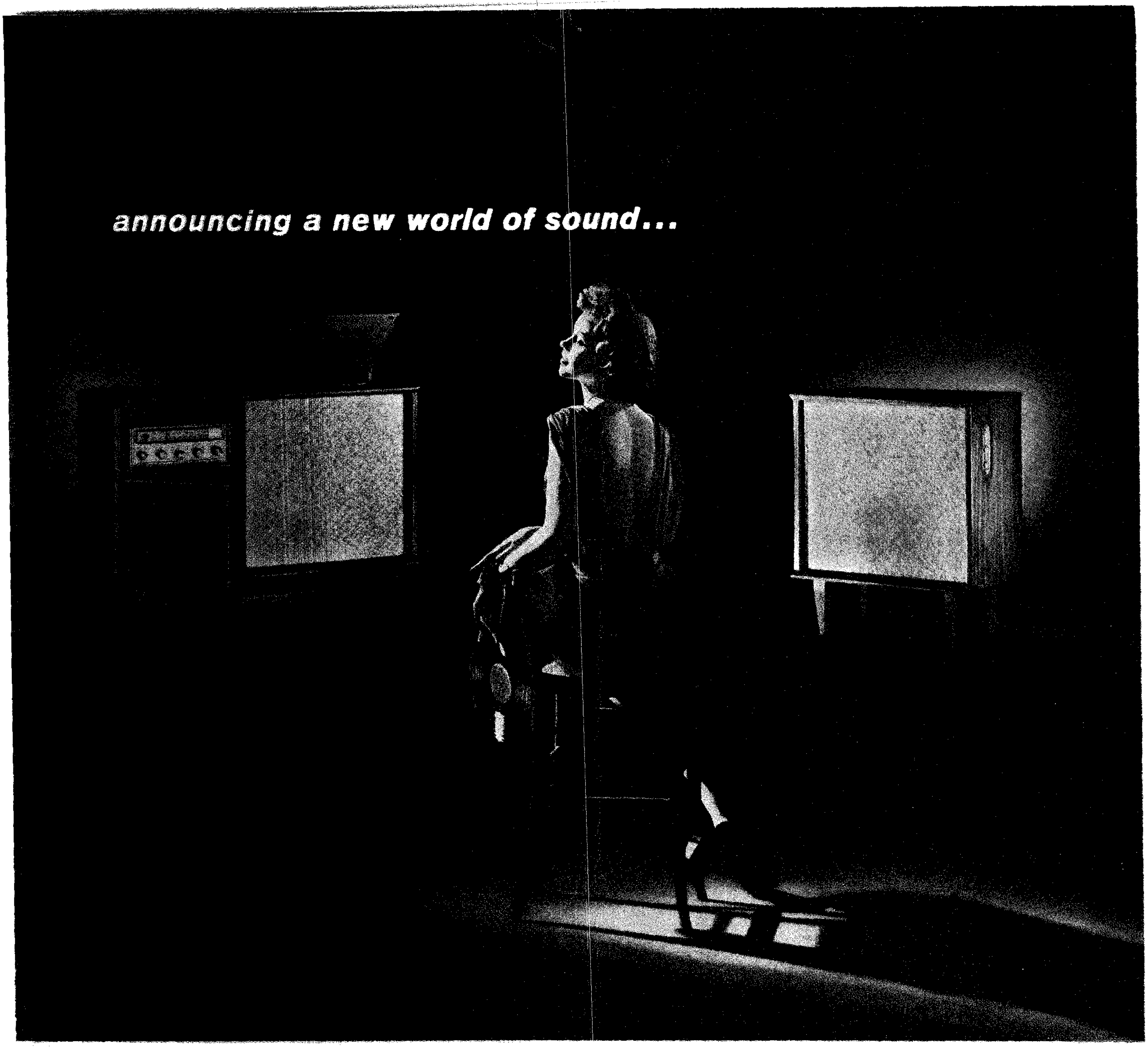
"Surely something could be done."

"No; values have risen too enormously. They mean to pull down Wickham Place, and build flats like yours."

"But how horrible!"

"Landlords are horrible."

Then she said vehemently: "It is monstrous, Miss Schlegel; it isn't right. I had no idea that this was hanging over you. I do pity you from the bottom of my heart. To be parted from your house, your father's house—it oughtn't to be allowed. It is worse than dying. I would rather die than—Oh, poor girls! Can what they call civilization be right, if people mayn't die in the room where they were born? My dear, I am so sorry—"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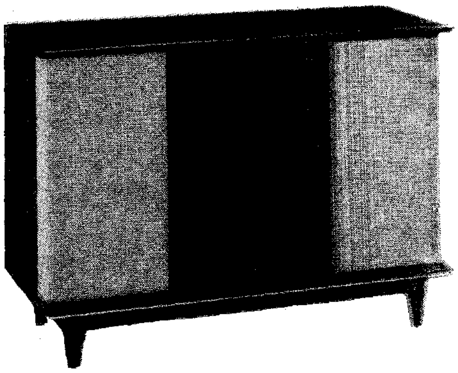

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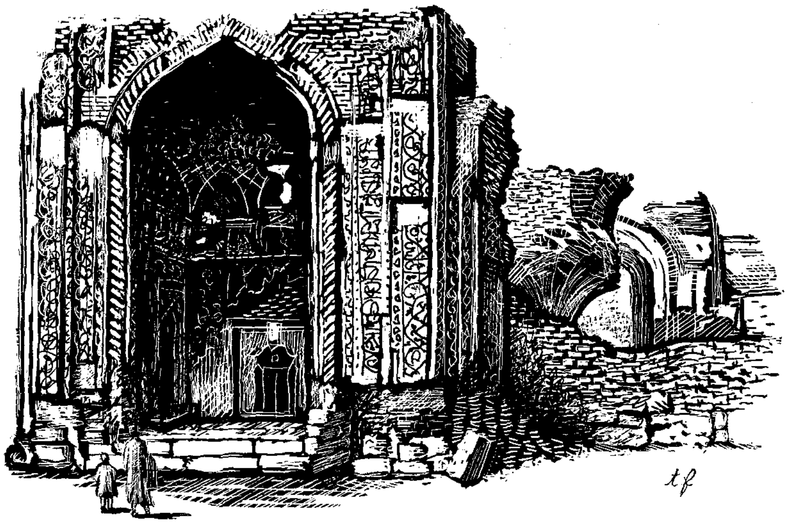
TABRIZ

ALTHOUGH homesick officials exiled from the comparative sophistications of Teheran are apt to complain to newcomers that Tabriz, the capital of the enormous northwestern Persian province of Azerbaijan, is at the back of beyond, and that nothing ever happens here, even a brief look at its history makes you feel that the two statements do not quite fit. Its geographical situation, on the ancient caravan route connecting East and West, has never made for the quiet life. It is a large, straggling city that stops dead on its outskirts with the shattering abruptness of a runaway horse, and then the stony desert emptiness begins, rolling toward encircling mountains that are streaked with strata of some peculiarly red rock, so that they glow a purplish crimson in the evening light. If you stand on a balcony in the city and look in a westerly direction across all the little back-yard apricot and peach trees, you will be gazing toward Turkey, Azerbaijan's neighbor on her western boundary, from which quarter invading armies often poured into Tabriz in the days of the Ottoman Empire. Facing the snow-capped mountains to the north, you are gazing straight into Russia, which is about eighty miles away across a frontier of barbed wire and watchtowers. On three occasions in more or less recent times, Russian troops have crossed over and occupied Tabriz—in 1827; in 1909, when they began a visit that lasted until 1917; and again in 1941, on a visit lasting until 1946—and last month there was a certain amount of understandable anxiety among some of the older Tabrizis when the Iraq revolution took place, American and British troops arrived in Lebanon and Jordan, and the Soviet Union began to make pointed remarks about going to Iraq's assistance if requested to. As a further aid to thoughtfulness in Washington, London, and, of course, Teheran, the Russians announced that large troop concentrations would begin military maneuvers across the border in Russian Azerbaijan. But then the crisis calmed down, and the Soviet Army ended its exercises, too.



On the whole, people here seemed to regard the whole affair with admirable nonchalance. Though the local experience with their close neighbor has been highly uncomfortable, to say the least, they appear to be a good deal calmer at eighty miles' range than many nations are at a far more soothing distance. As one Tabriz businessman said to me some time before the Middle East news looked bad, "People aren't as frightened of the Russians as they used to be. They know that Persia has good friends, and they hope that Russia knows it, too. Anyhow, they don't worry." Earlier this year, though, Tabriz was thrown into a ferment of excitement by the big event of a visit from his Imperial Majesty Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi. The Shah came up from Teheran, bringing a retinue of a hundred and forty persons with him, to open the finally completed Teheran-Tabriz railway. I arrived here a short time before he was expected, and the festive preparations were working up feverishly. The ladies of Tabriz could talk of little but where the royal party was going to stay and who would receive invitations to the various functions. Soldiers were practicing for the parade, and gangs of workmen in round felt hats were hopefully tipping small baskets of grit into the more cavernous potholes in the roads over which the Shah's car was to travel. The last touches were being frenziedly added to the new railway station—a functional, raw-looking stone cube. At last, the Shah arrived, on the first passenger train to make the journey right through from Teheran. (Until then, the line had stopped short at Maragha, a hundred miles south of here, and you had to come the rest of the way by car or bus over roads that jolted the heart out of man and machine.) The Shah emerged from the train, cut a tape with a pair of golden scissors, and declared the new line open. The excitement was tremendous, and the security precautions were nervously thorough. Every street down which the Shah was to pass was closed by the police, and the city bristled with guards armed with fixed bayonets. When the royal visitor went off to make a tour of other parts of Azerbaijan before flying home to Teheran, there was a stir of relief and congratulations all around. It was a great occasion for Tabriz, everybody beamingly told me, not only because the Shah had come here but because the railway might bring better times. For one thing, Azerbaijan is now less cut off from the outside world, and the acute sense of isolation that many Tabrizis seem to feel may relax somewhat. The opening of the line was also a major political event for Persia. Survey teams are already prospecting the next leg, to be extended westward to Qotur, on the Turkish frontier, where it will eventually link up with the Turkish government's new line from Erzurum. The job is expected to take three years. When it is finished, Azerbaijan will have a new outlet for its trade along the classic old caravan route to the West.

I TOOK the train when I came up here from Teheran—only as far as Maragha, of course. I had had a choice of going by rail for all but the last lap or of taking one of the Iranair planes that twice weekly, weather permitting (and in this stormy mountain country it quite often doesn't), make the flight. I decided to take the train trip and find out what the Shah was going to look at in a week or so. The journey took eighteen hours and was punctuated by endless glasses of tea and a meal of

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mutton kebab, sliced onions, flat Iranian bread, and jam, served in the compartment by a thin, saturnine boy in a striped jacket. The train—an immensely long one, with high Continental coaches—crawled along at a dignified pace past orchards and tilled fields and farmhouses with round baked-mud pigeon towers at their corners, which gave them the look of little forts. There were long waits at tiny stations—stone boxes in front of which one or two seedily dressed men and maybe some women veiled in chuddars were always standing, staring at the train. No one ever got on or off, as far as I could see, and there was never a sign of a town, a village, or a human habitation of any kind at these minor halts. An invariable part of the landscape, though, was a shabby individual—I imagine he was the stationmaster—who stood beside the track proudly holding up a stick to which was attached a small circle of tin painted green on one side and red on the other. I took it that he was indicating that as much of the line as he could see from the stony plot of ground outside the station was safe.

Occasionally, the train sat down and appeared to go into a trance beside a poplar-fringed stream, while the passengers drank tea and hung out of the windows. The ticket collector carefully took charge of everybody's ticket, sharply scrutinized each one, and then, looking pensive, opened a window in the corridor outside my compartment and scattered the whole lot over Persia. They fluttered across the huge, tawny plain, in the middle of which three men had driven up in a droshky, apparently from nowhere, and were standing roaring with laughter and waving their hats. Even without the Shah in it, the train was clearly an event to those who saw it pass. At one point during the journey, I noticed a stocky figure, dressed in a knickerbocker suit and a little round hat with a jaunty feather, who looked like my idea of a local landowner. He was trotting along a rocky track on a beautiful horse, followed on foot by a servant carrying two gun cases, and he raised his hand to his hatbrim and saluted us graciously. When evening fell, my sleeper offered a cylinder of red plush, of Victorian appearance and discouraging hardness, but otherwise no sort of bedclothes. Fortunately, a friend had sent me off equipped with blankets, for the air began to grow very chilly. Next morning, we were creeping between vast black mountains striped with forelocks of snow. Every few minutes, it seemed,

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we plunged into another long tunnel, coming out at the other end into frowning cliff landscapes where extraordinary crags and pinnacles stood about against the sky, looking like human figures. Finally, a dozen or so glasses of tea later, we arrived at Maragha, where what seemed to be a good section of the population had gathered on the platform to welcome us. From there I came on by car to Tabriz.

MOST Tabrizis are apt to ask a newcomer as soon as they have been introduced, "What do you think of Tabriz after Teheran?" and then watch keenly for some telltale expression while waiting for an answer. Or else they do not even wait, but go right on with "You found Teheran unpleasantly hot, no doubt. In Tabriz, of course, we have the perfect climate." Or, "This is the healthiest city in Iran. Did you know?" There is, in fact, a good deal of old-established jealousy of Teheran, which is looked upon as the central government's favorite wife, on whom all the money gets spent, while Tabriz, the second-largest city in Persia, has been left stranded up here in the north, a once great place now on the decline. Its long history has always shown periods of power and prosperity mixed up with periods of misfortune and eclipse. Foreign conquerors have swept in and out, sacking the city or settling down in it to rule an empire. From time to time, earthquakes have shaken it into ruins, taking over where man left off, but it has always managed to struggle up again. Marco Polo, who visited Tabriz in the thirteenth century, described it enthusiastically as "a large and very noble city," and by then it was already ancient. It had been a Parthian stronghold at the time of Christ, and had beaten off a Roman attack led by Mark Antony. In 791 A.D., Zobeide, the wife of Haroun-al-Rashid, rebuilt the place. The first of a long series of Turkish invaders arrived in the eleventh century, and they left one permanent and important mark on the life of the city and the whole province: Turkish ousted the antique Persian and Arabic tongues as the language of Azerbaijan. The Tabrizis of today are not pure Persians but a mixed race, speaking a form of Turki. In the thirteenth century, it was the turn of the Mongols to rule Tabriz for a while. The great Ghazan Khan made it the capital of his empire, which stretched from the Oxus to Egypt, and built himself a splendid palace and a mausoleum. Then, in 1499, the first great Shiah Moslem Shah

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of the Persians, Ismael I, was crowned at Tabriz. His grandson decided that the city was too close to the marauding armies of the Sunni Ottoman Empire for comfort, however, and the capital was moved, first to Isfahan, later to Shiraz, and finally, in the eighteenth century, to Teheran.

As time went on, Persia and Tabriz began looking nervously toward their northern neighbor's frontier, and in 1825 a Russo-Persian war broke out, with the Russians moving in to occupy Tabriz two years later. Following the treaty that ended the occupation, the city entered a long, fat period of prosperity under the Qajar dynasty. As the Tabrizi merchants and bankers increased in wealth and the population grew, the city's open contempt for the Shah of that day and for his corrupt, inefficient administration grew, too, and Tabriz became the center of the Persian liberal constitutional revolution. The city was besieged by the Shah's troops in 1908 and was defended bravely by the constitutionalist *fidais*, or volunteers. In April, 1909, twenty-five hundred Russian soldiers crossed the frontier into Azerbaijan, ostensibly to watch the situation on behalf of the foreigners in the province. In spite of Persian protests, they were still in Tabriz when the Bolshevik Revolution broke out, in 1917. They went home to join it, but by that time many rich citizens had decided that mountain air was unhealthy for them and had removed their families and their cash to Teheran.

The Tabrizis' fortunes really started going downhill at a steady clip after Reza Shah, the present Shah's father, took over in 1921 and began bringing any rebellious elements in the country sharply to heel. This northern nest of powerful merchants, who had once held such troublesome ideas and might easily start something again, was obviously too dangerous to be left as it was. The extreme difficulty of getting at them geographically had been part of their strength, so Reza Shah, a man who stood for no nonsense, built a new road to Tabriz, at the same time carefully increasing the standing of Teheran as Persia's administrative and commercial center. As Tabriz retreated into a dim provincial twilight, more wealth and trade left the city, going where promotion and custom lay, and they have never returned. In 1941, the Russians moved in for the third time. Unlike the British troops (and, later, the American troops) who had also entered Persia to guard the supply line to the Soviet Union and the oil fields in the south,

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they showed no haste about moving out again on the specified deadline after the war ended. Instead, they set up a puppet separatist government in Azerbaijan under a quisling named Jaafar Pishevari, which collapsed with rather astonishing swiftness on December 12, 1946 (a day that is celebrated throughout Iran as a national holiday), following a courageous stand by the Persian government, with the backing of the Western powers. The effects of this last Russian sojourn on the place's prosperity were gloomy, however. During their five-year stay, the Russians had not spent money freely, as the American and British troops had done in the south. The famous carpet industry was at low water, since its best customers, the Europeans (the American market, for some reason, has always preferred carpets made in other districts), were in no shape just then to think of buying rugs. Things are a bit better now, but, by all accounts, they are still not as good as they used to be.

PEOPLE in Teheran tell you that the Tabrizis are dour and unfriendly, and that there is nothing to see in their capital. In answer to the first charge, I can say that the people I have met here have not given that impression. The Tabrizis have strikingly independent, challenging expressions, it is true, and they look absolutely different from the people in other parts of Persia, having broader faces and big, bold features, but I have heard more people laughing loudly on the streets here than I ever did in Teheran. The second charge is true enough from the sightseeing point of view. For a city that has such a tremendous past, its shortage of antiquities is remarkable. The only two surviving mementos of the great days are the ruins of the original Ark, or Citadel, which was built by Ali Shah in the fourteenth century, and the once celebrated Blue Mosque. All that is left of the original Ark, which was extensively restored in the nineteenth century, is a gigantic block of fine, pale-pink brickwork a hundred and twenty feet high, which looms over the huddle of surrounding roofs. It was apparently the custom at one time to hurl unfaithful wives from the top of this pile, and the story goes that one lady who happened to be wearing particularly voluminous and stout petticoats parachuted safely down to terra firma—after which, discouraged, the husbands had to think of something else. The Blue Mosque was built by Jehan Shah, the leader of the Black Sheep tribe of Turkomans, who made

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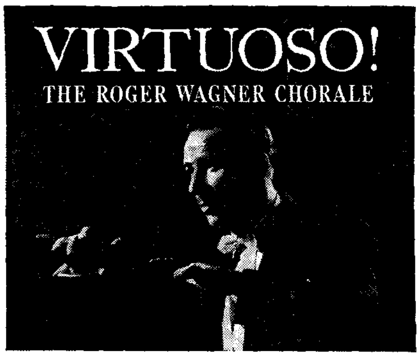
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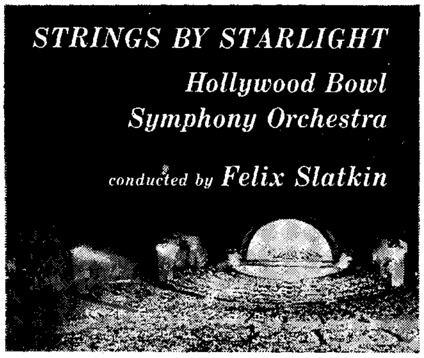
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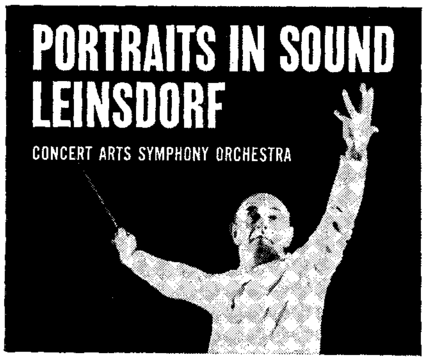
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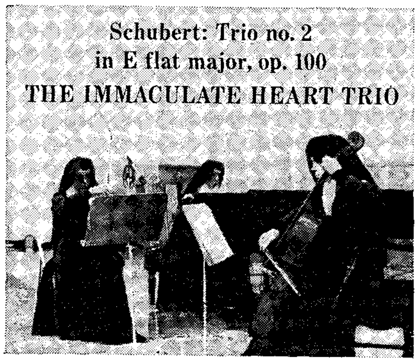
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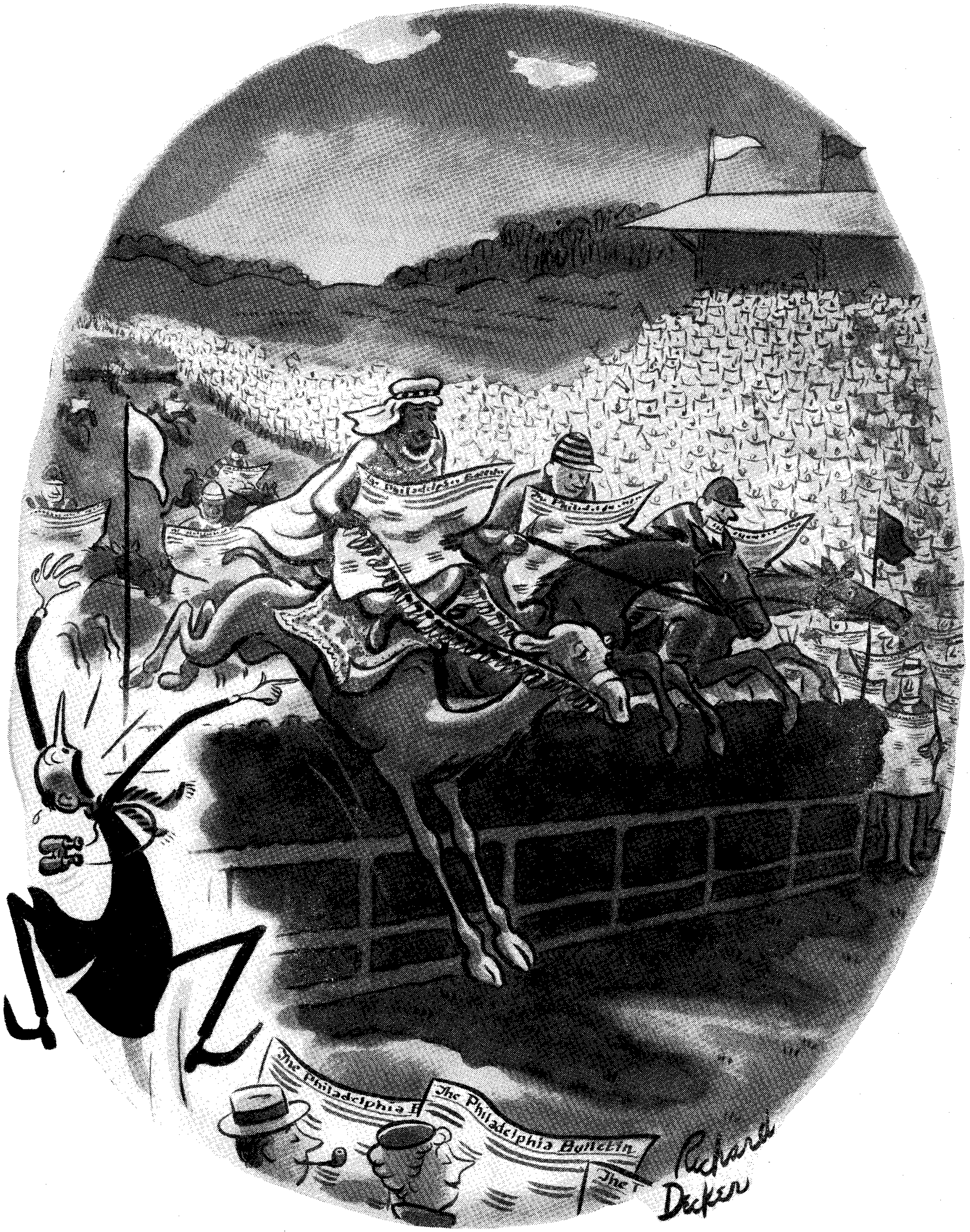
Tabriz their capital about a century after Ali Shah, and it now consists only of some splendid, crumbling arches tiled in turquoise, cornflower-blue, yellow, and black glaze. These fragments are said to be superior in workmanship to the tiled mosques at Isfahan, but earthquakes have made rubble of the rest. Soon after I arrived, I spent a morning scrambling among the ruins with a charming local amateur archeologist, a doctor by profession, who spoke French and described to me—between pointing out the beauties of the mosaic inscriptions from the Koran over the archways—the work that has been done in shoring them up and saving the mountains of tile fragments from the attentions of the Tabrizi urchins. It was planned, he said, eventually to make a little museum in one corner. "When?" I asked. "*Après ma mort!*" he cried cheerfully, skipping up an extremely unsafe-looking stairway. He said that, personally, he found the Blue Mosque too modern, since he was mainly interested in the earlier archeological riches of Azerbaijan. Not long ago, for instance, a team from the University of Pennsylvania excavated a site near Lake Rizaiyeh and dug up pottery vases dating from around 2500 B.C.

Tabriz in its modern form is a dusty, unlovely city of dried-up river beds and broken-surfaced roads, in which it is difficult to remember Marco Polo or Ghazan Khan. It has a certain jollity about it, however. Most of its two hundred and ninety thousand inhabitants are Shiah Moslems—followers of the Shi'at Ali, or Party of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed, which split off from the main body of Islam in the late seventh century. There are also communities of Christian Armenians and Assyrians, and now and then you see Sunni Moslem Kurds on the street—wild, romantic-looking figures in twisted turbans from which fringe hangs down into their eyes—who have come in from the surrounding countryside. You get frequent reminders that Azerbaijan, a province of some three million people, is a huge grain bin and grazing ground. Flocks of black, shaggy sheep are apt to surge helter-skelter around sidewalk corners like animated hearthrugs, playing havoc with the pedestrians, and enormous turkeys can be seen mincing sociably along the curb in the heart of town. Peasants drive their laden donkeys through the traffic and walk around carrying live hens looped in passive and seemingly mesmerized bracelets over their arms. There is also an occasional strong flavor of Russia in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the scene. After all, Russia is very close at hand, and, however nonchalant the local population may be about this proximity, the snowy mountains to the north exercise a certain fascination on the newcomer. Nearly all the Tabrizi men wear flat black cloth caps of massive proportions, the tops projecting front and back like balconies, and this headgear has a vaguely Russian look. Then, there are the droshkies rattling along—ancient vehicles with hoods lined with dirty red or green plush, drawn by a couple of skinny horses, which are frequently dead-lame but may be coquettishly painted on their scraggy sides and rumps with decorative spots of henna. Some of the droshky drivers wear the type of Russian cap that has a stiff, shiny peak, and the whole effect is very Anna Karenina if you overlook the women wrapped in chuddars who are squeezed together on the seats. As a matter of fact, the chintz from which their chuddars are made is generally Russian. It is specially manufactured in the Soviet Union for the Persian market, and you see bolts of the fresh sprigged cotton in the bazaar stamped with a trademark picture of the Kremlin towers on the selvages.

There is also something reminiscent of Chekhov's and Turgenev's bored provincials in the wistfulness with which your Tabriz acquaintances talk about culture and life in Europe and the United States. They do not, like the Three Sisters, yearn to go to Moscow—or even to Teheran, which cannot really compare with Tabriz—but all the young men and women want to go to New York or London, and those who have been there and for some reason have returned (large numbers do not) speak of Westminster Abbey or Radio City or some other landmark in tones of passionate exile. A sign of this interest, possibly, is the new desire to learn English. The language situation here is already a highly complicated one. Turki is the universal language for speaking, but not for writing. For the written word, Farsi (the Persian language) is used. "We speak in Turki, we read and write in Farsi, we pray in Arabic," one Tabrizi explained it. English classes are now being held in the University of Tabriz and at the headquarters of the British Council, a government-sponsored education-and-information organization, which reopened a center here last year for the first time since the British had to leave Persia hastily during the regime of Dr. Mossadegh. The American consul, Mr. Harold Josif, and his wife, as well

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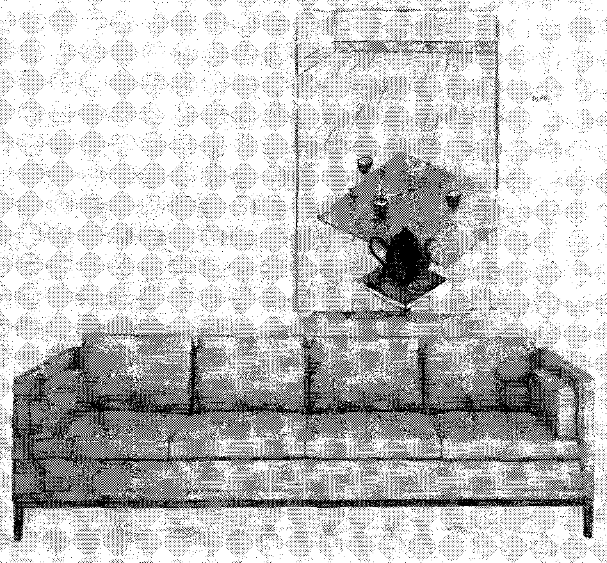
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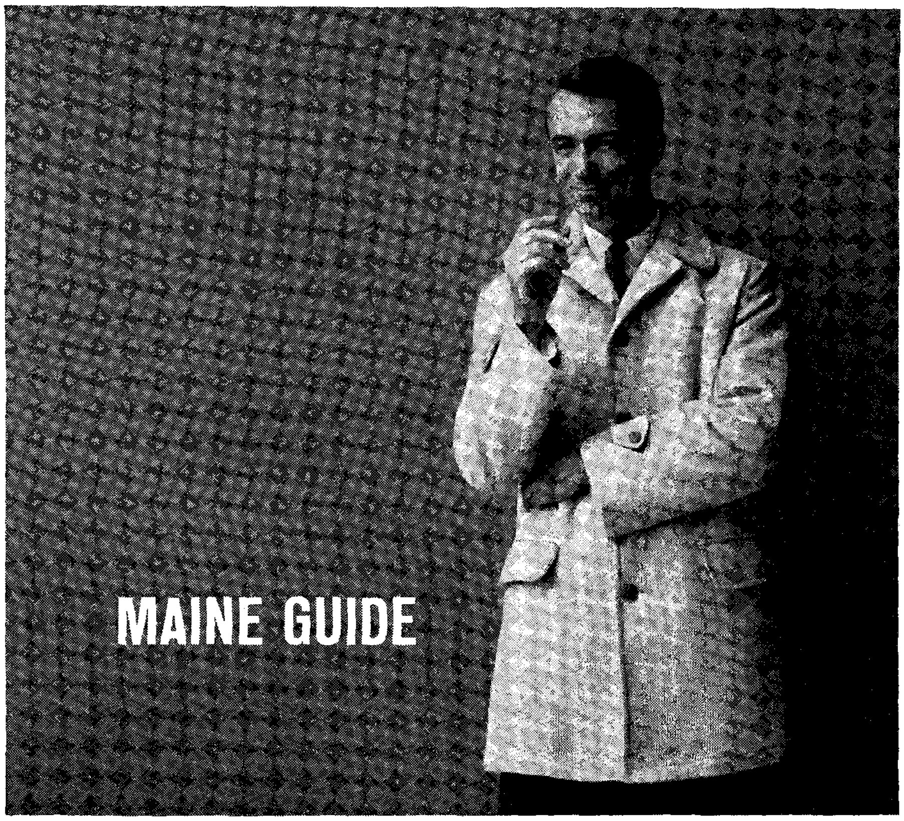

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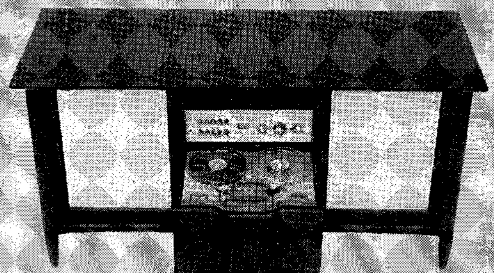
**REEVES** *fabrics*

as other members of the staff and their wives, all teach English in the university classes. The American consulate has been a fixture here for fifty years or so, except for a gap between 1929 and 1939, and it has come in for quite a bit of local history. It was in the line of fire when the Russians bombarded the city in 1911, after being attacked in their garrison, and the consul from 1910 to 1920—Gordon Paddock, of whom I heard many dashing stories—rescued about eight hundred Christians from the Kurds at Rizaiyeh in 1919. Another American who is remembered here is a young Presbyterian schoolteacher, Howard Baskerville, who was killed fighting for the Tabrizi constitutionalists in 1909.

The newly established British Council is run by Harold and Rosemary Popplestone, who, with their small son Johnnie, are the whole of the British community in Tabriz. Mr. Popplestone, a Devon man by birth, has been a headmaster in Kabul and has worked for the British Council in Aleppo, Cyprus, and Haifa. Mrs. Popplestone, a gay and pretty woman, was the county librarian in Morecambe, Lancashire, before she married. I got to know the Popplestones rather well, because they invited me to stay with them for a few days. The British Council exists in a typical flat-roofed modern house behind a mud wall, situated in one of the labyrinths of lanes into which the confused newcomer plunges as soon as he leaves the main streets. There are classrooms on the ground floor, and up a staircase whose steps were seemingly designed for a giant with peculiarly tough leg muscles are more classrooms, the library, where films are shown, the Council office, and the Popplestones' flat. The window of my room looked out on a little garden of fruit trees planted in squares of ground separated by ridges of hard-trodden soil—convenient short cuts for the neighbor's dog, a tame duck, and various mysteriously darting ladies in chuddars. By night, the stars hung big and bright over the mountains, and mournful-sounding voices on the radio chanted from lighted windows of the houses across the garden. By day, numbers of cats—authentic Persians, I suppose, but none of them in the least long-haired or aristocratic—stalked each other balefully or amorously on the neighboring flat roofs. The Popplestones' household was staffed by a lady so stoutly done up in petticoats, head scarves, and wimples that she would have floated down triumphantly from the Ark, and by a slender, Gallic-looking young major-domo, Mohammed Ali, who had a thin black mustache, wore a floppy blue smock, and welcomed visitors with a loud, startling cry of "God!" before darting out to fetch tea. Mr. Popplestone later, and reassuringly, translated this as "Good."

English classes at the Council were just starting a new term when I arrived, and there was a steady stream of would-be students clattering up the stairs to the office to enroll. The course costs six hundred rials, or about eight dollars, and lasts twelve weeks; at the end the pupils take an examination. About three hundred, I learned, had signed on for the previous term, and this had been a tight fit, particularly since almost all of them wanted to have their classes after their ordinary work was over for the day. Both the Popplestones give lessons, and the other classes are taken by Iranian teachers. Most of the girl students were hatless, wore high heels, and clasped neat handbags; none of them wore chuddars. Quite a few of the prospective pupils, both men and women, looked rather shabby, and as though they might have difficulty finding the fees for the term, but they all produced their six hundred rials and clattered happily down the stairs again.

One evening, I met a group who had stayed on after class to have sandwiches and drinks with the Popplestones. Only Coca-Cola was served, for alcohol is, of course, proscribed for devout Moslems; anyhow, the Popplestones are teetotallers. Conversation was carried on in English, gingerly but gamely. "Once French used to be our second language here in Persia," a young man who said he was an engineer observed. "Now everyone is mad for English." As at all Persian parties, the sexes lined up firmly at opposite sides of the room—the women sitting in a row against the wall, the men gathered in a huddle around Mr. Popplestone. His wife sallied intrepidly over to the male side of the rug and captured a youthful-looking judge, a carpet manufacturer, and a stout bazaar merchant to lead toward the ladies. The conversational buzz grew much louder—owing, I suspected, to a good deal of surreptitious Turki on the sidelines. Mohammed Ali, done up in a smart white jacket and frowning hugely with concentration, brought in a tray of coffee. I talked for a while with a woman who had long black hair, hennaed dark red, and an intelligent face with a curving aquiline nose like the ones you see in the profiles along the friezes at Persepolis. She had taken a degree at an American university, she said. Now she was back in Tabriz, perhaps forever, and the change,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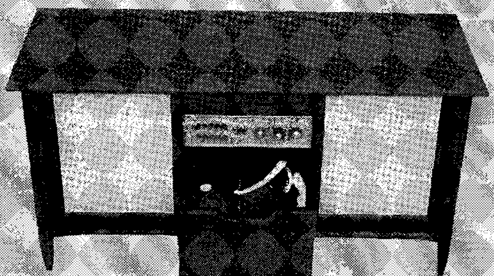
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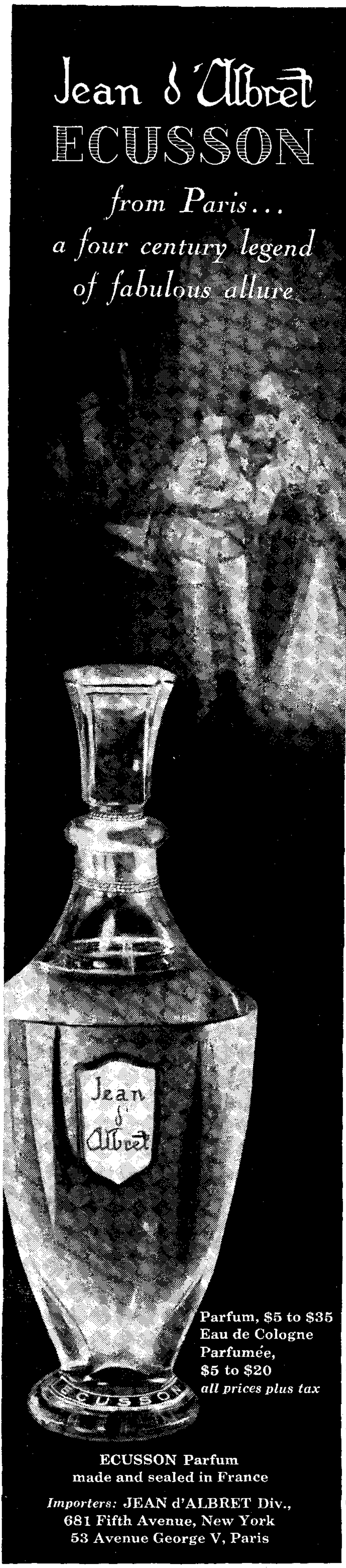
I gathered, was profoundly depressing. "Ever since the Russian occupation, Tabriz is awful," she said. "We live and are dead—no culture, no *real* existence. That's why it's nice to come here and talk English sometimes. If the government in Teheran would open up some new businesses in Tabriz that would bring interesting people, you know, it might be different. As it is . . ." She shrugged and grimaced. A smiling man came up, shook hands, and began rapidly, "I am a doctor, and next month I go to London to attend a conference. I have been in London before, two years ago. The Tower of London! Madame Tussaud's! Wimbledon!" The henna-haired woman said gloomily, "When the wealthy people moved away to Teheran because of the Russians' being here, the peasants moved into town. Here in Tabriz there are nothing but peasants."

DURING the last year or so, the American consulate and the British Council (there being no British consulate in Tabriz) have been giving hospitality or assistance, or both, to an increasing number of their nationals who are passing through Tabriz by road and who turn up thankfully on their doorsteps. The fact that there is now a fairly steady flow of such transient visitors, instead of an occasional one or two, is due to the unsettled Middle Eastern situation. The Syrian frontier is currently closed to Britons, and most other travellers motoring or cycling or hiking from east to west or west to east apparently consider it politic to give the area a miss nowadays and take a route through Turkey and northern Persia. Motoring from, say, India to London has become a perfectly routine affair, tackled not only by young men with the corner of a book contract sticking out of the pocket of their shorts but by anybody who fancies a way of getting home less expensively than by boat or plane. Buses regularly make the run, and the whole thing, I was given to understand, is completely unexceptional. All the same, the local roads are apt to be unnerving, the distances are vast, and the varieties of mysterious illnesses that attack foreigners in Persia seem legion. Some of the travellers who gravitate naturally to the American consulate or the British Council when they arrive in Tabriz are in pretty exhausted shape, one way or another, many of them having embarked on their journey with a good deal of lighthearted insouciance. The Josifs told me that they had recently welcomed a young woman who was hitchhiking her way around the Middle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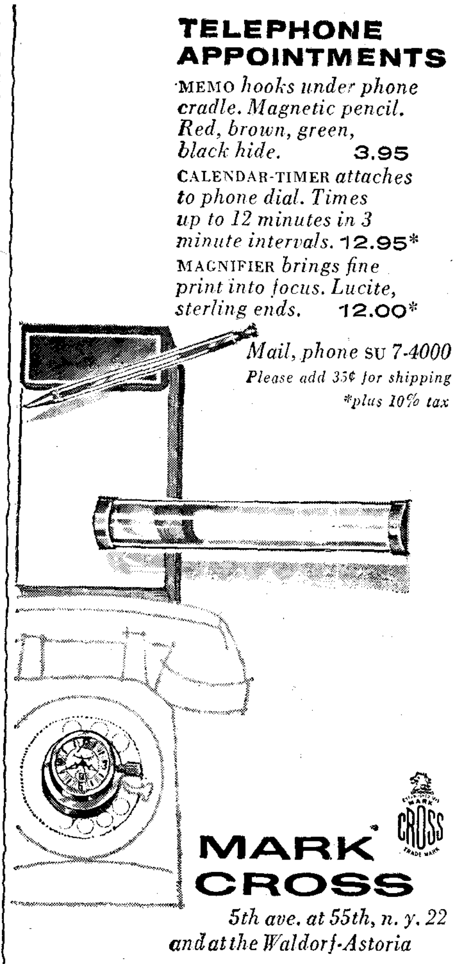
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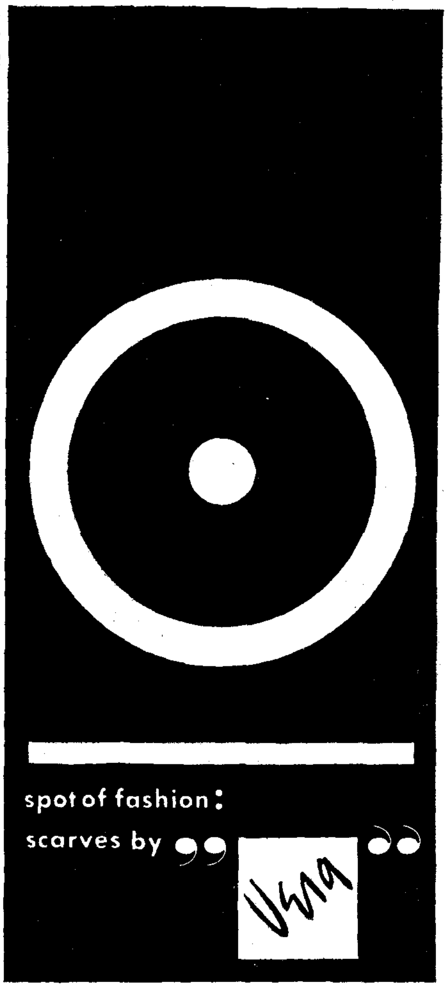
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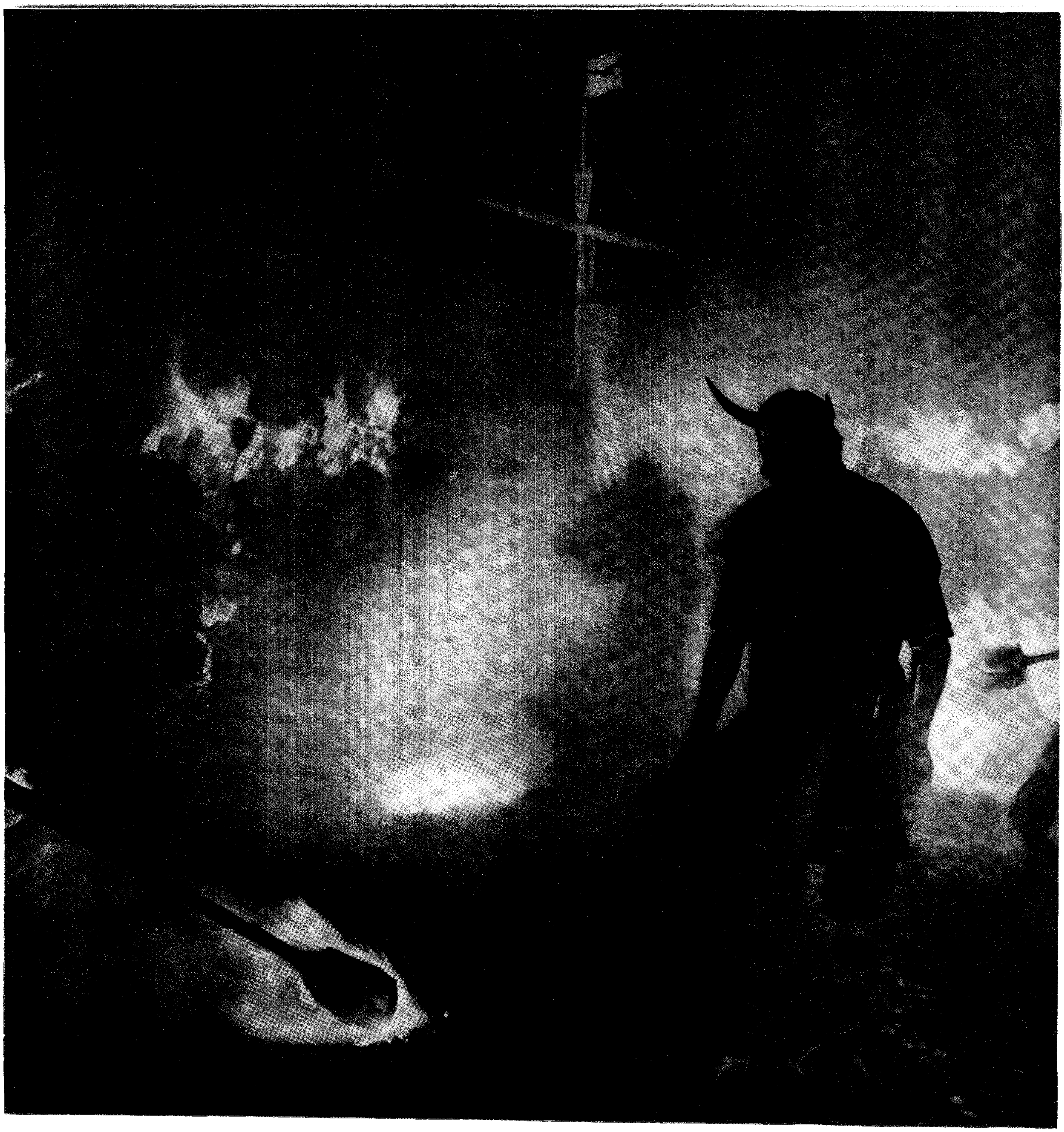

# Invitation to some extraordinary goings-on in Britain

THE slight case of arson you see in our picture takes place on the last Tuesday in January. It is the traditional Up Helly Aa Festival at Lerwick in the Shetland Islands.

Some say this Viking custom is a survival of sun-worship. Anyway, after a Norse galley has been reduced to embers, the whole town breaks loose with bagpipes and rockets. And everybody's house is open to everybody. A friendly thought.

Britain's merry-making seems to gather pace with the shortening of days. In early November, you can catch the Lord Mayor's Show, the Guy Fawkes Fireworks and the mysterious Fenny Stratford "Poppers." And the closer you get to Christmas and New Year the more remarkable the customs become.

There's a mummer's play at Marshfield and a fire festival in Allendale. At Moretonhampstead, they burn the "ashen faggot." At Dewsbury, they toll the "devil's knell." Ever thought of joining the British in these unlikely goings-on?

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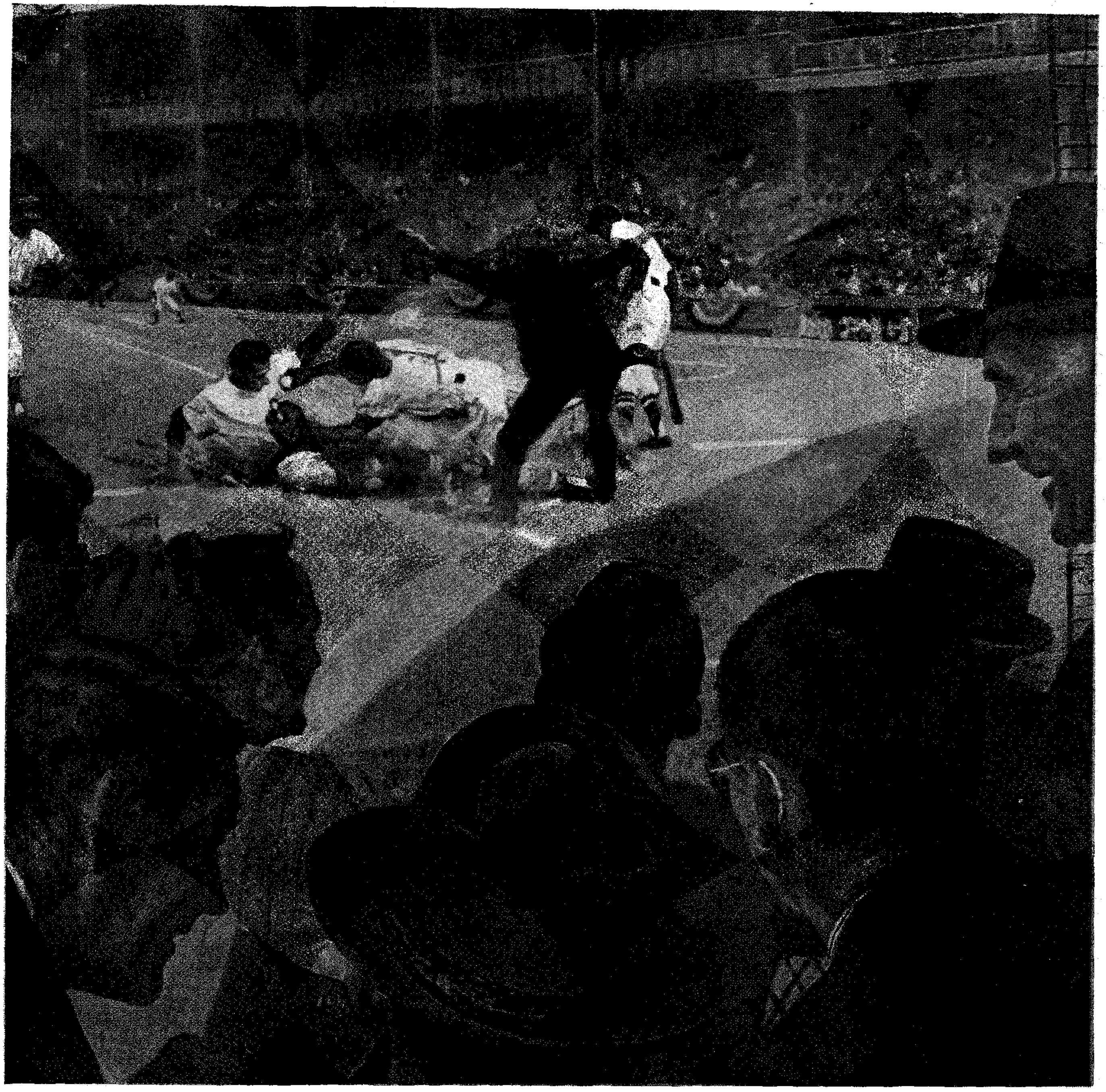

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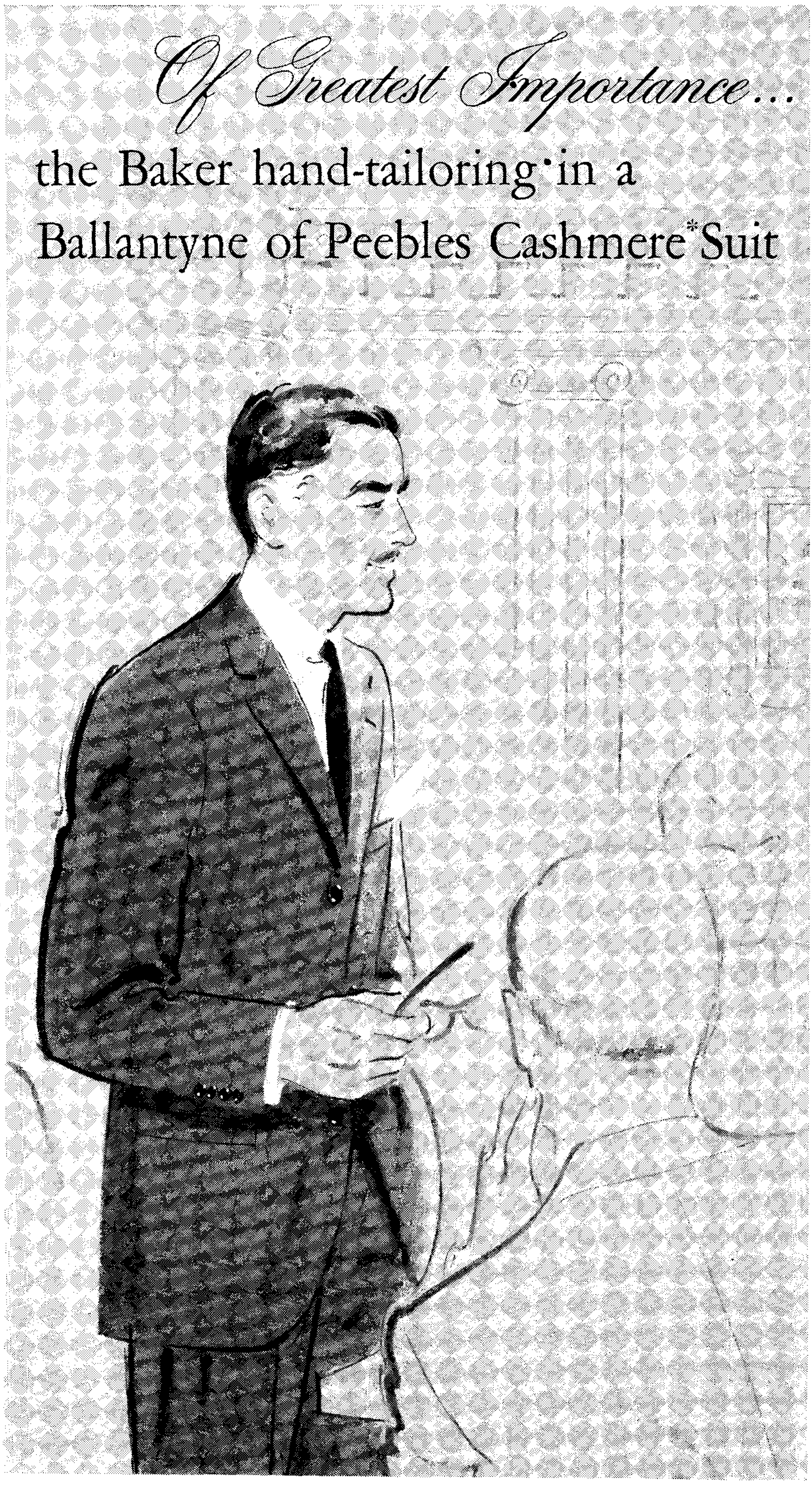
East in jeans, carrying a spare pair as luggage, and the Popplestones have entertained, among others, a young man on a Lambretta making for Malaya; an Irish couple heading home from Australia in a tiny 1947 Austin, which the husband, a carpenter, had refurbished as a station wagon; and one woman who arrived from Turkey in an amphibious wartime vehicle known as a Duck and proceeded to have a baby. While I was staying with the Popplestones, a young Englishman and a young Australian turned up late one night in a Land Rover—they were heading for Sydney—and spent two days resting, shaving off their beards, and staggering in and out of the flat with armfuls of dirty laundry, which they put through the Popplestones' washing machine while Mohammed Ali rushed importantly around crying "God!" Such birds of passage never stay long, and they do not take their leave vowing to return soon to the fascinations of Tabriz.

If these departing tourists remember anything at all about Tabriz, it will probably be the production of carpets here. Carpets are as firmly linked up with Tabriz as china is with Dresden or leather with Cordova. Carpetmaking has been carried on here for centuries—how many is uncertain, though an Arab traveller-historian in the thirteenth century records that he saw rugs being woven in Azerbaijan. Nothing survives of the earliest Persian weaves, however—earlier than 1500, that is—and the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century carpets that are cherished in museums very rarely have their date and place of origin helpfully woven into the design. Tabriz has its unique position in the industry because the whole modern export trade of Persian rugs was built up by the shrewdness of Tabrizi merchants, who shipped the things to the West by way of Trebizond and the great rug market of Istanbul. The merchants sent their agents around the country buying up the old rugs that every family owned as a form of easily realizable currency. Then, when the supply of antique carpets began to run dry, they reorganized the town and village craftsmen, who had fallen on bad days, and persuaded them to start making carpets again. Today, buyers from all over the world come to Tabriz, or send their agents here; since the war, the Germans have been the keenest European customers. Though the best carpets may be shipped off to Paris or London or Berlin, there is steady home consumption by well-to-do Persians who still regard a handsome carpet as a



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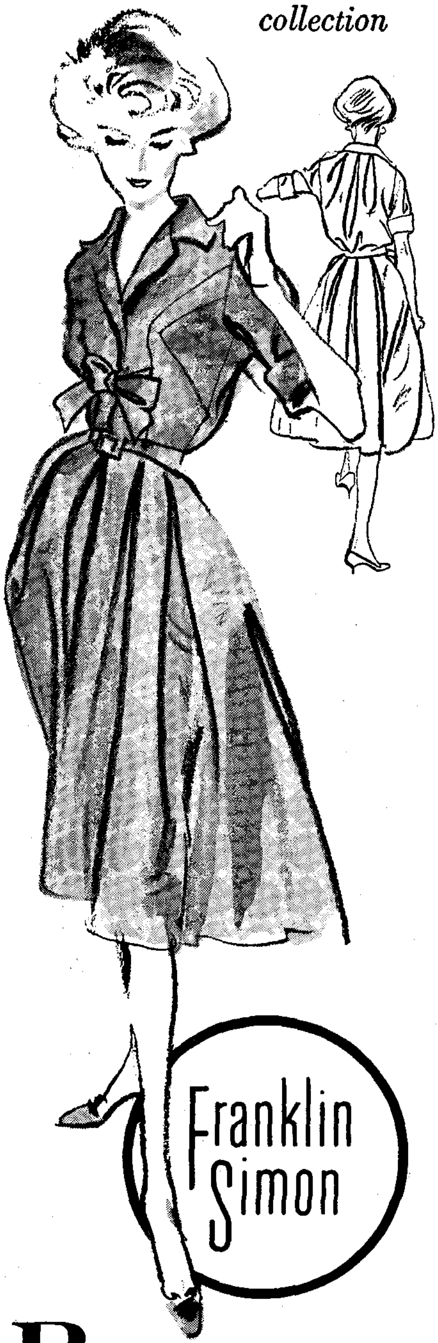

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fine investment. Tabriz, however, along with the other rugmaking areas in Persia, seems to be encountering fresh anxieties. There has been a drop in orders during recent years, which is explained by the largescale production of cheap, machine-made carpets in the West, and by the inexplicable Western fashion for covering a floor with plain pile carpet instead of scattering two or three beautiful Kashans or Kirmans or Qums over it. The export figures have brightened up a little lately, but it is a sad fact that they have been running at just about half the ten thousand tons a year that they used to average between the world wars.

I was told that there are about a thousand looms being worked in Tabriz today, this including the looms that are set up in people's homes, on which a family will make the poor-quality rugs that are sold only in the bazaar (it is the factory looms that turn out the really good stuff), though some people I talked to thought that the figure was probably higher. In a modern factory, the looms are set back to back down the long floors, and the weavers—women as well as men, which, I was told, was an absolutely unheard-of thing not so many years ago, and still scandalizes the older Tabrizis—squat on raised planks facing their carpets. There are generally a few little shaven-headed boys of maybe eight or nine also sitting cross-legged on the planks and weaving away like veterans, but since there is a law in Persia that prohibits the employment of anyone under twelve, these urchins tend to disappear magically when strangers enter. Each weaver—if it is a big rug, two or three will be working on it—has his hanks of wool strung above his head in a necklace of pinks, yellows, blues, and browns. Imported aniline dyes are generally used today, to the regret of the purists, who point out that synthetic dyestuffs may be easier, cheaper, and longer lasting but that they will never soften and mellow honorably with time, as the old Persian colors did. In the past, the master dyers, a highly respected band, ground or brewed their colors from such things as vine leaves and pomegranate rinds, to give the yellows; walnut husks, for the browns; and the root of the wild madder plant, which produced all the red shades. In other carpetmaking districts of Persia, these ancient techniques are still used, but Tabriz, apparently, has gone over almost entirely to modern methods. If you stop beside a loom to admire a beautiful design being worked out in rather gentler colors than the rugs on either

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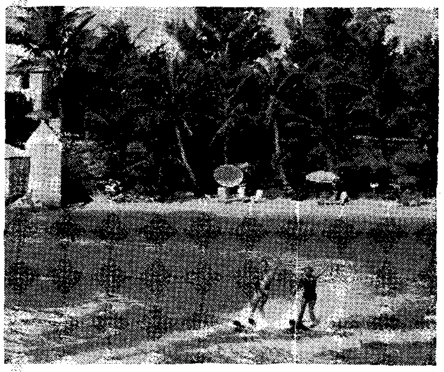

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side of it, you will probably be told that it is for the export market, since foreign customers are known to prefer rugs that look old and faded. Pre-antiquing carpets used to be done by watering the things like potted plants and then putting them out wet in the fierce sun. More recently, scouring with wood ash has been found to be more effective.

The speed with which the Tabriz weavers work is dazzling to watch. They are supposed to be the fastest in all Persia, and a really expert man can tie fifteen thousand knots a day. All the Tabrizis tie the Turki knot, which is another relic of the Turkish settlement here in the thirteenth century. One Persian weaver can apparently tell at once where another weaver comes from by watching him work. If he is from the north or the west, where the Turkish tribes settled, he ties the Turki knot; everybody in the other rug districts ties the Farsi, or Persian, knot. Another peculiarity of Tabriz weavers is that they use an implement like a buttonhook, instead of their fingers, to tie the knot. From time to time, a weaver will stop and glance briefly at the design, which is drawn out in dots on squared paper, or else someone squats beside two men working on rugs of the same design and calls out the pattern to them. There is nothing that can really be identified as a Tabriz rug, it seems, except possibly a classic pattern of medallions, supposed to have been taken from the elaborately tooled bookbindings of the fifteenth century, which is one of the most easily recognizable patterns of all to the layman, and has always been associated with Tabriz. Otherwise, the Tabrizis excel as copyists and adapters of other influences, keeping a sharp eye meanwhile on what is salable. At the moment, there appears to be a vogue for picture rugs, so finely woven that they look like velvet, depicting such scenes as a poet dallying with a young woman in a Persian garden, with the flask of wine and the loaf of bread waiting beneath the bough, and everything looking real enough to touch. These rugs are said to be popular among the rich sheiks around the Persian Gulf, an area that has become one of the Tabriz trade's best customers. The old medallions still look good, though.

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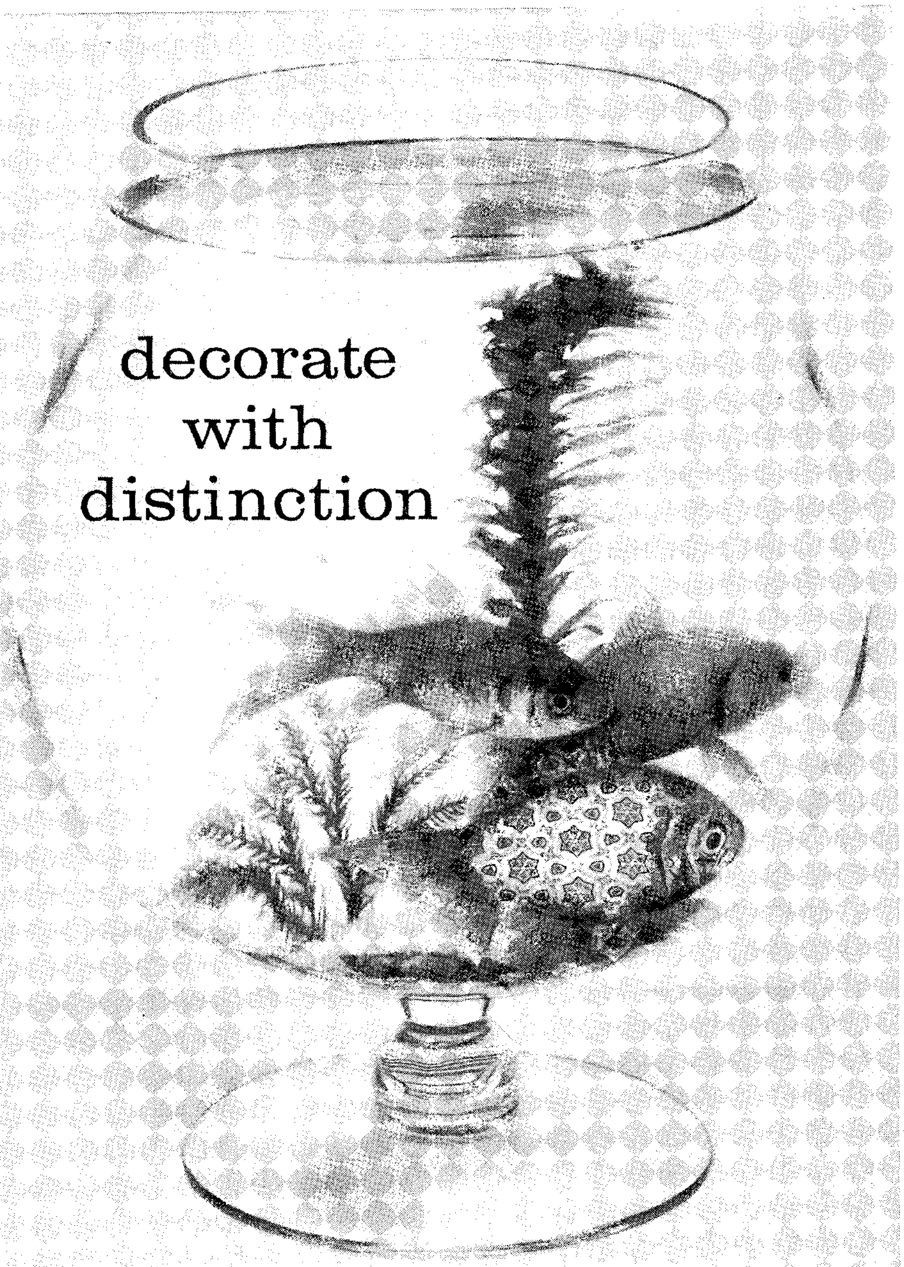

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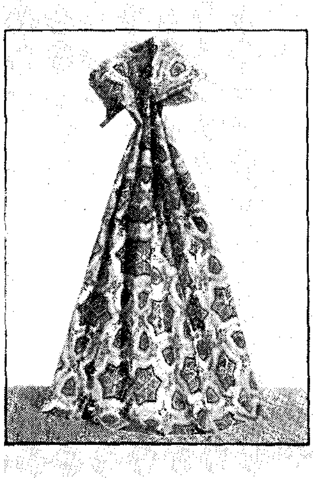

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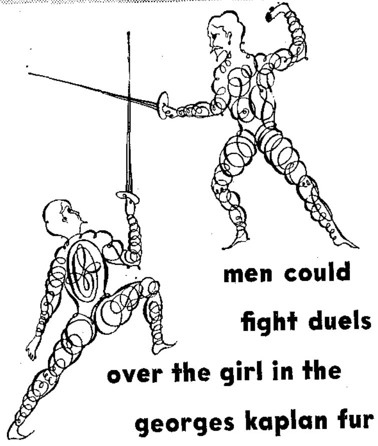

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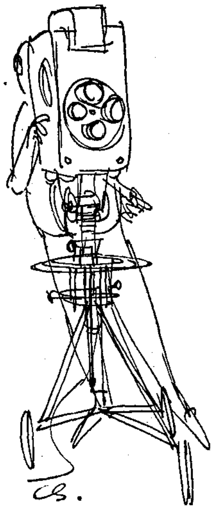
# THE AIR

## *Iconoclast at Work*



BY this time, "The Ben Hecht Show" (Channel 7, 10:50-11:15 P.M., Mondays through Fridays) has been shaken down into working order, as they say of warships. Its star—"author, newspaperman, and iconoclast," to quote a fragment of his billing—has got the vehicle on an even keel and is peppering the enemy with maximum efficiency. The first few outings were a little erratic, but that's the normal way of things in Mr. Hecht's new medium. If I hark back to those early performances now, it's only because they made a certain amount of history. They were entertaining, and they were also, by television's prim standards, iconoclastic. On the program's first night, Mr. Hecht sank a guest by ramming him broadside. On the second night, a guest overwhelmed and capsized Mr. Hecht. According to my notes—impressionistic stuff, I grant you, since I took them catch-as-catch-can, rather than verbatim—the events in question went roughly as follows:

1. September 15th. Mr. Hecht opened proceedings, as he has continued to do nightly, by reading some thoughts of his own, from a manuscript not quite half as high as McKinley's second inaugural address. "We are the fearful fifties," he said, in part, "waiting for the sinister sixties. The best I can do is not add to the sense of panic." He then directed a paralyzing look at his guest, Robert L. Foreman, of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, who was there to defend television commercials. "Let me ask you a question," said Mr. Hecht, and asked Mr. Foreman a three-hundred-word question.

FOREMAN (*in reply*): Well—

HECHT: Let's begin with one of your own commercials.

FOREMAN: I—

HECHT: Can you tell me if Wildroot is an aphrodisiac?

FOREMAN: It's the first choice of men because—

HECHT: Well, then, tell me what men do about Vitalis. For that matter,

EXCITING NEW GLASSWARE

Exclusive with America House. The ever magical American eagle becomes a part of your every day life when you use these superb, hand engraved pitchers, glasses and vases. Shown: 12" high pitcher, $15.00; vase 10" high, $19.50; old fashion glass, 3¾" high and 6¼" tall highball or water glass, $3.25 each. Collection also includes other pitchers from $6.00 to $12.50, double old fashions at $3.25 each, and 8" vases at $15.00. Insured shipping charges collect.

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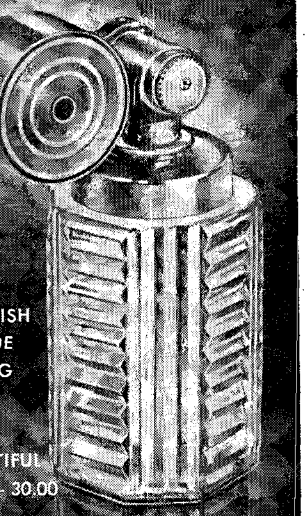

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*In "Paradise," as Martell's collection of old brandies is called, Michel Martell discovers a demijohn from his great-grandfather's day.*

MARTELL
MARTELL
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This treasure-house of old brandies is a kind of *insurance*. By sampling a brandy of say, 1858, M. Martell can be sure that his brandy of 1958 possesses the same characteristics. ☆ These are characteristics of bouquet and flavor that the Martell family has carefully guarded since the reign of Louis XV. ☆ *Established 1715 . . . most treasured Cognac in France . . . most popular in the world.*

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Seven Winds

...wear it
and you
stir up
a storm!

Perfume 2.50, 10.00, 18.50
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Also in Bath Powder and Cologne Spray Mist

DuBARRY

NEW YORK • PARIS

Seven Winds
COLOGNE SUPRÊME
Seven Winds

why does a commercial have to be ungrammatical?

FOREMAN: Well, it just seemed—

HECHT: And if you can't tell me that, let me explain that the Chinese psychology is—

FOREMAN: I'm afraid I don't—

HECHT: . . . is the psychology you need. When I was a young reporter in Chicago—

FOREMAN: I'm afraid you're way ahead of me. I—

HECHT: That's a shocking kind of statement to make. In that case, what about noise in commercials? Do you know what Haroun-al-Rashid said about noise? Couldn't you sell your products with one commercial instead of three?

FOREMAN: What we're trying to do is—

HECHT: I've never used the word "Yum-yum!" yet in my own writing.

FOREMAN: Maybe if—

HECHT: Is there any record of the number of suicides among viewers? I've heard eight hundred thousand, by hanging alone.

FOREMAN: I've never heard that. I—

HECHT: The thing that excites me most is soap. Let me say—

FOREMAN: But we never—

HECHT: Let me tell you that I find soap to be saponiferous in the manner of a Faubus debasing a Voltaire.

Here the program's announcer, a handsome young lady, broke in on Mr. Hecht to make room for a commercial for Schiffli Embroidery. Afterward, Mr. Hecht told what the announcer called a bedtime story, about H. L. Mencken, Edgar Saltus, a cremation, and an aunt in Waterloo, Iowa. Mr. Foreman listened in silence, staring bleakly forward into the sinister sixties.

2. September 16th. "It seems that I kept interrupting my guest last night," Mr. Hecht told the audience apologetically. "*Mea culpa.*" At the sound of the Latin words, the eyes of his second guest, the well-known lawyer Emile Zola Berman, flashed like a cavalry trooper's at the call to horse and arms. Mr. Berman seized a pencil and began to make notes on Mr. Hecht's preliminary *obiter dictum*, which took the form of a speech denouncing lawyers. Host and guest then got down to the *res gestae.*

HECHT: Let me ask you this. Have you ever—

BERMAN: One moment. I've made

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**S. F. A's two-eyelet "Firenze"**

Exclusive from our great collection: an idea brought over from the continent, worked up in calf with hand-stitched detail and lined with glove leather. Black or brown; 6 to 13 sizes, **26.00.** Street Floor. Mail and phone orders. Also available in Chicago, Detroit, Beverly Hills.

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**Britain's best**... *(perhaps the world's)* reference is made here to this truly great BASKETWEAVE, woven by Broadhead & Graves, Huddersfield, of best procurable Australian 6-ply, light-strand yarns. Just fantastically fine, with silky touch, subtle texture and weightless feel. The tailoring has the characteristic Carroll elegance, with side vents, lapped seams, and full, muted foulard lining. In superb shades of dark gray, black-navy, black-olive and black-brown, **$135.**
SWATCHES ON REQUEST

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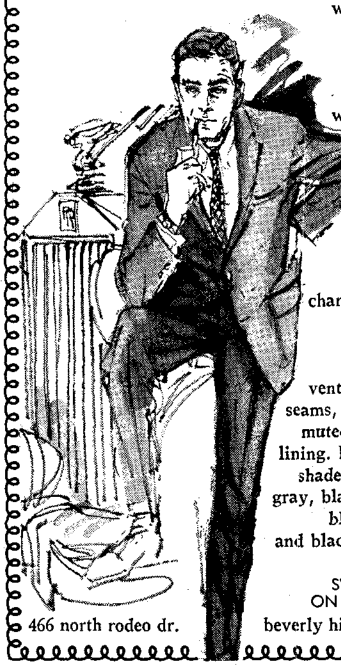

some notes on your text. Let's talk about that first.

HECHT: Good. I—

BERMAN: You seem to hold the legal profession rather cheaply.

HECHT: I only—

BERMAN: Now, you know better than that. You snickered.

HECHT: I don't snicker. I—

BERMAN: Let's get all the snickering out of this.

HECHT: I don't—

BERMAN: May I refresh your recollection?

HECHT: But I—

BERMAN: No doubt, no doubt. Let me draw your attention to the facts of the matter. Are you aware that a lawyer's solemn duty, both to the innocent and to the guilty—

HECHT: That's what I was going to ask about. I—

BERMAN: Permit me. The layman is not always clear on these points.

HECHT: But—

BERMAN: You cannot mean to indicate, and you cannot hope to suggest, that your position is sound.

HECHT: All right. But—

BERMAN: You cannot dare to postulate, and you cannot intend to convey—

It was here, or hereabouts, that the lovely announcer called time. "Delighted," said Mr. Hecht as the bell saved him. Mr. Berman laughed heartily at his host's reaction. He had avenged not only the law but—intentionally or not—Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, and Wildroot.

ON September 21st, on "The Ed Sullivan Show," C.B.S.-TV pointed with pride to its hopes for the new season and its achievements to date. By way of illustration, it staged a parade of performers that included Arthur Godfrey, Spring Byington, Wayne and Shuster, Edward R. Murrow, Red Skelton, Robert Young, Garry Moore, Dorothy Collins, Danny Thomas, Art Carney, Jackie Gleason, and Phil Silvers. There was no sign or mention on the program of a writer-producer named Robert Herridge or of an actor named Michael Kane. Between them, a few hours earlier, on "Camera Three" (Channel 2, 11:30-11:55 A.M., Sundays), Mr. Herridge and Mr. Kane had launched a three-part adaptation of Dostoevski's "Notes from the Underground." As we go to press, I've seen only the first part of this project, which will be completed on October 5th. I'm willing to bet, though, without waiting to see the rest, that C.B.S. will deliver no bolder, simpler, or more reasonable show this

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INTIMATE EAU DE PARFUM...

TALC...BATH POWDER...SOAP

season—unless it does so on "Camera Three," a bold, simple, and reasonable program. I should point out, in fairness, that Mr. Kane and Mr. Herridge were omitted from the Sullivan parade because "Camera Three" is a local, rather than a network, operation (and one, incidentally, that costs C.B.S. money). Art Carney was included in the parade because "Harvey," in which he starred the following night, on du Pont's "Show of the Month," was a network operation. I like Mr. Carney as a straight comedian. I thought that his work in "Harvey" was stiff and mechanical, and that the production as a whole was slapdash and nervous. As well it might have been. In a way, it takes more gall to revive "Harvey" than it does to stage "Notes from the Underground." —JOHN LARDNER

•

Evaluating the function of silence on a more personal level, one finds that it serves as a means by which the therapist develops his own fantasy participation in the relationship. The authors have suspected that success in the use of silence in therapy leads to the therapist's willingness to sleep in the interview. It should not be necessary to clarify the fact that the therapist isn't being bored. Sleep does not signify either a positive or a negative relationship but has certain specific dynamics. Sleep, on the part of the therapist, may serve as a retreat from the relationship and an escape from his own anxiety. It may be a retreat from aggressive impulses or a yielding to sexual fantasies. A mature therapist will rapidly get past this phase and arrive at a point where going to sleep has a specific function and serves the therapeutic relationship. Then sleep becomes a means by which he expresses nonverbally the deepest positive feeling or negative feelings toward the patient. Further there are some patients with whom the symbolic relationship develops very slowly and, at times, the therapist can augment his own affect by allowing himself to go to sleep and thereby precipitating a dream in which he deepens the relationship through his own fantasy about this patient. This intra-psychic relating may serve to resolve his inability to relate to the patient on an interpersonal level. The authors often report these dreams to the patient without interpretation, knowing that communication may be better without any effort to interpret the dream to the patient or to himself. Lastly, it may well be that when the therapist sleeps he says to the patient, "Now I must deny all my reality to resolve my conflicting affects about you and I must be myself more completely before I can be more adequate to your needs." Obviously the therapist must grow beyond his own embarrassment at this socially unaccepted pattern in human relationships before he can develop it as a technique to serve the patient.—*From "The Roots of Psychotherapy," by Carl A. Whitaker and Thomas P. Malone.*

And he better fix the fee before he goes beddy-bye.

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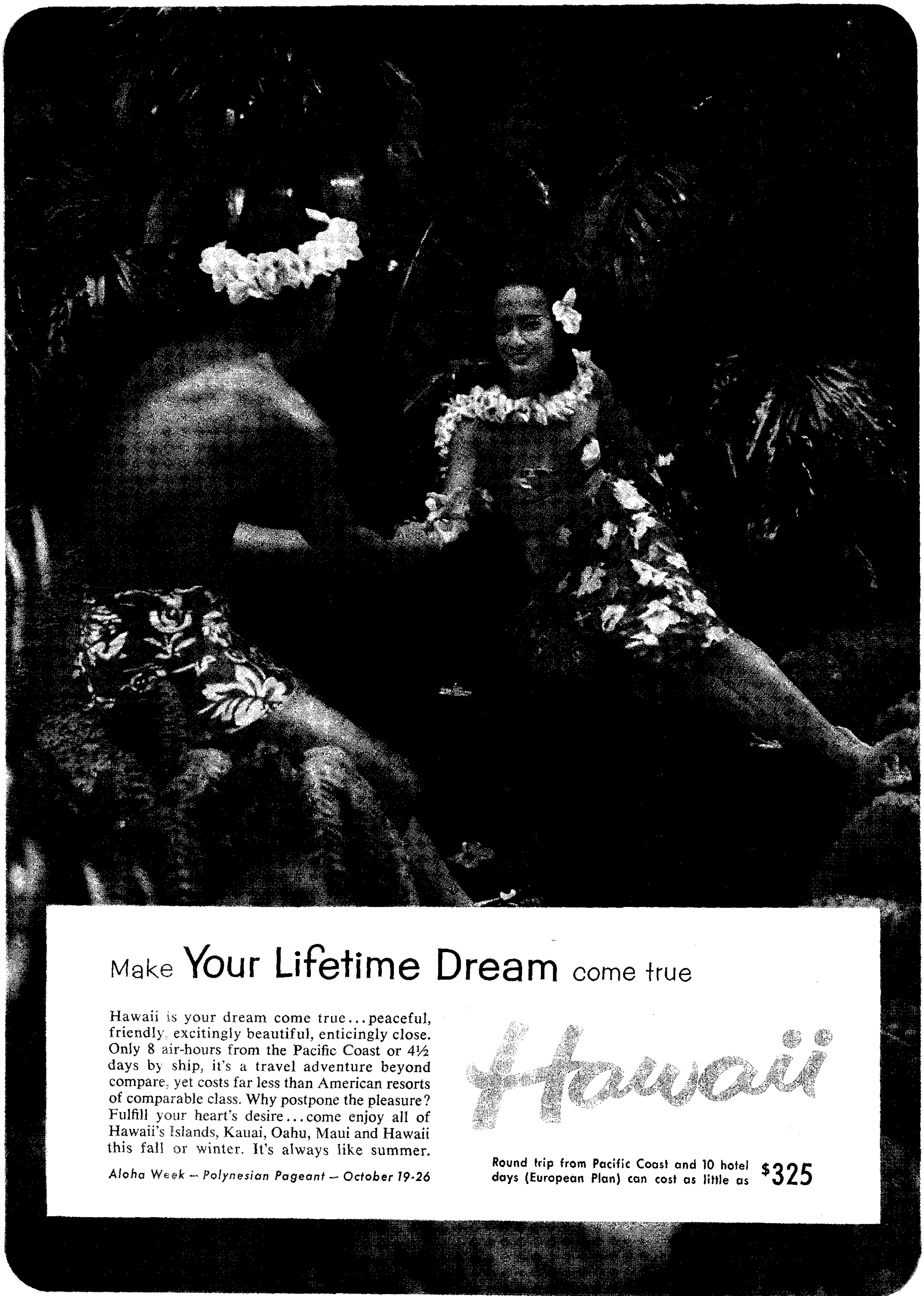

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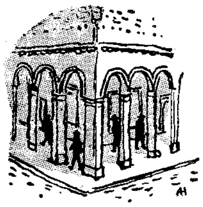
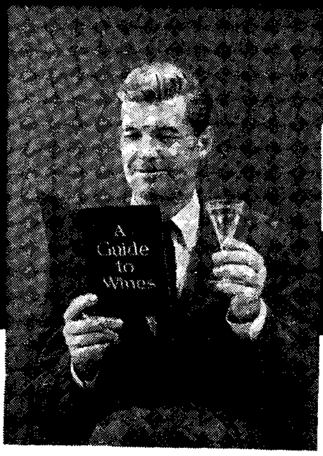
# LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 24



DURING General Charles de Gaulle's weekend of speechmaking in four key provincial cities—Strasbourg, Rennes, Bordeaux, and Lille (his birthplace)—on behalf of his new constitution, which is to be voted on in a referendum this Sunday, he realistically told the immense crowds, in his toneless but trumpetlike voice, that his aim was "for France to keep her place in the hard world of today" with modernized governing institutions. As one innovation, his constitution could prevent Parliament from making French governments fall like autumn leaves (but several times a year). In his speeches, he mentioned France's need for greatness but did not refer, as he used to, to her old habits of glory. With further realism, he begged his listeners for "a massive number of yes votes, a crushing majority of yes votes, which would be a proof of faith in him who now speaks to you—faith that he needs," he added loudly, in that stately, confidential manner with which he refers to himself in the third person, as if he were his own public witness. For this referendum, each of the possibly twenty-eight million voters (who have had to register specially for the exceptional balloting event) is being sent a four-page copy of the new constitution, so that its ninety-two clauses can be perused. Though the referendum has only acceptance or rejection of the constitution as its immediate goal, the mere monosyllables of "yes" and "no" will, in an inferential way, have a three-way spread. The yes votes will mean that de Gaulle should be kept in power as Premier until November, when, it would seem logical, he himself can be voted on as a new kind of powerful, executive President of the Republic. The Sunday yes votes will also be an affirmation for a legitimatized Fifth Republic, which de Gaulle represents in advance—as, indeed, he seems to represent everything salvational now in sight.

A sharp-witted old Paris charwoman recently said to a foreign acquaintance, "*Bien sûr*, my husband and I will vote for de Gaulle, but without enthusiasm." A youngish Paris businessman voiced the same prevalent feeling by saying, "I shall vote yes and think no." A mil-



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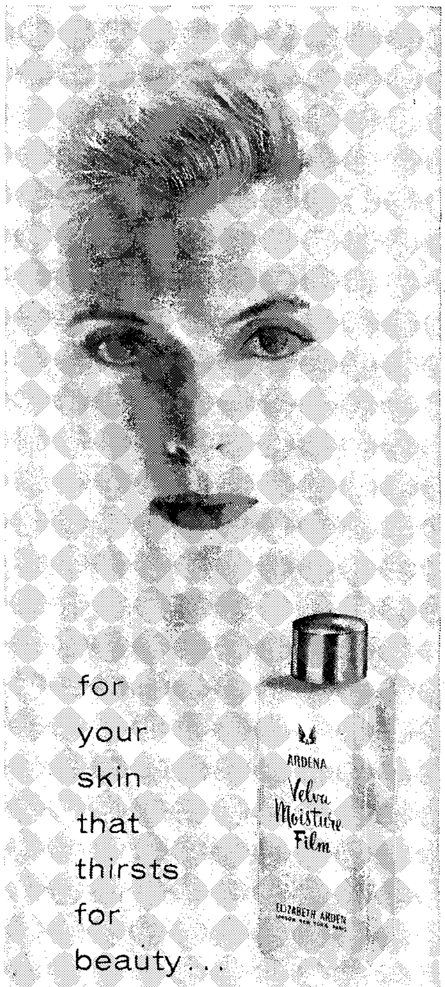
lionaire industrialist more candidly said, "Certainly we don't want him, but we will vote for him. Better vote for him than for a revolution." Three weeks ago, Parisians already were saying that everybody would vote for de Gaulle, though nobody was a Gaullist, and that he would get a landslide eighty per cent of the votes. This figure has now been more temperately estimated at around sixty-five per cent. Not even his bitterest political enemies think that he can lose. The French will vote for him in masses because in this catastrophically troubled year for France he is the unique, untarnished great figure on their horizon to turn toward; they will vote for him by the attraction of historical gravity, with none of the magic delirium of adulation that gilded his majestic popularity after the Liberation, when France was at his feet.

De Gaulle's weekend provincial crowds were the first to be enthusiastic. The main reason the French have mostly lacked open enthusiasm for him seems to be that he worryingly reminds them of themselves and of their ancestors, and of those special figures in history to whom their ancestors rallied, with increasingly diminishing returns—Napoleon Bonaparte and then Louis Napoleon, who, at his own request, was transformed by the French citizens' vote from a President into the shape of an Emperor. This Second Empire recollection has inspired de Gaulle's political opponents—who consider his republicanism suspect and his constitution's strengthening of the President's powers dangerously Bonapartesque—to nickname him the Imperial President, the Prince President, and the Monarchical President. Last Sunday in Lille, on a wall of the house where his father, a professor of philosophy and literature, lived, and where, sixty-seven years ago, Charles de Gaulle was born, the local Communists derisively scrawled "Charles XI born here," putting him in direct succession to Charles X, France's last Bourbon king, who believed in absolute monarchy. Something from all these characters to whom the French at times have mistakenly rallied has been rubbed off, by a kind of cruel decalcomania, onto the electoral picture of de Gaulle, including a supposed likeness to General Boulanger on his black horse and, obviously, to de Gaulle's arch-enemy, the anti-republican, autocratic Marshal Pétain. Today, in the confused light of all these historic warnings, pressures, and hopes, mixed with many Frenchmen's latent shame for their veneration of Vichy and the



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| 8 Sterling silver water goblets, good weight | 75 |
| Antique Shaker tallboy, Cherry | 348 |
| Set, 6, Provincial dining chairs, 2 arms | 195 |
| Down cushion French slipper chair | 65 |
| Important gilt carved Chippendale mirror | 185 |
| Small Sheraton dining table, c. 1810 | 225 |
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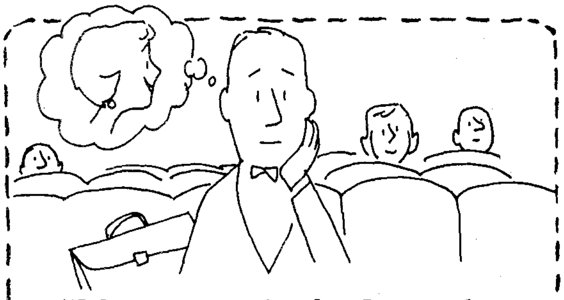
# Some man's-eye views of womanpower

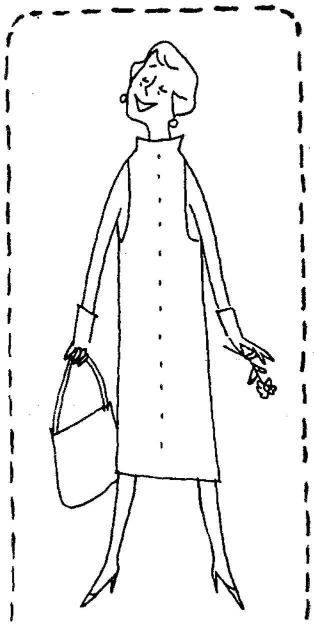
Womanpower—what a commotion it's caused! We'd no sooner named the wonderful feminine force that influences nearly every area of modern life, and given our definitions of it, than men from all over started jotting down definitions of their own. Here are some of our favorites:

*"Womanpower is why we have a freezer, a washer, a dryer, a dishwasher, a vacuum cleaner, a floor-waxer, a mixer—all of which run on womanpower."*

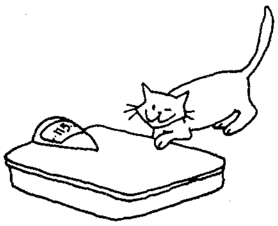
*"Womanpower is the only thing that can fix a breakfast so that eggs, bacon, coffee and toast all arrive hot at the same time, even though it's impossible because I've tried it."*



*"Womanpower is what I miss when I'm alone in Cleveland and end up at a movie by myself."*



*"Womanpower is. Even in a chemise."*



*"Womanpower is when we both go on a diet and she loses 5 pounds while I lose 0 pounds."*

*"Womanpower is the mysterious force that gets the suit I plan to wear cleaned and pressed before I plan to wear it."*

Have any definitions of your own? We do. To us, womanpower is the power that has made Ladies' Home Journal the world's largest and best-loved magazine for women. It's the power of Journal editing...and of the Journal's 5,750,000* women readers. It's the power that makes women respond to ideas in the Journal enthusiastically—and quickly! To get this Journalpower, advertisers invest more money in Ladies' Home Journal than in any other women's magazine.

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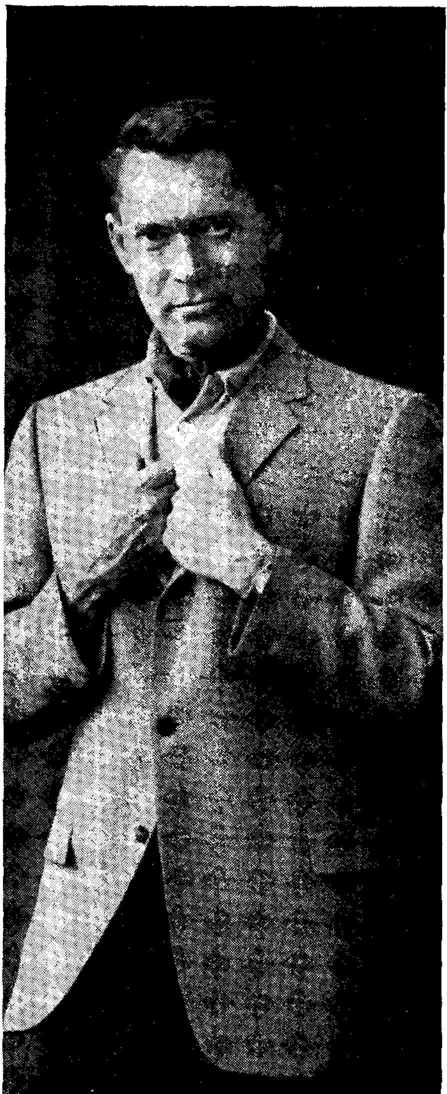

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instinctive French suspicion, ever since the Dreyfus case, of all high-up Army men in political life, General de Gaulle alarms people's imaginations as their prospective Fifth Republic political leader, just as his unquestioned probity, lofty intelligence, and Gothic character rouse their faith in him as a man and as the only figure—or so they believe—who can morally hold France together.

The greatest deterrent to de Gaulle is that he was brought back onto today's scene by the bulk and cream of the French Army in their Algiers *coup d'état*, which successfully invoked his name as its borrowed banner. "At the present moment," comments a brilliant British correspondent, writing with a detachment that the French now lack, "liberals and diehards in France are waiting to see which way the General will turn after the referendum. He has left the diehards an almost free hand in Algeria for four months. He could have done little else without revealing the limitations of his own power. . . . He has nonetheless kept alive the hope that the policy of Algiers is not his." The danger of civil war that de Gaulle faced four months ago, with the prospect of insurrectional French paratroopers dropping on undefended France, is the same civil-war danger, with the same *paras*, that is being conjured up now—plus Communists fighting against them from behind Paris street barricades if de Gaulle loses and if, as is his habit at dead-end moments in his personal history, he simply goes back home to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises and leaves France flat. What the liberals here profoundly fear, on the other hand, as do the French politicians, is that if de Gaulle wins with too massive a vote he will be a presidential prisoner of this extreme Right, with no sizable liberal or Left Wing parliamentary opposition to help maintain his liberty. Pierre Mendès-France denounces the civil-war threat as pro-de Gaulle political blackmail. But (or so many French believe) he says this without taking account of a very real possibility of civil war—the civil war that might come if he, with all his remarkable political intelligence, but with his special unpopularity, were now faced with the task of holding Catholic France together.

Obviously de Gaulle's most potent enemy and the leader of the vote against him is the Communist Party, with its morning paper *Humanité*'s scurrilous cartoons of him and its latest hypocritical chicanery—its slogan that the Communists are "the defenders of the

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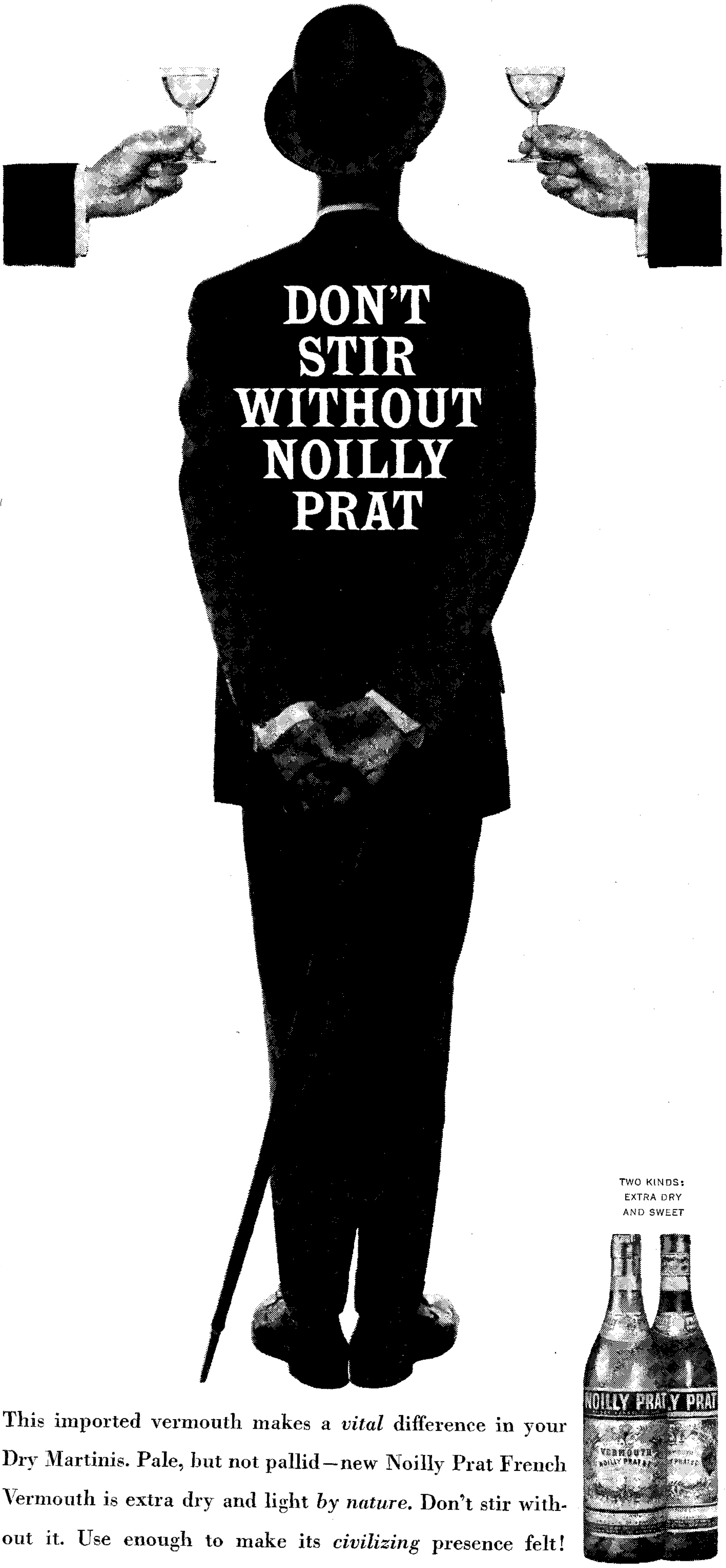
Republic," which they have successfully helped to scuttle. The rich industrialists and the big businessmen, who will vote yes, are against de Gaulle as a man who wants to change things, which alarms them, so *Le Figaro*, which represents the conservative bourgeoisie, has been straddling the fence. Only today, four days before the referendum, it came out with a melodramatic editorial urging a vote of yes—less for de Gaulle than against the Front Populaire and a possible civil war. The General's most effective opponents are the left-of-center intelligent liberals, whose daily spokesman is *Le Monde*, the best-written analytical newspaper in France, and the sharp, courageous weekly *L'Express*. Little *Combat* is the only hysterically pro-de Gaulle paper.

NATURALLY, "yes or no" has become the new phrase of France—in talk, in night-club songs, in advertising. Thousands of the big and little organizations that are basic to Frenchmen's instinctive centralization of life and to their appetite for controversy in groups are now busy declaring how they will vote on the referendum. Newspapers print their decisions in adjoining columns, headed "Yes" and "No," as a means of showing which way the election wind is blowing. Thus, you can read in your daily papers that the Primary Schoolteachers Union and the University Committee for Republican Defense will both vote no. But the National Association of Parents of Public-School Pupils and the National Committee of the Middle Class will vote yes. The Friendly Society of Former Deported Jews of France will vote no, along with the National Federation of Former Deportees, Internees, Resistants, and Patriots and the Communist Friendly Society of Widows, Orphans, Descendants, and Victims of War. The Comte de Paris, official pretender to the throne of France but personally a Socialist, has published his monthly public communication as a stately little essay entitled "Oui." There is even a Civic Action Front Against Abstention, which hands out free publicity for window displays from its office on a boat, tied to the *quai* below the Pont de l'Alma. Guy Mollet's Socialist Party decided in caucus, with a certain ambivalence, to vote yes, except for a little splinter group that pulled loose so it could vote no. With similar ambiguities, the Radical Socialist caucus also registered a majority decision to vote yes, though its most important member, Mendès-France, will, naturally, vote



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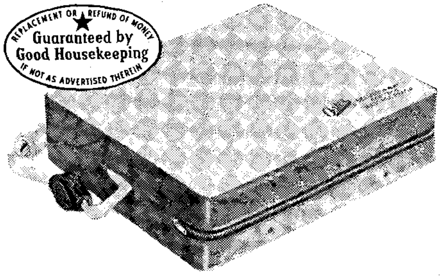
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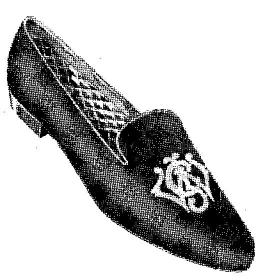
no. Higher up, five Cardinals of France have declared that the absence in the constitution of "all reference to God, obviously painful to a Catholic," is no reason to neglect the imperious "duty to vote" in these moments of supreme decision for the nation. The constitution's second article merely says, "France is a republic, indivisible, secular, democratic, and social," without adding that it is Christian. One prelate had earlier said that good Catholics should not vote on such a godless document. The Cardinals' decision, with its urgent tone, implies that the invaluable Catholic vote will be yes.

To date, the most searing denunciation of de Gaulle, and of the events leading up to and now surrounding his present position, is that of Jean-Paul Sartre, called "The Constitution of Contempt," of which the first installment was printed recently in *L'Express*. Nothing so far has equalled its talented vitriol, nor is anything likely to, unless Sartre surpasses himself in the promised second article. He opens with sarcastic *brio* by saying, "To begin with, who suggested this plebiscite? Nobody. It has been imposed on the sovereign nation. . . . Our referendum enjoys the doubtful charm of being impromptu. . . . They began by trampling our old institutions underfoot; now they propose this elderly frippery, a royal charter"—his synonym for, and opinion of, the General's new constitution. "The voter lost in the no man's land that separates the dead republic from the future monarchy has to make up his mind all alone; it is all or nothing, 'all' being King Charles XI and 'nothing' being the return to the Fourth Republic, which nobody wants any more." Speaking with disdain of the General's characteristic pride, Sartre adds, with mordant humor, "I do not believe in God, but if in this plebiscite I had the duty of choosing between Him and the present incumbent, I would vote for God; He is more modest." After tracing the events of the French Army's May *coup d'état* against the Paris government as foundation for de Gaulle's present position, Sartre says that nothing and nobody "can make us forget that General de Gaulle was carried to power by the colonels of Algiers," and continues, "We are promised a return to calm, to discipline, and to tradition, provided that we give our votes to the rioters of Algiers. Let us not fool ourselves; all the plebiscites in the world cannot prevent a *coup de force* from being, and from remaining, a form of disorder. The barrel will always smell of



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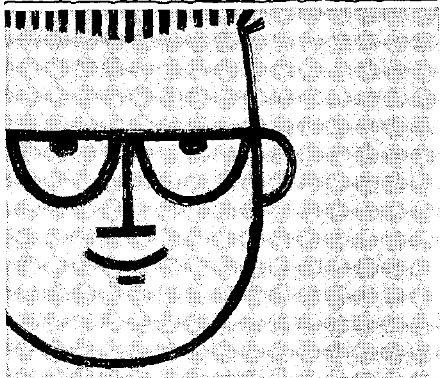

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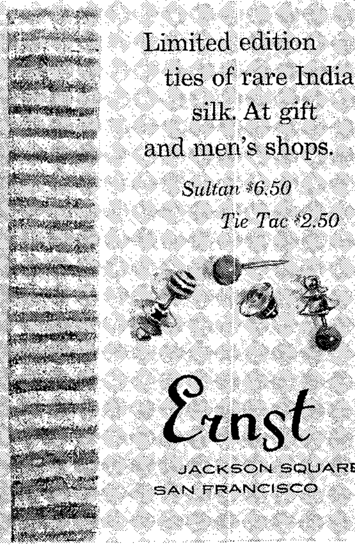

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herring; the Gaullist regime will always smell—to the end of its days and in all that it does—of the arbitrary violence from which it sprang." He ends with a call to vote no and a final warning to the General, saying, "On one point we are in accord with you: the Fourth Republic is dead, and we have no notion of resuscitating it. But it is not for you to make the Fifth Republic. That is for the French people themselves, in their full and entire sovereignty."

IF further proof were needed of the weighty importance and extraordinary inclusiveness of Sunday's vote, it should be added that this simple yes or no, when in the hands of the millions of dark-skinned inhabitants of France's thousands of square miles of deep African territories, will mean for them a vote of "Yes, we wish to remain attached to the new de Gaulle French commonwealth" or "No, we prefer our independence from France." In a really astounding application of logic to the premise of self-determination of peoples, de Gaulle has given all these territories the right to have independence merely by asking for it—provided they can afford such freedom, for they will, if free, *automatically cut themselves off* from all French financial aid and administrative guidance. One old Dahoman tribesman is reported by a traveller to have said sagely, "The white General does not understand. We do not wish freedom as a donation, we wish to wrest it from him." It is amazing that the French and their politicians have accepted almost without demur this fabulous invention of de Gaulle's for avoiding further ruinous and unsuccessful wars against men wanting independence. True, Deputy Jacques Isorni, the diehard nationalist lawyer who defended Pétain in his trial, wrote an indignant piece in *Le Monde* complaining about the General's giving away pieces of France as if it were his personal property. And Pierre Poujade, chief of the shopkeepers' political party that bears his name, expressed himself in simpler commercial terms, saying, "He is disposing of the empire as though at a bargain sale." Nigeria and French Guinea have already stated in advance that they will vote no to any suggestion that they "lack responsibility to run their own affairs," meaning that they choose independence.

In Algeria, of course, a heavy yes vote will be cast by the white French *colons* in support of Algeria's integration with France. But Algeria, being considered part of metropolitan France,

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is the one overseas region where a no vote does not constitute a vote for independence. So the rebels' National Liberation Front, which has been fighting for nearly four years for the country's independence, is aiming at preventing the Moslem population from voting at all, to judge by a report of their terrifying orders for voting day in the rural sections. These say, "It is forbidden to go to the market place. In forest regions, the population is to go to the woods. The roads will be mined and road traps set up, and corpses [presumably of those who headed for the market-place polls instead of the woods] will be placed where they can be seen. Ambushes will be laid for vehicles sent for voters far from the towns. Through our control system in the villages, we can know who has disobeyed these instructions. They will be punished one way or another."

The acts of Algerian terrorists, increasing in violence as their desperate protest against the coming election, are like a fanatical fringe of the Algerian war that has been carried all over France and into all sections of Paris. Two Sundays ago, a stabbed Algerian lay dying in a pool of blood on the sidewalk before Lipp's *brasserie* in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, with a crazy old flower vender shuffling in the gore and offering his faded bouquets for sale, as if it were all a scene from a Surrealist picture. Minister Jacques Soustelle was almost murdered at the Arc de Triomphe, and now a dynamite bomb has just been found in a ladies' *lavabo* at the top of the Tour Eiffel.

What lies behind de Gaulle's revolutionary change in French republican history is the problem of the Algerian war, which brought the Fourth Republic to its knees, as the French know and say. On the Algerian problem, the General has so far said not a word—not even the word "integration." What the French are waiting to see, they declare, is what he must inevitably say and how soon he will say it, to save France. —GENÊT

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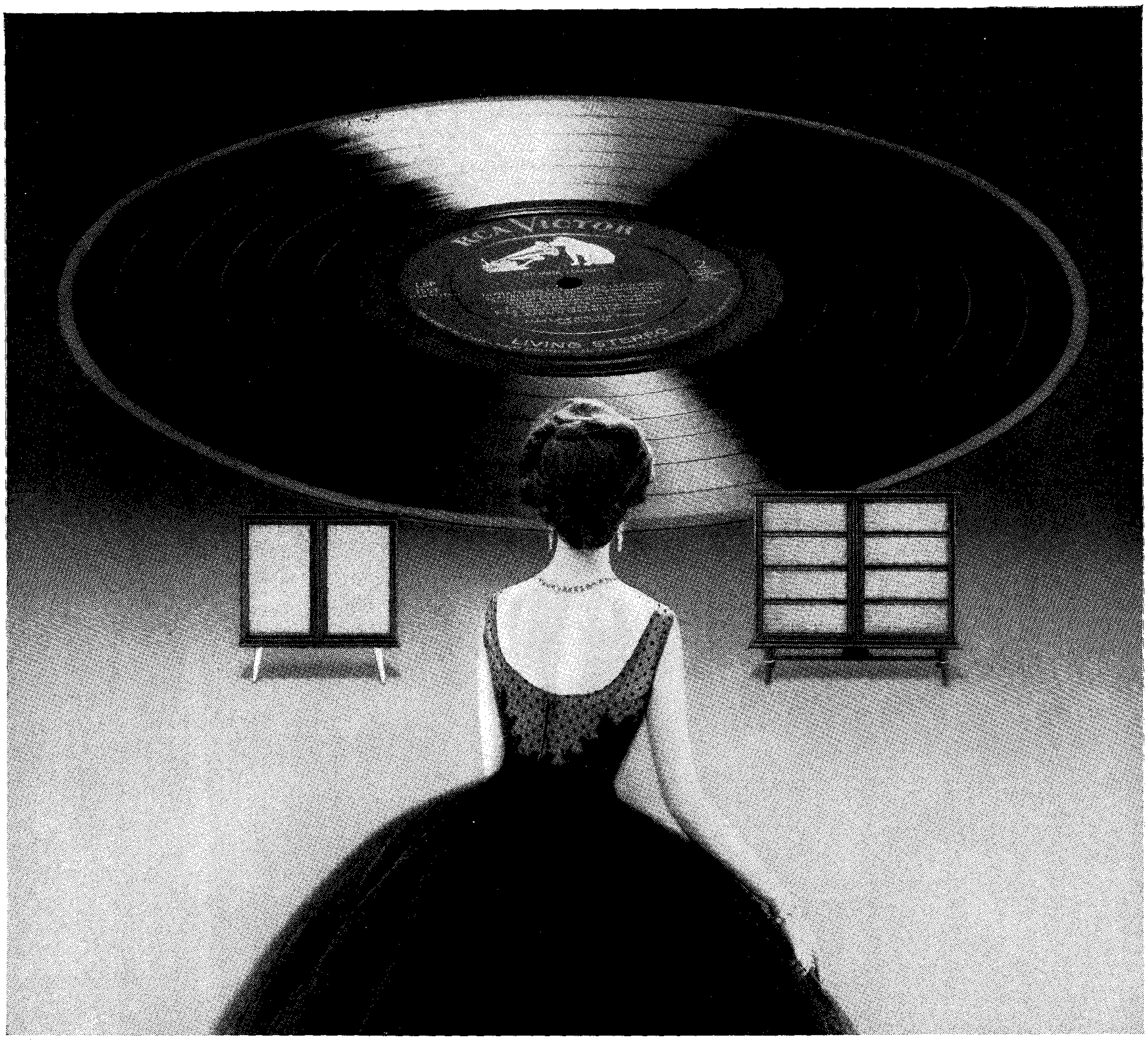

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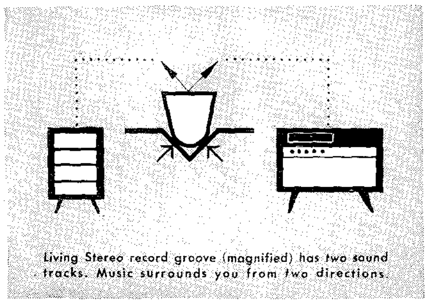

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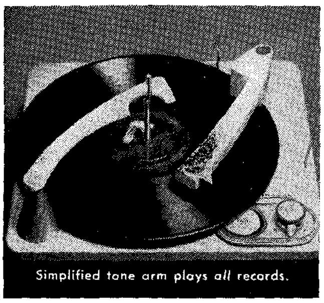

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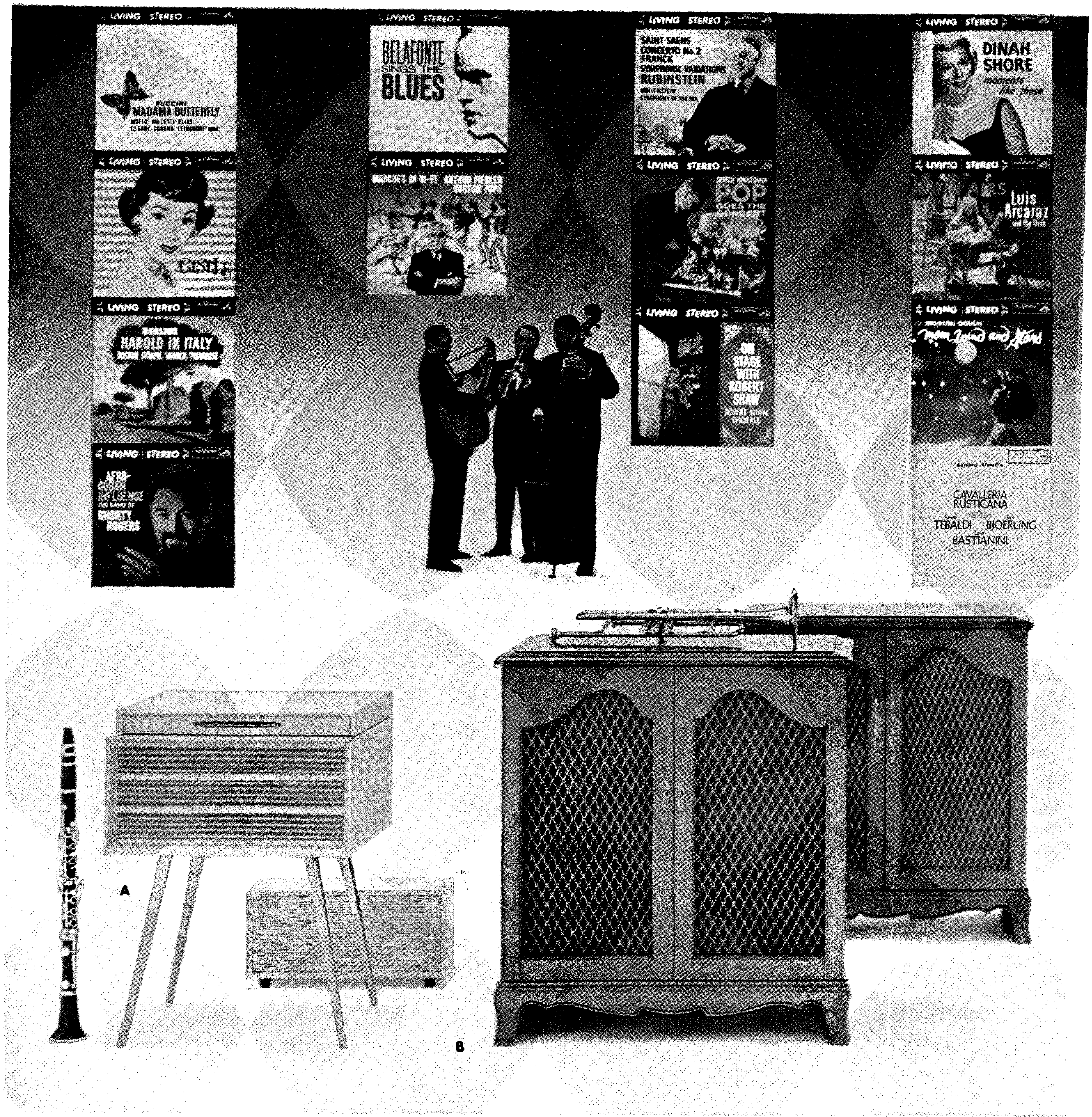
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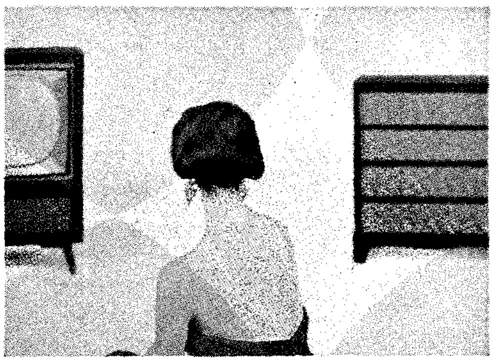

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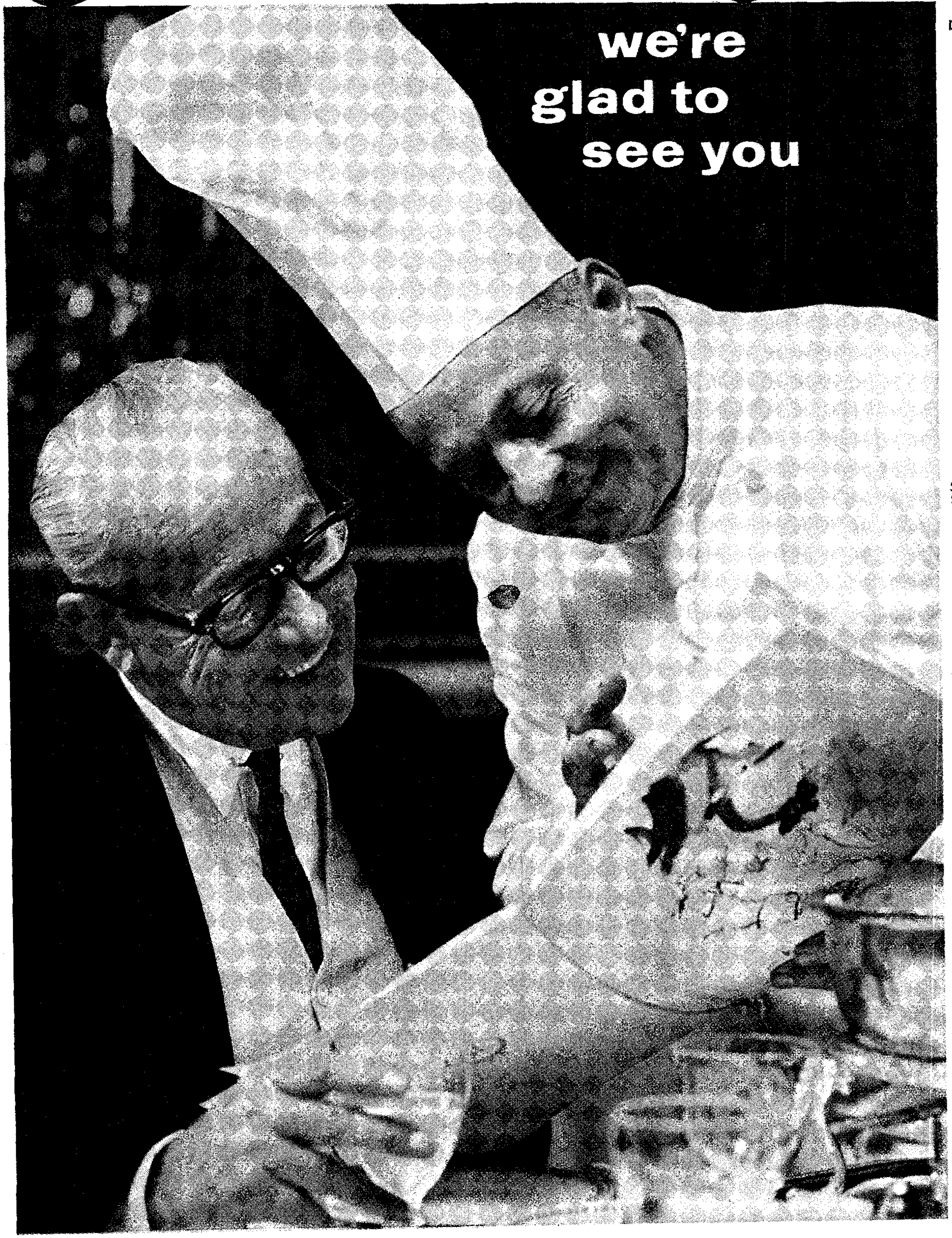

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# THE HOT POTATO

NOWADAYS, "The Perfumed Garden of the Sheik" would hardly be the hot potato that it was in 1931. The erotica of yesteryear are the best-sellers of today.

"The Perfumed Garden" was the only item of erotica I ever owned, and it served a purpose; it taught me that I was not cut out to be a collector of erotica. I was too prone to feelings of guilt, for one thing, too short of cash, for another.

Erotica came high in those days. At least, I thought so; I paid ten dollars for my one flyer in the field. It was a spicy tale of life in a harem, with a phenomenally gifted sheik, whose name escapes me, as the hero. I came into possession of it casually and unexpectedly. I was sitting, one afternoon, in an office in New York, bothering two friends who were trying to work. The door opened, and in came a benevolent-looking man with silvered locks, carrying a bulging briefcase. He looked like one of the Cheeryble Brothers, and I sized him up as a humanitarian collecting funds for a worthy cause. I erred in this appraisal. He was a purveyor of naughty books.

Mr. Cheeryble spread his sultry wares before the three of us, and we set to work zestfully to inspect them. The zest, I may say, was inward. Outwardly, we wore a casual, almost bored air that belied interest. This was meant to impress one another and the booklegger, but I doubt whether it succeeded, at least with the booklegger. In the practice of his clandestine trade, he must have encountered that gambit often.

My friends and I enjoyed a leisurely inspection of the books. Mr. Cheeryble was in no hurry. After a while, my friends thanked him for the glimpse of his merchandise and, pleading financial embarrassment, asked to be excused from making any purchases that day. I was as financially embarrassed as they were, but the notion to become a rakehell suddenly took me, and I forked over ten dollars for "The Perfumed Garden of the Sheik."

I chose "The Perfumed Garden" because it was both vivid in text and graphically illustrated. It was handsomely bound, too. The booklegger stocked other racy items, but most of them were plainly bound and not illustrated at all. I remember one plain-looking book, the cover of which announced it to be a textbook on physics. In actual fact, it contained the adventures of a young lady named Fanny Hill, who was considered a highflier in her day, but who would be laughed at as an old slowpoke by some of the fiction heroines of today.

The transaction completed, Mr. Cheeryble gave us his blessing and departed. I started to leave, too, but was detained for a considerable time, during which my two friends thriftily read "The Perfumed Garden" free of charge.

I NOW considered myself a practicing rakehell, but even as I walked homeward with "The Perfumed Garden" under my arm, misgivings began to trouble me. Suppose a plainclothes detective came along and, with that uncanny perception some detectives have, divined the nature of the book I was carrying, seized it, and placed me under arrest for transporting bawdry through the streets of New York. A picture of myself marching lock step to breakfast on Welfare Island formed in my mind.

Presently, another fancy that made my heart skip a beat occurred to me. Suppose an automobile hit me. The jolt would no doubt fling the book a good distance from me, but some Nosy Parker would be sure to retrieve it and hand it to the cop who would be making kindly inquiries about my cuts, contusions, and abrasions. The cop would glance at the book, see its perfidy, and switch instantly from Good Samaritan to Anthony Comstock. I would land in the prison ward at Bellevue, and he would take the evidence to the station house to enjoy at his leisure, probably sharing it with his fellow-constables. The wages of sin is anxiety. It struck me that the venerable booklegger, making his daily rounds through the streets of New York carrying that briefcase loaded with dynamite, must be an intrepid fellow.

I got home unmolested by the vice squad and unbruised by motor vehicles. Once safely there, I had a chance to

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examine my purchase. I cannot pretend that "The Perfumed Garden" was a valuable human document. Its central theme was not new, it did not fill a long-felt want, and it lacked an index. Yet this reader could not put it down.

There was little in the book I did not know, or had not heard about. My youth had not been entirely sheltered, thanks in some degree to my own enterprise and the society of a lively set of playmates. In my high-school years, I had a sketchy acquaintance with the chief work of Dr. Krafft-Ebing. The father of one of my schoolmates was a doctor, and he owned a copy of Krafft-Ebing's "Psychopathia Sexualis," which he kept in a locked bookcase. His son had found out where the key was hidden, and on dull afternoons he gave readings for a few cronies. Dr. Krafft-Ebing had had some bizarre patients, but our understanding of their peccadilloes was clouded by his habit of writing the dénouements of their case histories in Latin, a language we habitually flunked. I had also, in more recent years, read "Lady Chatterley's Lover," unexpurgated; a girl I knew had brought it home from finishing school one June. Her parents had snatched it from her instantly, read it with interest, and passed it among their friends. Although I had put in my application a day after the book reached town, I did not get to read it until late August. Finally, I had spent a good many years as a New York newspaperman—an experience that, of course, would rub the innocence off Galahad himself, and reduce his strength by nine and a half.

That about sums up my career as a rip, and my qualifications as an expert on erotica.

THE apartment in which at the time I occupied a room belonged to an affable and patient littérateur. When he came home that afternoon, I tossed "The Perfumed Garden" to him, saying casually, "There's something may interest you."

He took the book in his stride, asked where I had got it, and, when told I had parted with cash for it, said, "Well, I be damned!" Then he added, "You better not leave this around where Mrs. Hostetter will see it."

I started. I had not taken Mrs. Hostetter into consideration. I should have done so. Mrs. Hostetter was the plump, efficient, and respectable little woman who kept house for us. She looked a good deal like Queen Victoria, and had something of Her Late Majes-

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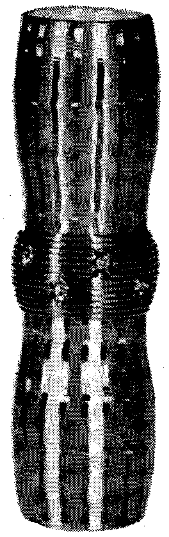

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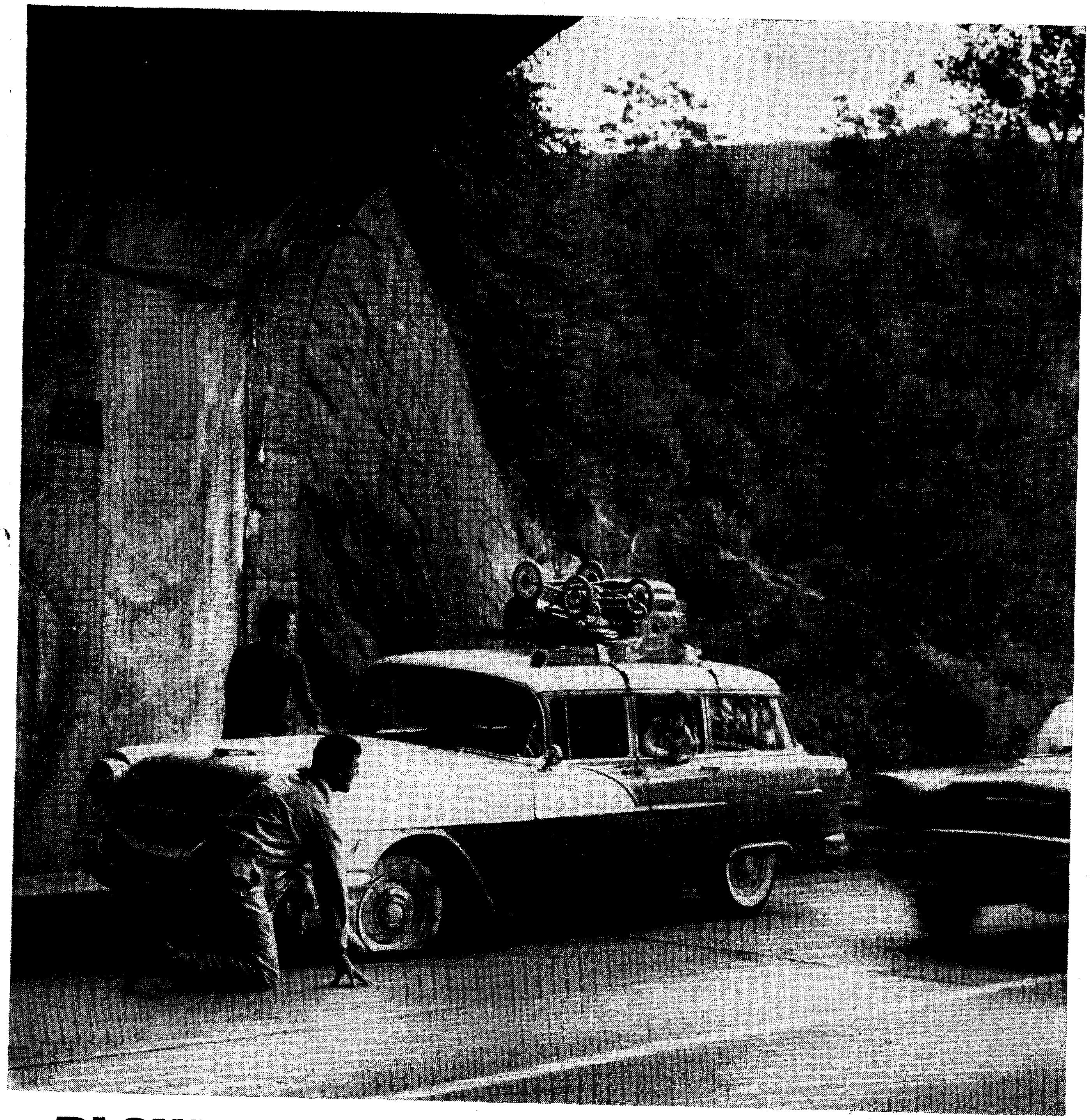

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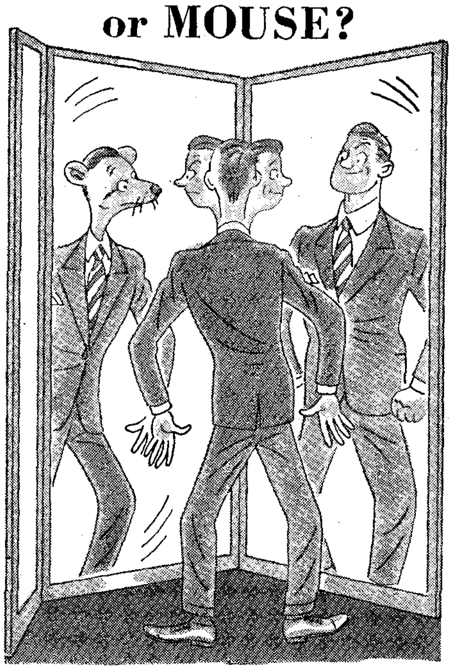

TAKE THE CASE of Ed. For years his ambition has been to own a sleek, low-slung sports car. His wife prefers a four-door, blue-black sedan. Recently, they bought a new car. It is a four-door, blue-black sedan. Ed might wince to admit it, but he's a mouse.

On the other hand, there's Ned. Ned used to order a certain cocktail because that was what the boss always ordered. The brand of whiskey he purchased had been recommended by his father-in-law.

Then one day Ned read something in a magazine about "Revolt Against Monotony." Ned got up on his hind legs and revolted. He decided to do his own deciding. The next time he ordered a drink, he boldly called for a whiskey he had heard a lot about but had never tasted. It was John Jameson. He liked it. Now he doesn't give a hang what others drink. He orders John Jameson. Ned has stopped being a mouse and has become a man.

It is worth knowing that John Jameson is one of the oldest brands of whiskey on the market. The Jameson family has been producing it for almost two centuries.

Also important is the fact that John Jameson is *all* pot still whiskey, and every drop is matured seven years in oak casks.

The flavour of John Jameson has variously been described as tantalizing—subtle—rich—hearty—honest—distinguished—full-bodied—friendly. Which word will seem most accurate to you? The simplest way to decide is to try John Jameson.

As a starter, ask for a John Jameson old-fashioned, sour or highball at your favorite bar. If you are in a bolder mood, buy a bottle.

**JOHN JAMESON**

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY • 86 PROOF
Imported by W. A. Taylor & Co., New York, N. Y.
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

ty's august manner. I respected Mrs. Hostetter. Indeed, I stood in awe of her, and always felt self-conscious under her maternal eye when, after circumstances entirely within my control had kept me at Tony's or the Dizzy Club for most of a night, I crept from my room at noon in search of coffee.

I may have been unduly apprehensive, but it did seem to me a safe bet that if Mrs. Hostetter caught a glimpse of "The Perfumed Garden" she would take off her apron and quit our service, refusing to cook for libertines and probably saying, "We are not amused." Since she was a treasure, her loss would be a calamity and most unfair to my roommate, who had gone to a good deal of trouble to find Mrs. Hostetter and persuade her to come and be our Hebe, and who was entirely innocent in the matter of "The Perfumed Garden."

The immediate problem was to hide the book someplace where Mrs. Hostetter would not find it. A logical spot suggested itself—in one of the bookcases, behind the reputable books—but I saw at once that this was too risky. Mrs. Hostetter was an inveterate book duster. I thought of hiding the book under the mattress of my bed, but here, again, Mrs. Hostetter had me stymied; she was not only a book duster, she was also a great turner of mattresses. I began to feel like an incompetent fence into whose lap some hot jewelry has been dumped and who has no idea what to do with it.

As a temporary measure, I hid "The Perfumed Garden" in a hatbox on a shelf at the back of my clothes closet. The box contained a derby, which, by request, I no longer wore. That night, I slept on the problem of finding a more permanent hiding place, and tossed a good deal in the process. But I awoke with the answer. Poe! "The Purloined Letter"! I would hide "The Perfumed Garden" in the most conspicuous place possible—on the coffee table in my room, for instance, with a couple of blameless volumes, like "Barchester Towers" and "A Window in Thrums," alongside as chaperons. If there was anything to Poe's theory, Mrs. Hostetter would not notice the book any more than visitors to the blackmailing politician's apartment had noticed the purloined letter, brazenly visible in the card rack, until Auguste Dupin spotted it.

Sober reflection dimmed my hope. I knew that if Poe had called on Mrs. Hostetter to locate the purloined letter, she would have found it instantly, mak-

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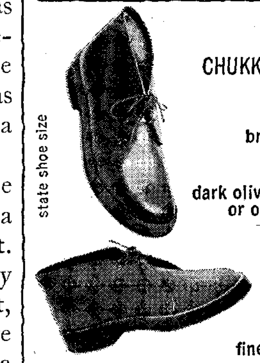

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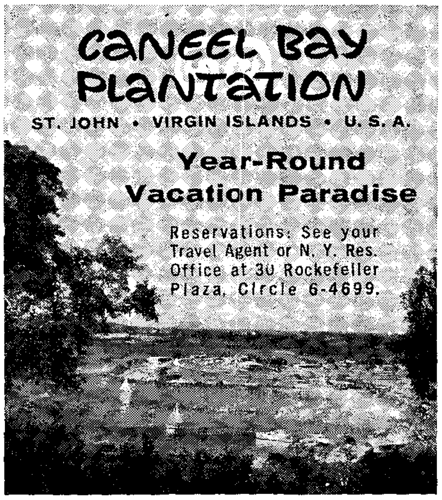

*Proposing a Tasty Counterbalance to Irish Coffee*

# A NEW, ALL NEW RECIPE FOR BRAZILIAN WHISKEY!

[ NUMBER IV ] *(if you wish the previous installments, you need only to ask)*

all Irish Whiskies share an emphatic, burnished elegance of flavor quite apart from anything else known to man's tongue. There are, moreover, differences *between* them. They cover a broad spectrum of taste. The man at the whiskey store will surely know and if he doesn't there's nothing for it but you must buy a bottle of each and find out for yourself. Science will be the richer for your enquiring mind. ❦ However, as we have observed in the previous chapters, these delicacies of flavor and body are largely negated when the whiskey is taken in Irish Coffee, a concoction which appears to have bedazzled the Western World. Not that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are knocking it, understand. If coffee must be laced it's better we do the lacing. The question of Pride versus Profit has no easy solution. Meanwhile we must be realistic; you can't change human nature. There will always be coffee. ❦ But to make *your* choice the easier you'll note we've provided two coupons instead of the customary one. Please act promptly as we are most anxious to know your true feelings and to send you one badge or the other so you can lord it over your friends. Air mail to Dublin is fifteen cents; surface mail eight cents; post cards four cents. Our cable address is COTRA, Dublin, if you feel you must. But bear in mind the time differential for it's probable that a Night Letter would do every bit as well as a straight cable and be thriftier into the bargain. Besides, the twenty words you'll get will enable you to be less perfunctory and more cordial. We see we've not got in the promised recipe and we're almost out of page again. Still, if we go to smaller type we may make it yet; let's make the effort. BRAZILIAN WHISKEY: 1. Fill ordinary highball glass to halfway mark with strong coffee. 2. Swirl or jostle coffee around until inside of glass is coated. 3. Pour coffee back in pot. 4. Wash glass thoroughly in hot sudsy water. 5. Pour a generous sufficiency of Irish Whiskey into glass. 6. Add ice and soda or water. We have developed a number of other recipes and weaning plans just to assist Irish Coffee drinkers through the difficult withdrawal period.

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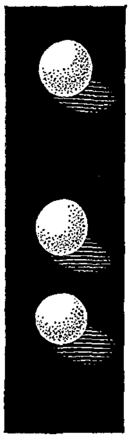
© 1958, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND *(did you know "whiskey" is from the Gaelic* "Uisge Beatha"?)



LITTLE PEAS WITH AN UNCOMMON FLAVOR

GOURMETS, dining in Paris on a summer's day, would expect peas with such a flavor to be among the viands placed before them.

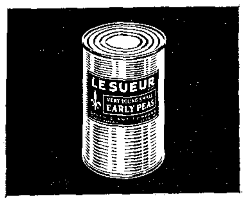
The *petits pois* of France are well-famed, and rightly so. But here are peas from our own country whose succulence calls to mind those young French beauties.

These peas are very young and small in size. Their tenderness is extraordinary. Their flavor is uncommonly delicate.

It is rare good breeding and scrupulous care that make these little American peas so unique. Their seed, for example, comes from hundreds of different breedings and cross-breedings. It is planted only in the most select of soils under climates that are ideal for the culture of fine peas.

Then, as a matter of course, these peas are carefully watched, their every need attended to. And as soon as their flavor first reaches its peak they are picked and sealed in tins for the enjoyment of those who appreciate excellence in things.

Their name is Le Sueur Brand peas. Suppliers of fine groceries now have them in stock. May we take the liberty of suggesting that you try them at your first opportunity?



LE SUEUR BRAND
Very Young Small
PEAS

N.B. Try Le Sueur Brand shoe peg white corn, too. Very crisp and very slender whole kernels, quite unlike any others you may have tasted.

*Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minn.*
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.

ing M. Dupin look like a Keystone cop. I knew this because I remembered the brilliant job she had made of finding my bridgework. I had come home very late one night, after an evening's hard work nullifying the Volstead Act, and, in the course of preparing for bed, removed a recently acquired two-tooth denture and hid it—presumably in case of thieves who might enter during the night. Rising the following noon, I missed the bridge from its accustomed place, and, having no memory of taking it out, concluded that I had swallowed it. In a panic, I told Mrs. Hostetter what had happened, saying that I must get to a hospital quickly, for by now I could feel the bridgework lodged heavily inside me. Mrs. Hostetter soothed me and had a look around. She entered my room and, with the unerring instinct of a witch-hazel twig bending toward a hidden spring, went straight to my desk and found the bridgework where I had hidden it, behind a photograph. What chance was there of hiding "The Perfumed Garden" from her?

"I wish I had never bought the damn thing," I said to my roommate.

He suggested that I give it, or throw it, away.

"I don't know anybody well enough to give it to," I said. "And don't tell me to throw it in a trash can, because somebody would fish it out and bring it right back to me."

Still, he had given me an idea. Would it be practicable to get rid of "The Perfumed Garden" by mailing it as an anonymous gift to some friend? Even better, to a stranger? Who in New York that I did not know would be least likely to own a copy? I considered several possibilities. There was a crusading divine much in the headlines of those days, but I ruled him out, on the technicality that I had once met him. I had interviewed him on that occasion, and when I was about to leave he had asked me to remain a few moments while he prayed that I and all other abandoned newspaper reporters would reform.

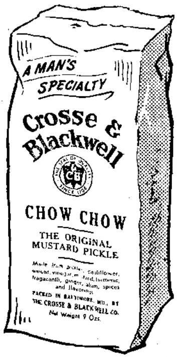
Discarding the crusader, I weighed several other candidates, including Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who was president of Columbia but a stranger to me. Dr. Butler almost won. He had once thrown a friend of mine out of Columbia for writing, in a college publication, something that he, Dr. Butler, did not like. It would be a nice gesture of reprisal to send "The Perfumed Garden" to Dr. Butler. But then I asked myself if I would want the head

Pity Poor Napoleon

Unhappy Nappy...banished to Elba without his favorite mustard pickle, Chow Chow. To think, it was created especially for him!

Happy Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell . . . gaining the services of the ex-emperor's personal chef. First order of the day, preparing this splendid combination of sweet gherkin pickles, pearl onions and cauliflower, for the Crosse & Blackwell label.

Lucky you . . . able to purchase this same magnificent mustard pickle from your grocer today. Still prepared from the original recipe. Who would dare change it? Who would want to?



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# You count with an abacus –

You calculate with an abacus, as your ancestors did. You keep accounts with knotted strings or piles of colored tiles. Your records are clay tablets or parchment sheets . . . Then suddenly double entry bookkeeping is invented, with standard currency, bank credit, check payments, adding machines, calendar billing, and electronic computers, *all within fifty years.* As an old abacus man, you had a lot of new things to keep up with!

With respect to accounting, the above instance is wholly hypothetical; but as an analogy with farming, it is literally factual. Since the first World War, agriculture has advanced as much as in the previous thousand years. And the degree and the rate of change is wider than ever before.

Hundreds of ag schools, government laboratories, manufacturers and suppliers are engaged in all phases of agricultural research, fostering developments and discoveries that affect the business of farming. No individual can keep up—any more than in science, medicine, or industry. So to the best US farmers, SUCCESSFUL FARMING is not merely another business publication, but also a pertinent and profitable management consultant.

SUCCESSFUL FARMING is not published for all or any farmers. It focuses on the volume producers of livestock and field crops. SF has only 1,300,000 subscribers but in 1956 they planted 58% of total US corn, 46% of the wheat, and in 1957 sold 62% of the hogs and pigs, 47% of cattle and calves.

The value of SF is in its thorough and detailed documentation, with illustration, of applications of new ideas, tools and techniques. Like the Harvard Business School, SF specializes in the case history.

The laboratory report may be helpful; but before you make a change, invest time, labor and money, you want some certainty of results. SF supplies this certainty, with actual instances from actual farms; and specific directions. Instruction manual and work guide, SF saves work, increases yields, lowers costs, increases profits—in dozens of ways every year for any subscriber.

Consequently SF enjoys a degree of influence that no general medium can match; and a fifty year record of service to farm families that results in extraordinary reception and response for its advertising.

The SUCCESSFUL FARMING audience is one of the world's best class markets. The estimated average cash farm income of the SF farm subscriber in 1957 was $10,870; represents an annual market of more than $11 billion!

These SF families have high buying power, and the same wants and desires of other prosperous families; constitute the brightest market picture in the U. S. today. And no other medium sells them so effectively and at such low cost.

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*Meredith of Des Moines . . . America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans.*

**$157.6 billion, free & clear!**
**In 1957 US farmers owned**
**$109.5 billion of real estate**
**$8.4 billion of crops**
**$18.7 billion of financial assets**
**$28.5 billion of livestock, machinery & vehicles**
**$12.0 billion of home furnishings & equipment**
**owed $19.5 billion mortgages, etc.,**
**were worth $157.6 billion, free & clear!**
**Successful Farming sells**
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**SF farm subscribers last year had**
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**Successful Farming**... Des Moines, New York, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis,
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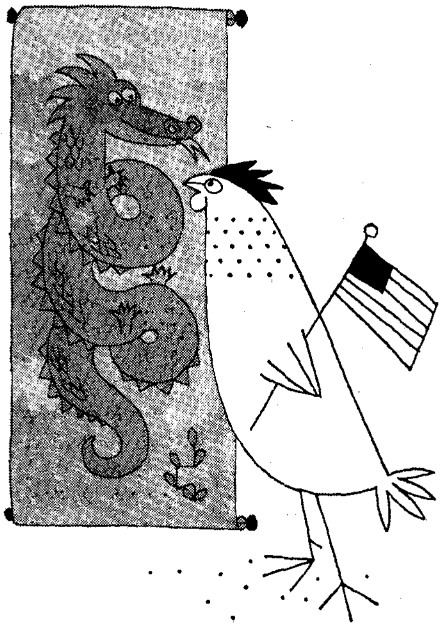

*East meets West in*

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Spread

WE HAVE effected a meeting of Oriental and Occidental minds.

The result: a spread so delicate, so tempting that lady guests mute their gabble as it passes.

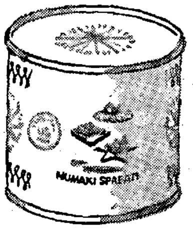
First, the livers of young chickens, impeccable in conduct, were mixed with herbs and spices.

To this aromatic spread we added water chestnuts, tiny trusting immigrants from the Orient.

These gave off a delicate flowery bouquet which, admixed with the chicken livers, forms the most tantalizing canapé on earth.

A single bite and stock brokers throw their homburgs aloft, crying: "Alas, this moment's happiness can never be duplicated! For this is living as few know it!"

**P. S.** *Should your department store or specialty shop not carry Gourmet Foods as yet, write us and complain. We'll tell you "where" by return post.*



GENERAL FOODS

GOURMET FOODS
White Plains, New York

of my own alma mater to read such a book. I tried to imagine the president of Cornell doing so, failed dismally, and gave up all thought of sending the book through the mails to anybody, friend or stranger.

It wouldn't have worked anyhow. The postal authorities would have tracked me down in jig time and hustled me off to Atlanta. I don't suppose there has been a guilt feeling as rampant as mine was during that brief "Perfumed Garden" crisis since Dr. Freud was an interne. Never have I seen my superego so refractory, before or since.

I continued to worry about Mrs. Hostetter. Had she seen the book? I had no way of knowing. She had not given us notice, and that was a favorable sign. The book still lay in the hatbox, underneath the derby; I checked on it frequently, and took comfort from the thought that, as far as I knew, Mrs. Hostetter was not a derby duster. I scanned her face anxiously, at breakfast, for signs that she was not amused, but her countenance was bland and told me nothing.

Then I got it. I would take "The Perfumed Garden" for a ride! A ride on the subway! I would sit in a corner of a car, and at some convenient stop I would slink out, leaving the hot potato behind. Why hadn't I thought of this before?

My elation did not last. The spectre of the law arose again, this time worse than ever. Now it was a lady dick who entered the picture—one of those policewomen assigned to ride the subways and arrest such shady characters as mashers, dips, and, no doubt, toters of indecent literature. I pictured the catastrophe: I am sidling out of the car. The lady dick is seated nearby. She notices I have left my book but suspects nothing, yet. She hails me courteously and is about to hand me "The Perfumed Garden" when the old hawkshaw intuition swells within her and she takes a look at it. Her courtesy vanishes, her manner freezes, a badge flashes, handcuffs encircle my wrists, and a steely voice says, "Young man, you are under arrest, and I warn you not to try to escape, for, though only a woman, I am an expert at judo." And then I see myself spending the next few years picking oakum at Dannemora. If you're going to whip up a guilt fantasy, you might as well make it a good one.

SHORTLY after I had abandoned the subway-ride idea, a youth from my home town, who was studying at

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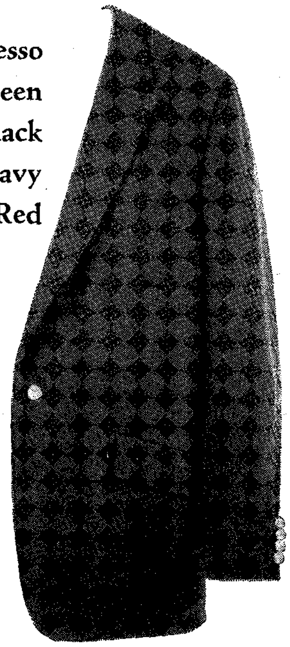

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Columbia, dropped in to see me. My roommate and I were having our afternoon raillery hour, with me and my "Perfumed Garden" as the object of the raillery, so it seemed in order to acquaint the young visitor with the imbroglio. With the enthusiasm of his years, the youth expressed a lively curiosity about the book. I dug it out of the hatbox, and when the tyke saw it his eyes popped and he exclaimed "Oh, boy!" A little later, he wondered hesitantly if he could borrow it.

"Borrow it!" I shouted. "You can *have* it!"

"Oh, boy!" he cried again, and, with the briefest of leave-takings, he hurried off to astonish the brothers at his fraternity house.

So "The Perfumed Garden" did get to Columbia, though not to Dr. Butler. And my career as a collector of erotica ended before it had much more than started. Once again I could look Mrs. Hostetter in the eye—or at least I felt that I could now start practicing *how* to look her in the eye.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

•

To: Chairman of the Board
President
Vice Presidents
Staff and Group Directors
Division General Managers
Persons Designated by the Above

SUBJECT: Vice President(s)—Group Executive(s)

Some difficulty has been experienced in referring to the echelon of management composed of Vice Presidents of the Company who have been assigned responsibility for groups of divisions. If such reference is desired, these executives should be referred to as "Vice President(s)—Group Executive(s)."

(SIGNED): KARL E. SCOTT, *Director*
ORGANIZATION PLANNING
OFFICE

—*Intra-company communication, Ford Motor Company.*

Next difficulty.

•

### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Charles Ventura in the Herald Tribune*]

Mrs. Bradley Sherman Dresser used her husband's head to win first prize during a recent costume ball at the Hotel McAllister's swank El Centro Club, in Miami. Hilda and the son of society's Mrs. Walter Hoving were a sensation when she strolled into a darkened room garbed as Salome, with Brad's head apparently resting on a tray. Mrs. Dresser accomplished this illusion by rolling her husband in on a room-service table with a black tablecloth around the bottom and his head on top. "You were so right," Mr. Dresser informed us after the party, "when you predicted I would lose my head over Hilda."

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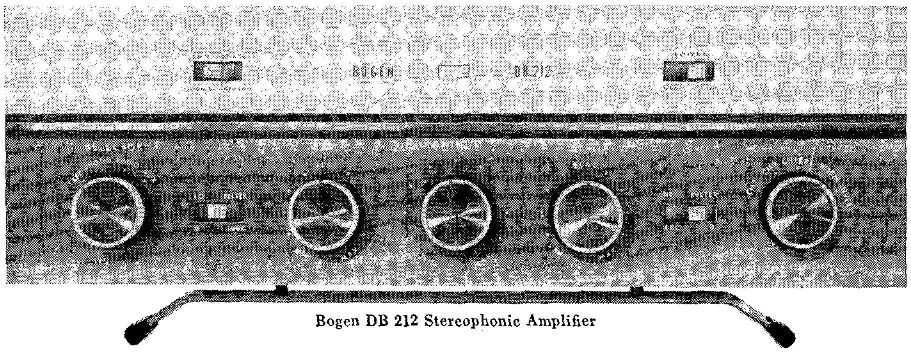

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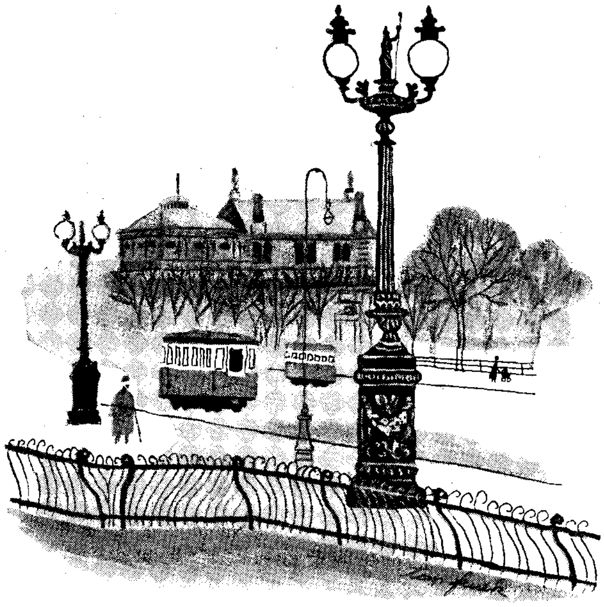
# LETTER FROM VIENNA



BACK in 1952, at a time when relations between the local representatives of the Big Four powers then occupying Austria were even more strained than usual, the Viennese paid little or no attention to the ominous growlings of their unbidden guests, for their interest was monopolized by the opening rounds of a lawsuit over a chocolate cake. Specifically, the *casus belli* was the celebrated Sacher *Torte*, and the court had been called upon to decide which of two parties had the legal right to advertise that it made the genuine cake of that name—the proprietors of the Hotel Sacher, whose first owner, Eduard Sacher, originated the recipe seventy years ago and whose widow subsequently gave it to a cooking school, or Demel's, the most famous of Vienna's fifteen hundred confectioners, which contended that it had bought the rights to the *Torte* from its creator's son, Eduard Sacher, Jr. The fight is still going on, having worn out several relays of lawyers and consumed more space in the Viennese press than a series of medium-sized international crises, and in the meantime the two litigants are making, for both domestic and foreign consumption, a confection they call Sacher *Torte*, although there is a readily discernible difference in the construction, if not the quality, of the two delicacies; Demel's applies a coating of apricot marmalade to the exterior of its *Torte* and tops this off with a glaze of bittersweet chocolate, while the Hotel Sacher conceals a layer of marmalade inside its *Torte*, which it presents with a plain, unfruited chocolate surface. Many Viennese have strong preferences in the matter, but even they cannot indefinitely sustain a mood of high excitement over the proprietary rights to a cake, and nowadays the subject of the widest public interest is the recent advent of something that for decades people in these parts have only dreamed of—prosperity.

At the time of that long since forgotten dispute among the occupying forces, I asked a Viennese friend how he and his fellow-townsmen could possibly be so bemused by a squabble over pastry while a political tug of war that might seriously affect their whole future was in progress. "That's easy," he replied. "The Russians and the Americans and the rest of them will all be gone someday, but the Sacher *Torte* is here forever." And now, looking about Vienna, I can see his point. The Russians and the Americans and the rest of them *are* all gone, and the Sacher *Torte* is definitely still here.

AS a matter of fact, wandering around Vienna these days, I do not have to notice the absence of foreign troops or hear someone at the next table order a Sacher *Torte* to be reminded of my friend's observation. Everywhere I go, the Viennese—by what they say and, just as significantly, what they don't say, and by what they buy and how they buy it—confirm the basically fatalistic viewpoint compressed into that flippant-sounding sentence. The viewpoint is, of course, a fairly common one in several sections of the globe today, so it is not surprising to find it prevalent in this capital of a nation that, within the memory of many of its present citizens, has come a long way down in the world—from a proud imperial power, with a population of sixty-five million spread out over more than a quarter of a million square miles, to a minor-league republic, with a population of only seven million occupying a scant thirty-two thousand square miles, many of them good for little but skiing. A while ago, I walked past the Auersperg Palace with a Viennese, and he remarked that Hugo von Hofmannsthal had used it as the setting for the first act of "Der Rosenkavalier." My companion did not also remark that only three years ago the building was the headquarters of the provost marshals of the Big Four, and that in times of intra-occupational stress jeeps manned by military police of the four nations would converge on the palace. This part of the city's past is ignored—willfully, it often seems—by its people, and I have heard more than one perceptive Viennese say that they do their best to put it out of their minds because it suggests the possibility of worse things to come. "Frankly, all of us here are sure that something terrible is going to happen almost any day, and we Austrians realize that when, or if, it does, there will be absolutely nothing we can do about it," a prosperous lawyer told me at a party the other evening. "Since it is clear that world affairs are now out of our hands entirely, we deliberately try not to think about them. Instead, we concern ourselves with strictly local issues, a field in which we can conceivably exert some influence."

On the whole, it would seem, this attitude, born of resignation, has worked out very well, notably by helping to keep the Austrians on an even keel. While neutralism has been growing stronger in Italy and France, while fear of atomic annihilation has led to street demonstrations in West Germany and England, and while anti-Americanism has been spreading over Europe like a plague, Austria—on the eastern periphery of the free world and within gunshot of satellite border patrols—has up to now, at least, been a haven of calm sanity. Officially and collectively, the Austrians are neutral, but privately and individually they appear to be strongly pro-Western in their sympathies, showing no more fondness for Soviet Communism than one might expect to find among the members of a Rotary Club in Iowa; the thought of nuclear destruction does not rouse them to a hysterical antagonism, and they do not publicly revile the United States for inconsiderately undergoing a recession. Yet in dark moments, when even they must contemplate the outlook for the world beyond their borders, they can scarcely avoid recognizing the likelihood of their being among the first victims of any future catastrophe, and if they could, it would certainly be called to their attention by their hostile neighbors, for Czech and Hungarian agents, reminiscent of "The Third Man," are

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continually slipping into Vienna on spying or kidnapping missions.

The determination of the Viennese not to be driven to despair or panic by events beyond their control is reflected in the abandon with which they are currently resorting to installment buying, and thereby acquiring more creature comforts than most of them have ever known before. It is all part of the trend toward better times—toward a boom, in fact, and one that has its puzzling aspects, since the wage scale in Austria is lower than that of any other country in Western Europe except Spain. Seventy dollars a month is about average for unskilled labor, and a married man with an annual income of five thousand dollars is considered so well off that he must hand over a quarter of it to the income-tax collector. A bachelor might have to pay as much as half. Still, a boom it appears to be, and it would probably have been better publicized by this time if it had not been overshadowed by the much flashier one in West Germany. As things stand, so little has been heard of it outside Austria that foreigners revisiting Vienna for the first time in a couple of years are almost invariably astonished by the changed complexion of the city. The physical manifestations of prosperity (freshly painted houses, new factories and gasoline stations, and streets full of new cars and buses) are startling enough, but those who know the Viennese well are even more amazed to discover that *Raunzen*, or complaining, which always used to be the communal pastime, has disappeared in the face of a widespread conviction—possibly no more than skin-deep, but still a conviction—that everything is just fine as far as Austria is concerned. A travelling man who arrived in the city the other day told me that when he had last been in Vienna, in 1956, the taxis were just as he had always known them—decrepit but plentiful, and with few takers. "Well," he went on dramatically, as if I had not lately had many similar experiences, "this morning I waited for ten minutes before I could find an empty cab. And when I did get one, it turned out to be a brand-new Mercedes 180 diesel. What's going on here, anyway?"

It is easy enough to see what's going on here, even if the hows and whys are less apparent. For example, Viennese women, on the whole, are better dressed than they were only a short while ago; in fact, they are almost stylish, and I have been told more than once by ladies who are shrewd judges of such matters that the clothes in the better-known

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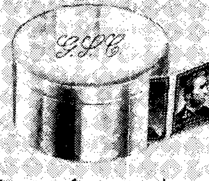

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The Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society has devoted untold time and thought to their boon companion—the Dry Martini. They have eschewed the farcical 10-to-1 martini in favor of a more plausible 3-to-1 model. And praise be, the society has appointed Cresta Blanca Triple-Dry White Vermouth as *the* vermouth. The more literate members say Cresta Blanca has captured a divine alchemy of herbs and wines that made the society's choice absurdly simple. Hurry to your dealer's—there's so little time!

And if you'd like to up yourself philosophically, by all means apply for the society's visa to the mental state we mentioned above. But don't write to Cresta Blanca. If you wish to apply for a non-resident membership in LMSOOS, send for your application directly to: Messrs. Vogel, Nyeland, Cox and Collard, Tasting Committee, Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society, 127 Montgomery St., San Francisco 4, California. We hope you get in!

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local shops are comparable to any offered elsewhere in Western Europe. Hotel concierges, who used to be able to get their guests in anywhere at a price—and not a very high one, at that—now sadly confess that it is simply impossible to pick up a couple of tickets to the opera on a few hours' notice. If buying continues at the current rate, there will soon be two hundred thousand automobiles in Vienna alone—a prospect that some people here regard without enthusiasm, not only because traffic conditions are already chaotic but because as a rule Austrian motorists are a speed-crazy and not notably skillful lot, with the result that the nation's accident rate is as disproportionately high as its wage scale is low.

Austria has entered the automobile market, making a small car of its own, the Steyr-Puch 500, which, priced at less than a thousand dollars, is such a temptation that many young married couples decide to acquire one now and a baby later. While the rich Swiss are only just beginning to build their first superhighway (and anybody who has ever tried to navigate their country's narrow, twisting roads will fervently agree that they need one), the Austrians, who even in their old state of chronic poverty built roads that are still superior to those of their western neighbors, are hard at work on a hundred-and-ninety-mile superhighway that will link Salzburg with Vienna and feed into Germany's network of Autobahns. The first section, from Salzburg to Mondsee, was opened in April, and a third of the project is expected to be completed by the end of this year; barring hitches, the whole stretch will be finished late in 1961, enabling Austrians to drive, or rocket, all the way from the French-German border to Vienna without a single crossroad to risk their necks at, or even a single traffic light to zip through at the last moment.

Government statistics tell the same story. Austria's budget is balanced. The National Bank's reserves are greater than they have ever been before. The Austrian schilling (valued at about four cents) is hard currency. Industrial production is more than twice what it was in 1938, while the national gross product rose from eighty-six and a half billion schillings in 1954 (the year before the signing of the State Treaty ending the Occupation) to something over a hundred and twenty-one billion schillings last year. There is some unemployment, but it is almost exclusively among elderly white-collar people and

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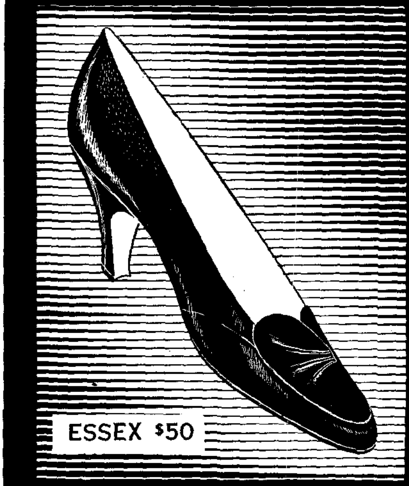

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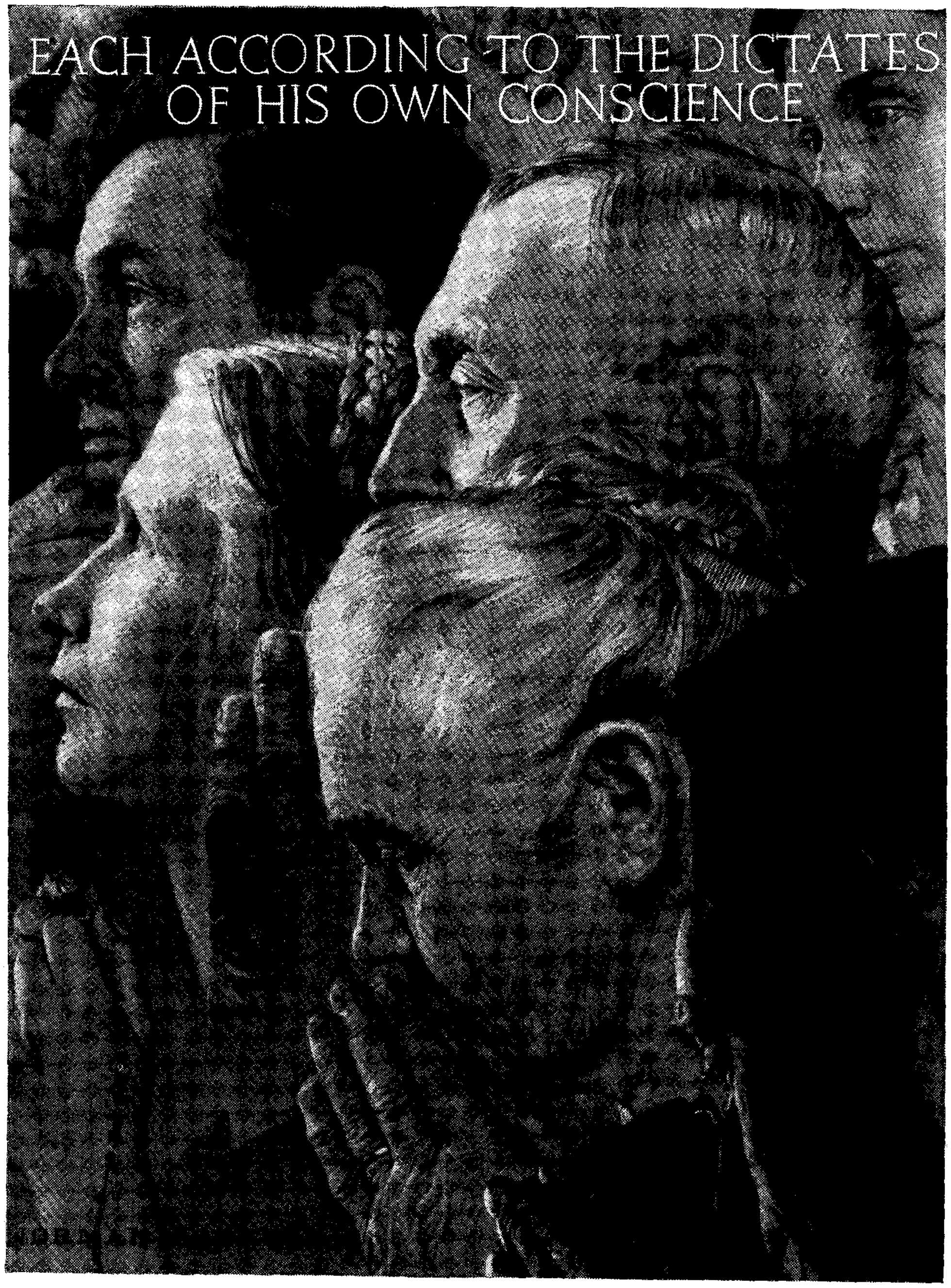
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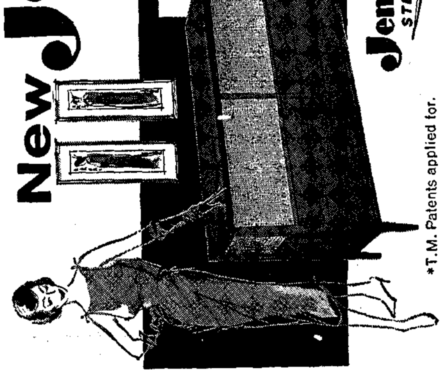

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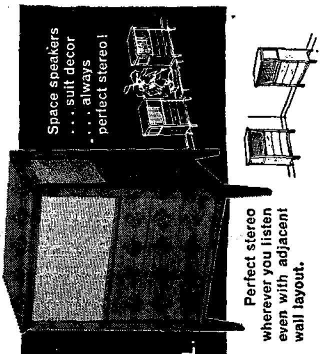

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seasonal workers, and constitutes no great problem, even though the economy was called upon to absorb ten thousand refugees from Hungary less than two years ago. Business failures are rare, and strikes almost unknown.

Obviously, then, the old saying that Austria's situation is desperate but not serious is out of date. Obviously, too, the wave of installment buying cannot alone account for the boom. As for the other forces behind it, there are people who profess not to have been in the least surprised by the resurgence of prosperity in this nation after so many years. According to these seers, Austria has long been one of the best-publicized "poor" countries in Europe when actually, in a sense, it is not poor at all, and hasn't been for some time. True, the presence of the Russians cost Austria almost a billion and a half dollars in plundered property, lost revenues and taxes, and so on, but that's just about the amount of money that the United States has pumped into Austria in postwar foreign aid, so the Occupation worked out even-Stephen, financially speaking. Admittedly, this line of reasoning continues, the nation wasn't what one would call wealthy before the war, but, ironically, the Nazis did a lot while they were in charge, between 1938 and 1945, that has since helped to improve Austria's economic standing; when *they* left, they were in no position to take anything with them, and certainly not the industrial facilities they had installed here—fertilizer and aluminum factories, and the gigantic V.O.E.S.T., the United Austrian Iron and Steel Works. Thanks to the Nazis' inadvertent philanthropy, plus the meagre wages on which most of the population manages to subsist, Austria is now frequently able to undersell its competitors in the world steel market. The days are past when Austria was reputed to export nothing but waltz and schmaltz.

In fact, waltz and schmaltz are two commodities that Austria would be foolish to export even if it could, since they command top prices on the domestic market—when offered to visiting foreigners, that is. Here, it seems evident, is a business that is one of the big factors behind the boom. Tourists spent a hundred and fifty million dollars in Austria last year, compared to eighty-four million in 1955—an increase of almost eighty per cent in two years. Nowadays, Kitzbühel, Zürs, and St. Anton am Arlberg are sold out all winter, Bad Gastein, Innsbruck, and Velden am Wörthersee all summer, and

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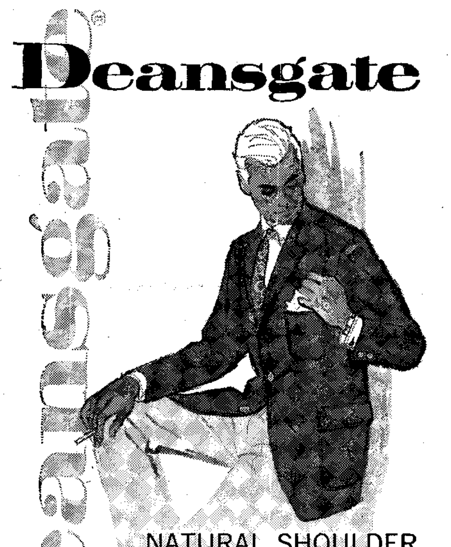

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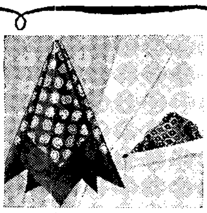

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Salzburg and Vienna all year round. Worried managers of nearby tourist agencies in Italy, Germany, and Switzerland have been prowling around Austria lately, trying to find out what it's got that they haven't. What it's got—and what they have little hope of reproducing back home—is a very special blend of beautiful countryside, old cities, and picturesque villages; good music and theatres; slightly lower prices than its envious neighbors; and, above all, a *genius loci* that keeps a wide variety of visitors in a state of enchantment, giving everybody the feeling that he is getting something for his money. I know of no people who can match the Austrians at the art of converting charm into cash and atmosphere into traveller's checks. Usually they have plenty of both to convert, but sometimes the charm and atmosphere are spread so thin that the Austrian ability to work this alchemy approaches the miraculous. I've seen skeptical American businessmen and their bored-looking wives melt after half an hour in a second-rate Viennese *Stüberl*—a plain, wood-panelled room with uncomfortable wooden benches, checked tablecloths, dim bulbs in wrought-iron lamps, mediocre food, and poor wines. But there was zither music, the waitress kept smiling, the air was pungent with the odor of goulash, and the whole mood of the place was clearly so different from what the visitors were accustomed to that they succumbed—and, what's more, as likely as not, returned the next night.

IN its aesthetic life, Vienna is, of course, essentially a music-minded city—the most music-minded city in the world. Strangely, this is not a consequence of the quantity or quality of the music that is to be heard here, since more and better music is available in other cities. It is simply that there is hardly a Viennese, even among those who never go near a concert or an opera, who is not stimulated intellectually and emotionally by the very thought of music. Indeed, music amounts to such an obsession that it has seemed to drain the natives of their ability to appreciate the other arts, and as a result the Bruegels, Dürers, Rubenses, and Rembrandts in the local Kunsthistorisches Museum are probably seen by more foreigners than Viennese each year. There was good cause for wonder, therefore, at the magnetic effect of a recent van Gogh exhibit here, when no fewer than a hundred and forty thousand men, women, and children, most of them Austrians, turned

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up to look at a hundred and twelve of the Master's paintings and drawings, including his famous "Souvenir de Mauve," "Les Alpilles," "La Vigne Verte," and "Les Alyscamps," assembled from the collections of the Rijksmuseum Kröller-Müller, in Otterlo, the Netherlands; the Bavarian State Gallery, in Munich; and Vienna's own Albertina and Kunsthistorisches Museums. To be sure, van Gogh shows have drawn record crowds everywhere—a hundred and fifty thousand in London, for example, and ten thousand more than that in Stockholm—but this was the first time that Austrians in large numbers had displayed anything like such interest in *les beaux-arts*. I queued up one afternoon to see the show, which was held in the baroque Upper Belvedere, originally a part of the summer palace of Prince Eugene and now a picture gallery. (It was from here that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand set out for Sarajevo one summer day in 1914, on one of the most unfortunate journeys of all time.) As I waited my turn to enter the crowded building, chartered buses kept arriving and disgorging troops of out-of-towners—peasants from Salzburg, Tyrolian mountaineers, boys and girls from the Burgenland, and villagers from Lower Austria—all eager to get their first glimpse of a real van Gogh.

Among the people attending the exhibit that afternoon was Oskar Helmer, Austria's Minister of the Interior, a husky septuagenarian, whom I recalled seeing at the Belvedere before—on the morning of May 15, 1955, when Foreign Minister Figl sat down in its Hall of Marble with the Messrs. Dulles, Macmillan, Molotov, and Pinay to sign the State Treaty. The recollection prompted me to reflect that while Austrian editors had been printing all sorts of feature stories about the van Gogh show—and voicing (prematurely, I fear) hopes that Vienna would soon become a paradise for painters, a Paris-on-the-Danube, so to speak—I had not read a single reminder that the building in which the pictures were hung was the scene, only three years earlier, of one of the most important events in the nation's history. The failure to mention this could have been merely an oversight, of course, but I suspected that it was far likelier to be just one more indication of how earnestly the Viennese are trying to forget about the events of the decade that came to an end with that meeting in the Hall of Marble.

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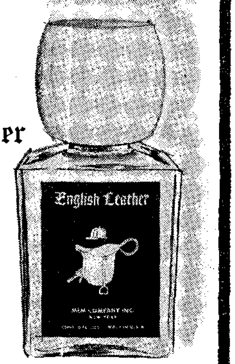

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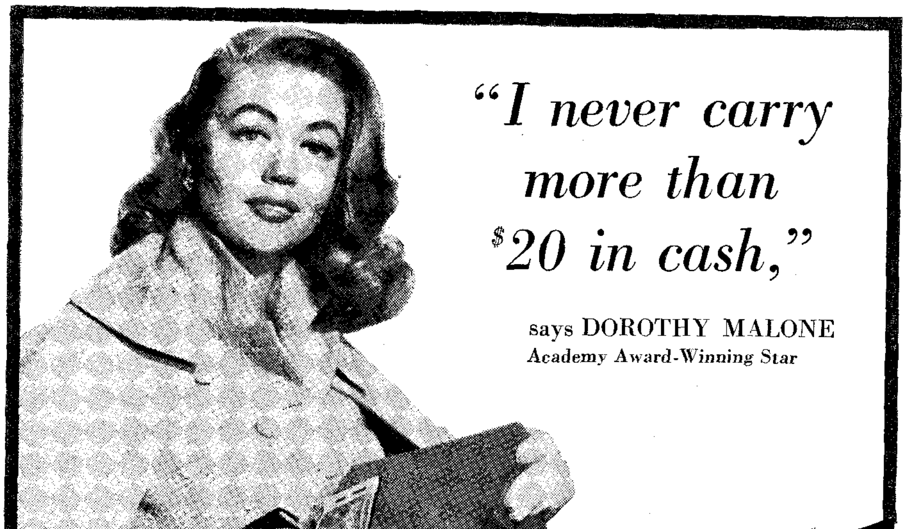
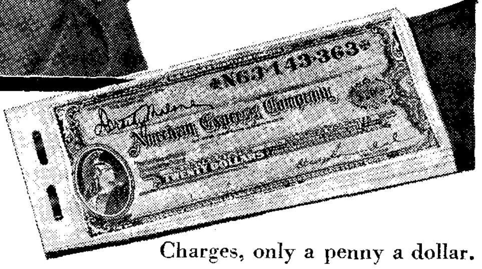
Austrians would rather not talk about is Hungary, although in this case, I think, it is a matter not of trying to forget but of emotions so profound that the events responsible for them cannot be discussed in ordinary conversation. For a while after the Occupation ended, there was hopeful talk here of an amicable coexistence with both East and West, in which Vienna might become a sort of Athens of political enlightenment. Then came the appalling disillusionment of the Hungarian massacre, and deep tragedy, as well, for the many Viennese with close friends and family ties in Budapest. The border is only half an hour's drive from Vienna, and a lot of people from here went down to help with the throngs of refugees; quite a few Hungarians who took part in the uprising have since said that it meant a great deal to them to know that a friendly people and their friendly city were so near. Sad though the outcome of the fighting was, the challenge to the courage and resourcefulness of the Viennese, and of Austrians generally, posed by the task of rescuing and rehabilitating refugees did much to restore the national self-respect after years of helplessness and bewilderment. The Austrians paid no attention to threats of retaliation emanating from Moscow and Budapest as, with quiet determination, they went about keeping the escape routes open. "It meant a lot to us Austrians," a Viennese—more outspoken than most in discussing the matter with me, perhaps because he and I are friends of long standing—told me the other day. "The State Treaty gave Austria back its freedom and physical integrity. The Hungarian revolt gave us back our national soul—lost since 1918. We were once again proud and happy to be Austrians—an exhilarating feeling. It made us glad to face danger and endure privation in order to help our neighbors."

This music-minded city has appropriately become the headquarters of one of the few beneficial products of the Hungarian disaster—the Philharmonica Hungarica, the only symphony orchestra on earth that had its beginnings in a bloody fight for freedom. The organization is made up entirely of Hungarians who were members of their country's foremost orchestras before they fled to Austria, some of them carrying their instruments above their heads as they floundered through swamps and waded across canals. Now and then, during the first trying weeks after their escape, while they huddled in overcrowded camps until the Austrians

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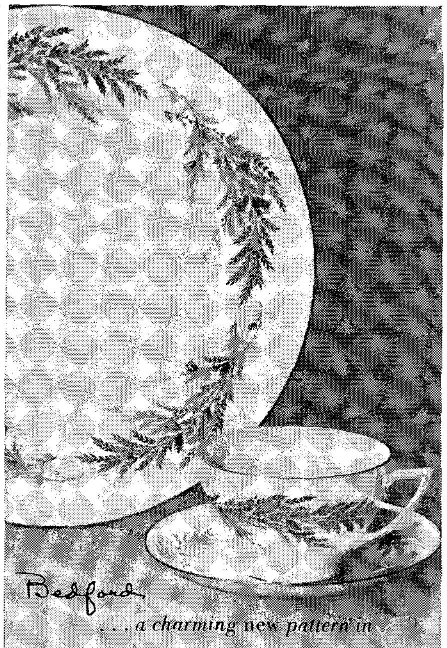
could find better accommodations for them and their fellow-refugees, one or another would while away the time by playing his violin or flute. After listening to a few such renditions, thirty-year-old Zoltan Rozsnyai, a refugee musician himself—though, being a conductor and master pianist, he had necessarily arrived in Austria empty-handed—conceived the idea of organizing an orchestra as a means of providing work for numbers of gifted performers. His colleagues were enthusiastic about the plan, and soon Rozsnyai rounded up a full-size orchestra and became its first conductor. As word of the new enterprise got around, sympathetic Viennese contributed instruments for those musicians who had been forced to leave theirs behind; others donated music scores and stands, as well as dark suits to make the orchestra presentable to paying concertgoers. In return for free concerts, Rozsnyai got permission to use a hotel in Baden—a spa near Vienna—during the off season, and there he and his men settled down to rehearsing ten hours a day. Later, the International Rescue Committee, among others, provided the musicians with food and shelter, and in some cases instruments, and presently the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, through the Congress for Cultural Freedom, were largely subsidizing the undertaking.

The Philharmonica Hungarica's first concert, given in Vienna in May of last year, was a generally acknowledged success; even this city's notoriously tough critics praised its beautiful string tone and its vibrant sense of rhythm. While the musicians played compositions by Bartók and Kodály—as only men who have just found themselves homeless can play the music of their homeland—many members of the audience wept. Since then, the orchestra, made up of seventy-two musicians, and with Antal Dorati, the Hungarian-born American conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, assisting Rozsnyai as the company's artistic director, has given concerts all over Western Europe. It had a busy summer this year, playing, with Menuhin and Szigeti as soloists, at big musical jamborees in Vienna, Epinal, Metz, Passau, Perugia, and Venice. Among its guest conductors were Volkmar Andreae, the retired director of the Conservatoire in Zurich, and Werner Egk, the eminent German composer. But the future of the orchestra is in doubt; its present grants are just about exhausted, and neither Foundation has decided whether to continue them. Several of the mu-



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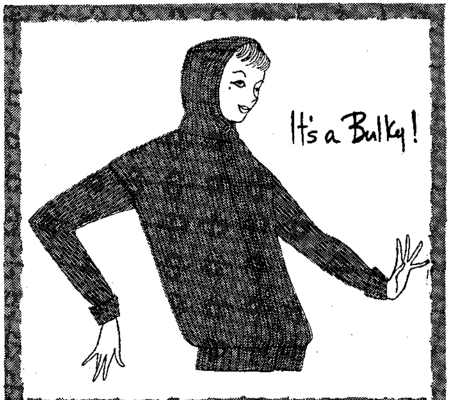

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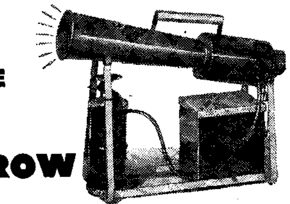

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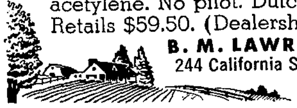

sicians—heads of families, for the most part, who feel an urgent need for greater security—are having a hard time resisting invitations to become permanently associated with well-known orchestras in other parts of the world. One member of the group has expressed the opinion that around twelve thousand dollars a month for the next two years will be needed "to get us over the hump and make it possible for us to establish ourselves as a major symphony orchestra." It may be that national pride alone will serve to hold the Philharmonica Hungarica together until it achieves that goal, but the desire of a father to see his children well fed exerts a strong pull, too.

SOME students of government here believe that the current prosperity in Austria represents a direct threat to the continued existence of the nation's postwar political system, which, as all Austrians are well aware, is unlike that of any other nation in the world. A weird amalgam of alliances and rivalries, it came into being shortly after V-E Day, merely as a temporary expedient, and has been tightening its grip on the country ever since. Four political parties were, and still are, represented in Austria's Nationalrat, or Parliament: the conservative People's Party; the liberal Socialists; the Freedom Party, which professes to be independent but has neo-Nazi leanings; and the Communists. Of these, only the People's Party and the Socialists have ever amounted to anything, traditionally holding, between them, about seven-eighths of the parliamentary seats. When the war in Europe ended and Austria was occupied by the Four Powers, these two parties abandoned their customary squabbling and joined forces in an effort to give their dismembered country a semblance of unity. The result was a coalition government of statesmanlike inspiration, in which prominent Socialists who had been political prisoners during the thirties worked for the common good with the conservatives who had sent them to jail; old antagonisms were all but forgotten, for in a number of cases both jailbirds and jailers had meanwhile had ample time to talk over their differences in Nazi or Soviet concentration camps.

But it was a coalition government that never really coalesced. Instead, it proved to be a patchwork of typically Austrian compromises. The Blacks and the Reds, as the representatives of the People's Party and of the Socialists are respectively known, proceeded to divvy

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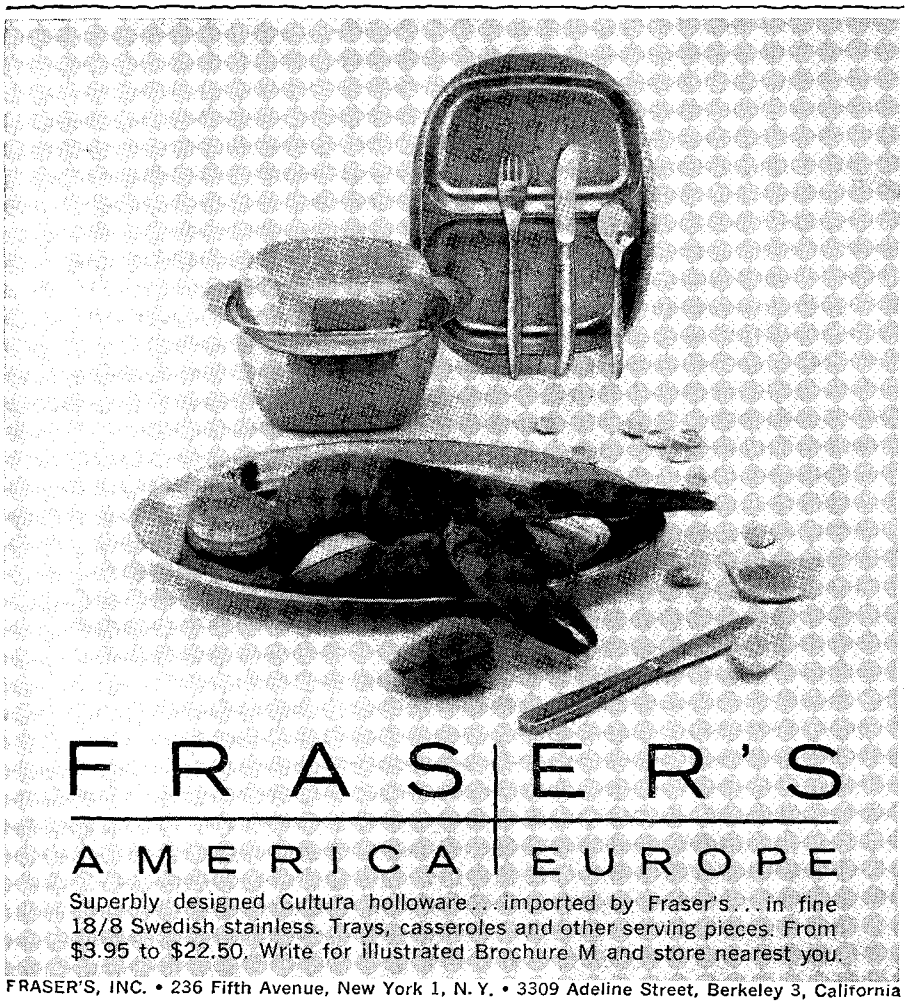

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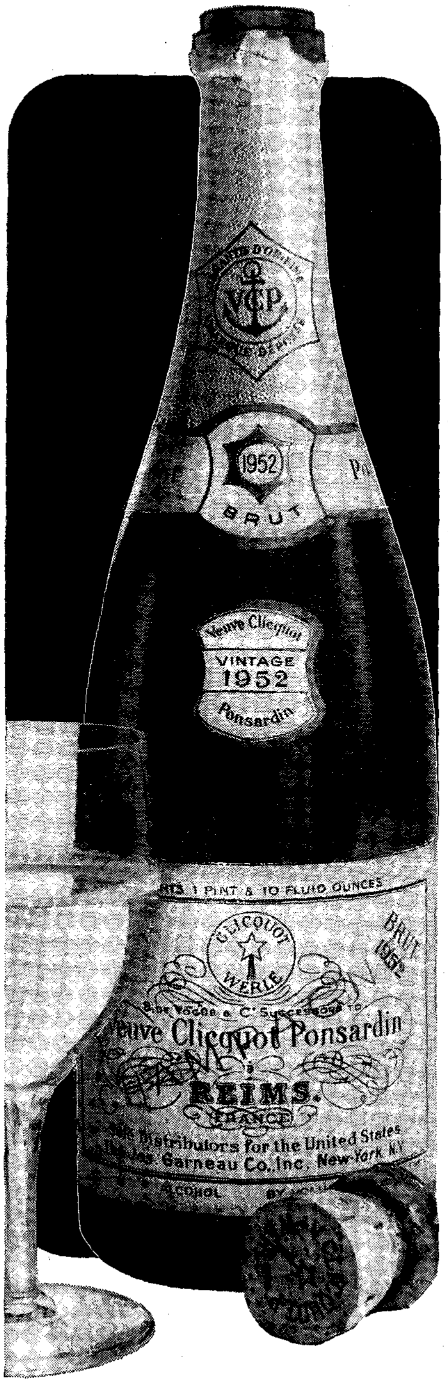

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up power and patronage on a roughly fifty-fifty basis, according to a proportional system that has been nicknamed *Proporz*, and to resolve their controversies like horse traders, grudgingly giving ground when they had to and triumphantly seizing it when they could. The supposedly bipartisan regime has survived four general elections and innumerable internal crises, and *Proporz*, its monstrous offspring, has come to have a formidable influence on the daily life of every Austrian. *Proporz* starts right at the top of the heap—the nation's President is a Red and its Chancellor is a Black—and reaches all the way down through the overblown bureaucracy to the lowest municipal menial. Of the important Ministries, the Blacks are by custom awarded those of Foreign Affairs, Finance, Trade, and Education, and the Reds those of Social Welfare, Interior, Justice, and Communications and Power—an orderly setup that is then nicely scrambled by installing Red deputies in the offices of the Black Ministers, and vice versa, to make sure that each side is aware of what the other is up to.

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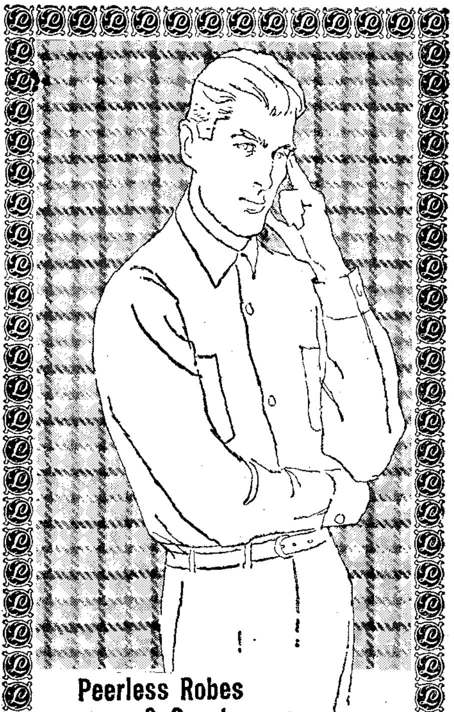

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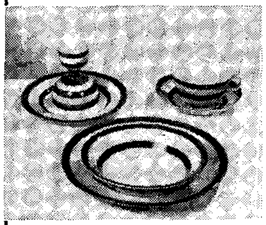

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fications, too. For example, a businessman hoping to get a foothold somewhere in the conservative western provinces of Tyrol or Vorarlberg might just as well give up before he starts unless he has a staunchly Black background. Red street-cleaners find themselves similarly out of luck in the Tyrolian city of Innsbruck, but Black aspirants to careers in either of those fields had better apply elsewhere than to the Red municipal government of Vienna.

The people who have won at playing this *rouge-et-noir* system of political roulette contend that, whatever its faults, the so-called coalition that supports it—and is supported by it—has successfully steered Austria through a precarious period, avoiding domestic bickering such as West Germany and England have engaged in, and more serious internal dissensions, of the kind that have plagued France and Italy. These apologists also point out that the public has endorsed the status quo by voting overwhelmingly in favor of one or the other of the two big parties responsible for it. "Modern party-state democracy in Austria is a reality, and anyone who suggests that the nation is being run by a two-party dictatorship is talking nonsense, because every four years the people have an opportunity to elect the party they want to represent them," Felix Hurdes, chairman of the Nationalrat, declared not long ago. This, say the critics of *Proporz*, is true as far as it goes, but it ignores one important fact; namely, that the people cannot vote for individual candidates but must cast their ballots for an entire party slate. In these circumstances, a citizen who wants to register a protest against the way the Blacks and the Reds are handling things has the alternative of voting for the Nazi-like Freedom Party or for the Communists, neither of which may be precisely the agent of reform he is looking for. Moreover, critics of the system complain, since there is no opposition group of any consequence in the Austrian Parliament, the legislature is free to spend all its time promoting the good of the two major parties at the expense of the good of the country as a whole. It is rumored that several cases of corruption in public office have been hushed up by tacit agreement between the Blacks and the Reds.

There are few independent newspapers in Austria today. A notable exception, *Wiener Kurier*, was published by the American Occupation forces; it printed straight news in preference to *Proporz* handouts, and had the largest

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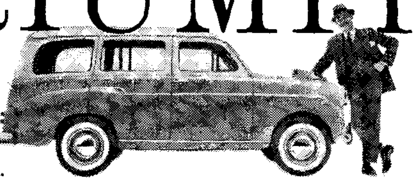

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IS IT TAIN'T?

by
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*(Old Fitzgerald)*
**Distillery**
Louisville, Kentucky
*Established 1849*

On baking day, so goes the story, the old southern mammy baked two kinds of pie,—mince and apple.

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circulation in Austria, notwithstanding its candid publication of certain State Department views that many readers took exception to. The American *Kurier* ceased publication in 1955, when the Army pulled out, and since then none of the remaining papers has strengthened its position enough to be able to afford independence. Practically all of them are either owned or influenced in more subtle ways by a political party, or parties; one is beholden to both the major parties *and* to the Communists, and if its harried editor lives long enough, he may well achieve fame as the most nimble journalistic acrobat in history.

The particular reef on which *Proporz* is expected to founder in the present gale of prosperity seems to be the issue of whether socialization, which was fairly extensive just after the war, has gone too far. The Blacks want to return some sections of the economy to a limited form of capitalist ownership, by selling shares in nationalized industries to the public, and the Reds are for leaving things as they are. About a third of the country's industry is privately owned. Of the remainder, some concerns are organized like private businesses but are in fact controlled by the country's two nationalized banks; others, all of them basic industries, operate under the supervision of a government holding company; and still others, like the railroads and power plants, are state-owned. The prophets who see trouble ahead for *Proporz* believe that the two parties responsible for the system are likely to break apart and resume their original, mutually antagonistic identities over fundamental issues of this kind.

WHILE Vienna was not as hard hit by Allied bombers as many German cities were, it suffered substantial damage. Nearly all of it has now been repaired. Architects may differ among themselves on the matter, but the consensus of laymen I have talked with is that by and large the people who took on the local job of restoration have turned in a pretty creditable performance. Unlike their counterparts in West Germany, who, faced with the problem of restoring such once beautiful old cities as Cologne, Kassel, and Frankfurt, proceeded to ruin them entirely by putting up nondescript, boxlike structures that bear no relation to their surroundings, the Viennese designers have in most instances achieved what many consider a fine synthesis of the baroque tradition and modern architectural thought. This was perhaps to be expected in contemporary Vienna, where everything seems

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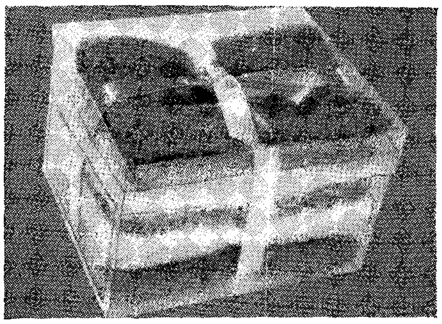

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to be synthesis—of Black and Red, of East and West, of classicism and modernism, of baroque and Bauhaus. The rebuilt Burgtheater and State Opera House have been widely acclaimed, in the three years since their completion, as splendid examples of the architectural reconciliation of the new and the old in large public auditoriums. As for less specialized types of reconstruction, somehow the straight, modern lines of the all-new buildings put up to fill gaps caused by the bombs don't seem to clash with the masses of baroque and Renaissance grandeur on either side of them. This happy mingling of the past and present may best be seen, perhaps, in the historic First District, girdled by the *via triumphalis* of Franz Josef's empire, the Ringstrasse, where large, up-to-date structures have taken their place unobtrusively between palaces that proudly wear the patina of centuries.

Among the new buildings in the First District are two hotels, and there are other postwar hotels elsewhere in the city; nevertheless, visitors who neglect to book in advance are often hard put to it to find a place to stay. One might therefore have expected the Viennese to be delighted when the Conrad Hilton organization announced a while ago that it was planning to build one of its colossi here—and maybe some of them were, but the chances are that Mr. Hilton doesn't think so. The site his agents selected was an unoccupied piece of land between the Stadtpark and the Konzerthaus, just five minutes' walk from Austria's No. 1 tourist attraction, the State Opera. The first sign of trouble came when some Viennese newspapers, noting the proximity of the proposed hotel to the Beethoven Monument, just across the way in the Beethovenplatz, remarked acidly that the former would no doubt use the latter extensively in its promotional literature. But whether the Hilton people were guilty of even considering such sacrilege will probably never be known, because they are not going to build there—not as long as the present membership of the Vienna Skating Club has anything to say about it. The site is owned by the club, is transformed in winter into the city's biggest skating rink (a number of world-famous skaters got their start there), and, as the hotel men soon discovered, is emphatically not for sale. The Hilton agents offered to buy the club another ice-skating site, in the suburbs, and even to pay an indemnity for any loss in membership that the move might entail; the members held a special meeting

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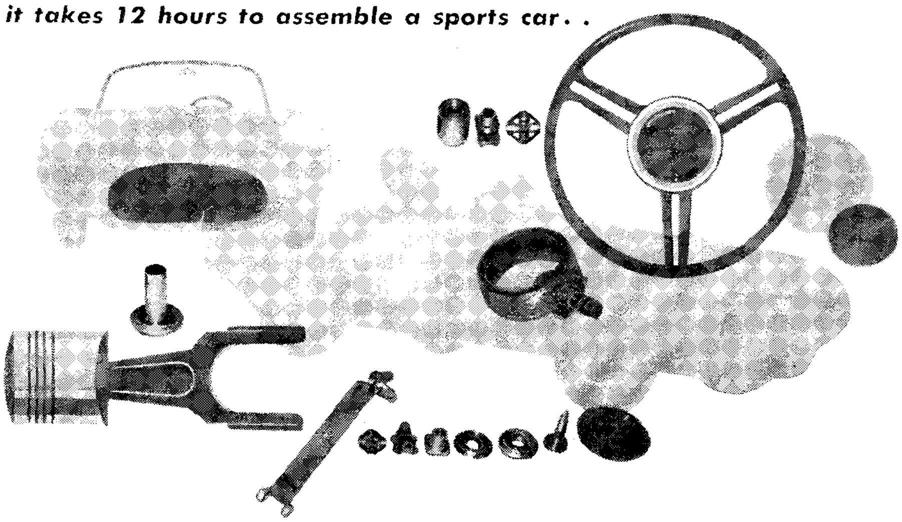

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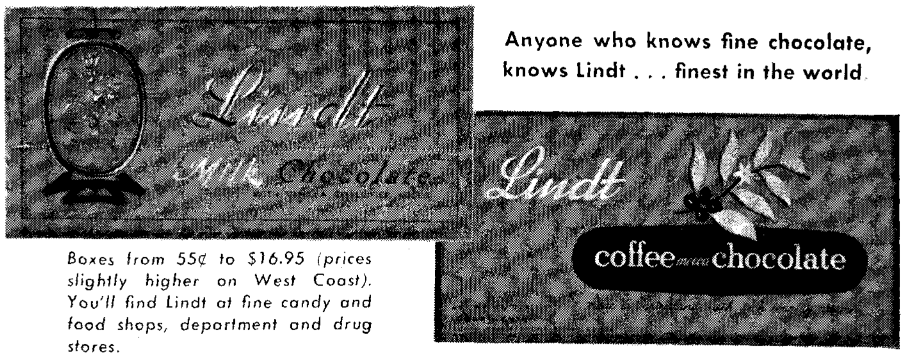

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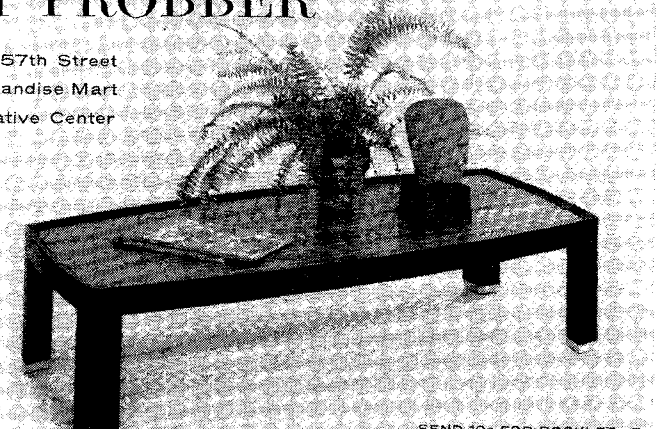

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to vote on the proposition, and, by a large majority, turned it down flat.

At the end of the war, five of the town's better-known hotels were requisitioned by the occupying powers; these have now been returned to their owners and are again accepting paying guests. Or, more accurately, four and a half are, unless the International Atomic Energy Agency can be called a guest, for the western section of one of them—the Grand, which the Russians used as a billet—has been converted into an office building to serve as a headquarters for the Agency. The remaining four are the Imperial, which was formerly the Soviet military headquarters and, before that, Hitler's choice of hotels on his trips to Vienna (the Imperial is once again its ornamental prewar self, silk tapestries, crystal chandeliers, and all); the Bristol, which the Americans used during the Occupation, and which has just had its face lifted; the Hôtel de France, which was taken over by the French occupiers; and the Sacher, which was in British hands.

SO the old landmarks, or most of them, are pretty much back to normal. The Hotel Sacher is busy making its Sacher *Torten* in endlessly disputed competition with the ones put out by Demel's—another old landmark but one that has scarcely changed since it was established. In the *Torte* controversy, a verdict in favor of Demel's has already been brought in by several prominent members of the confectioners' guild, who not long ago publicly assured the proprietors of the confectionery that "the populace is one hundred per cent behind you," but whatever the ultimate finding of the court may be—and the end of the legal wrangle is not yet in sight—the Viennese will go on enjoying Sacher *Torte* in one version or the other. And even if the judges reverse the decision of the confectioners, Demel's, too, will doubtless carry on with little change—at least for a while.

I wish that, like the Sacher *Torte*, Demel's showed promise of being here forever, but I'm afraid that is too much to hope for. Decorous and sedate sanctums dedicated to the traditions and manners of a past era are growing fewer and fewer, and Demel's is perhaps typical of those that do remain. Founded a decade after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, it has always been a one-family enterprise, and is currently owned and operated by Minna Demel, a direct descendant of the original owner, and by her niece, Clara von Berzeviczy. The history of the

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establishment—recorded in its file of menus and its lists of patrons through the years—is the poignant history of an empire. Generations of its pastry cooks appropriated the best of the pâtisserie indigenous to Austria's former subservient hinterland—*Streuselkuchen* from Bohemia, *Potizen* from Serbia, *Aranygaluska* from Hungary, *pizza* from Trieste—and also reached out beyond the imperial borders to add French *brioches* and German *Baumkuchen* to their repertoire. Guests at Metternich's state dinners during the Congress of Vienna managed to swallow agglomerations of overpowering saccharinity made to order by Demel's—things like marzipan ships filled with a gooey nougat mixture. Princess Metternich received her friends at Demel's, and Franz Josef's Empress, Elizabeth, heedless of the royal chefs' feelings, frequently had her desserts sent over from the nearby confectionery to the Hofburg. After the Second World War, two latter-day tenants of the Hofburg—the Socialist Presidents Karl Renner and Theodor Körner—liked to drop in at Demel's. They usually ordered coffee and *Krapfen*, a kind of holeless doughnut.

As much a symbol of Vienna as St. Stephen's Cathedral, Demel's stands on the Kohlmarkt, its elegantly simple façade bearing the gilded inscription "CH. DEMEL'S SÖHNE, ZUCKERBÄCKEREI." Inside, the floors are tiled and the tables marble-topped, the décor is rococo and the atmosphere Victorian. No low lights here, no banquettes, no charming smile from a welcoming hostess—not even any *Gemütlichkeit*. The waitresses wear black cotton stockings and use the Maria-Theresian third-person plural in inquiring what a customer wishes. You will not be addressed by your name after your second visit to Demel's, or after your third or fourth, either, but when nine or ten years have gone by, a few members of the staff may indicate that they recognize you. Nowadays, though, if the delicacies culled from the far reaches of the old empire should strike you as a bit too exotic, one of the girls in the black cotton stockings will bring you a fresh-fruit salad, American style.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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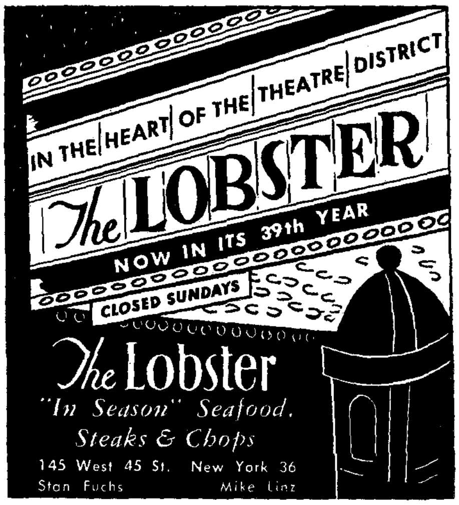

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*by* AMY VANDERBILT

Author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* and United Features Syndicate column on etiquette.

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## *Fine Fiends*

As the Devil and the Devil's disciple in the movie called "Damn Yankees," Ray Walston and Gwen Verdon are just as delightful as they were when they were playing the same parts on Broadway a few years back. Under the direction of George Abbott, who also supervised the stage show, they have a high old fling as they go about demoralizing a baseball enthusiast who has sold his soul to the Devil in exchange for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will win a pennant from the Yankees. As interpreted by Mr. Walston, the Devil is a rather waspish type with a weakness for bizarre costumes (red waistcoat and socks with a dinner jacket, for instance), but he is obviously quite skilled in nudging victims off the straight and narrow. In contrast to her boss's somewhat subtle approach to his prey, Miss Verdon pounces on a candidate for Hell with tempestuous enthusiasm, and after watching her gyrations you'll have a better idea of what St. Anthony was up against.

Although expository dialogue occasionally hobbles the proceedings, "Damn Yankees" is for the most part commendably brisk, and the music and lyrics, by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross, are uniformly lively. As the story goes, our hero is a middle-aged baseball fanatic (Robert Shafer) who spends his time watching ball games on television and brooding about the ineptitude of the Senators. He is fond enough of his wife (Shannon Bolin), but he just can't find time for her during the baseball season. Once he has made his deal with the Devil, however, and has been transformed into the best long-ball hitter in history (Tab Hunter), he starts to pine for his spouse, and at that point Satan whistles up Miss Verdon to distract him. That, indeed, she does, undulating all over the place and lining out such tunes as "A Little Brains, a Little Talent" and "Whatever Lola Wants." When the incandescent Miss Verdon is around, everybody else in the cast, with the exception of Mr. Walston, grows pretty

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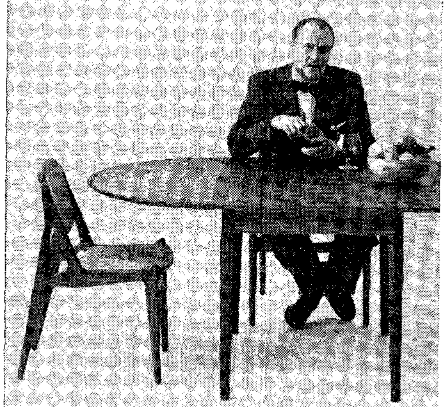
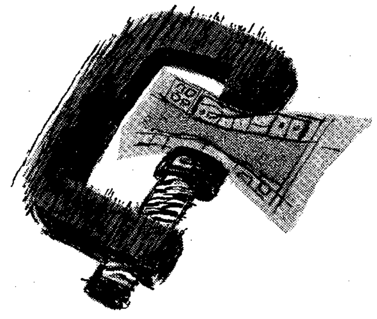


KITCHEN CRAMP?



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pallid, but when such actors as Miss Bolin, Nathaniel Frey, Jimmie Komack, and Russ Brown have the screen to themselves, they do very nicely.

"THE DEFIANT ONES," produced and directed by Stanley Kramer and written by Nathan E. Douglas and Harold Jacob Smith, is the grim description of the adventures of a couple of convicts, one white, one colored, after their escape from a police van in the South. Bound to each other by four feet of chain, these two, full of racial antagonism, set out to evade a posse that is pursuing them with bloodhounds and Dobermans. Superficially, the film might be set down as one long chase, but Mr. Kramer and the authors have not confined themselves merely to a drama about the hunted and the hunters. What they are doing is taking a long look at race prejudice in its ugliest form, and establishing the fact that even among the most primitive a feeling of common humanity can drown hatred. While making its point, "The Defiant Ones" moves along at an exciting clip, and Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis give solid performances as the fugitives. So, for that matter, do Theodore Bikel, who plays a sheriff; Charles McGraw, who plays a state-police captain; Lon Chaney, who plays a charitable townsman; and Cara Williams, who plays a pretty woman anxious to join up with Mr. Curtis. Struggling through swamps, fighting with each other, barely saved from being lynched, Mr. Poitier and Mr. Curtis have a ghastly time of it. But at the end they've learned a lot about decency. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

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Autumn is always the story
of splendor: the irises fallen,
faded from purple to pollen;
the amethyst morning-glory
settled in a brown weather;
the serpentine vine retreated;
the delicate garden defeated;
rose, wisteria, heather
crumbled, nameless, together.
—JOHN FANDEL

•

Human falling from airplane, from 20,000 foot height, will hit earth or water, in 1 minute, 30 seconds, according to government calculations.—*New Encyclopedia of Sports*.

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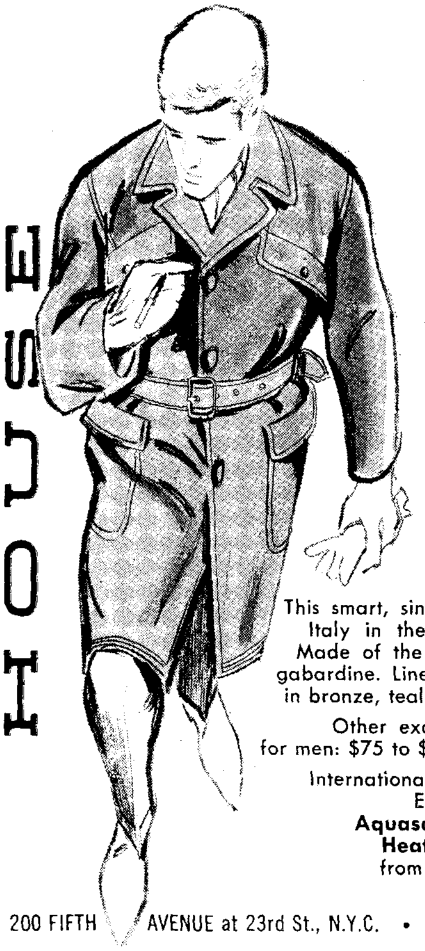

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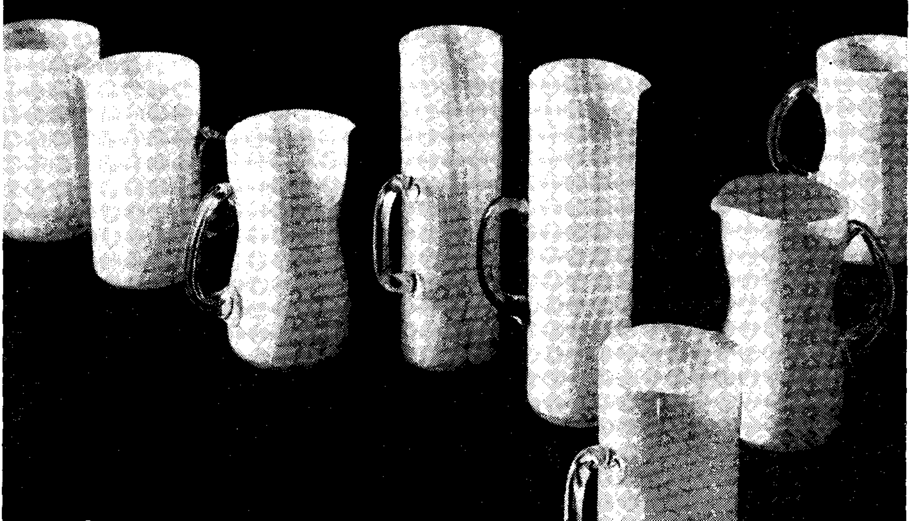

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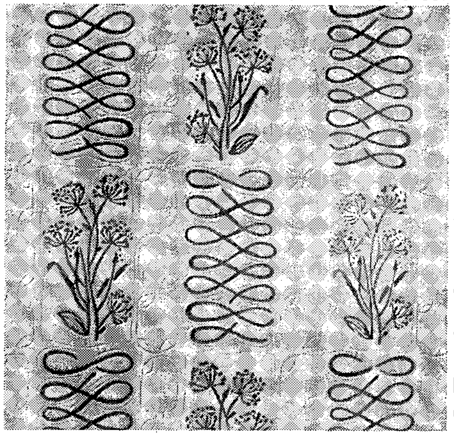

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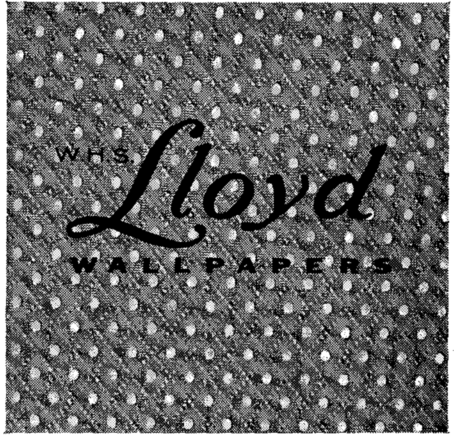

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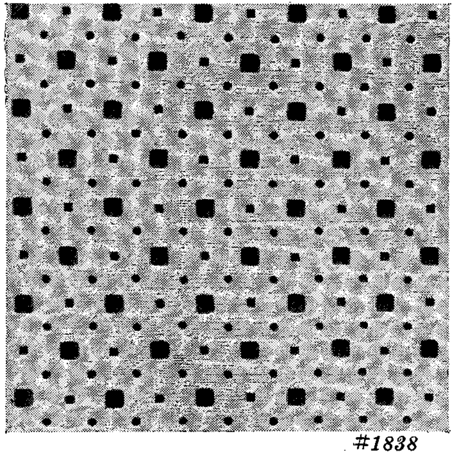

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

TO amateurs of eighteenth-century cabinetwork, and especially of the branch loosely called French provincial, a collection of remarkably handsome antique mantels recently acquired by Edwin Jackson, 159 East 54th Street, should be of great interest, not to say enlightenment. These pieces (there are about twenty of them) were all taken from châteaux of some distinction in either northern or southern France, and they nearly all date from that happy age of French *ébénisterie* to which Louis XV and Louis XVI gave their names. Most of the mantels were made by provincial cabinetmakers, using local material—fruit wood in Normandy, oak in Brittany, walnut in Provence—but there are also half a dozen in stone; three or four of these, from country houses in the Loire region, are of a soft, warm, cream-colored limestone quarried in the neighborhood of Caen, and one, from Avignon, is of a beautiful Spanish marble.

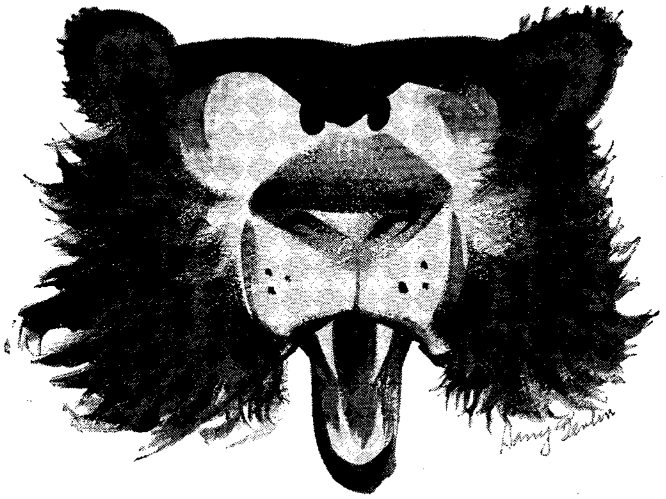
The more elaborate mantels, naturally, are those of Louis XV design, though whether they were actually made while he was still on the throne is questionable, since many of the provincial cabinetmakers continued to be addicted to the sinuosities of the Louis XV style long after the Dauphin succeeded him, in 1774. By the same token, once the supremacy of the straight lines that are associated with Louis XVI design had been established in rural workshops, local craftsmen kept right on working in this style well into the nineteenth century, with complete disregard, if not downright disdain, for the Paris designers' fashionable *style Empire*, which was no more able to impose itself on provincial mantels than it was on provincial chairs and tables.

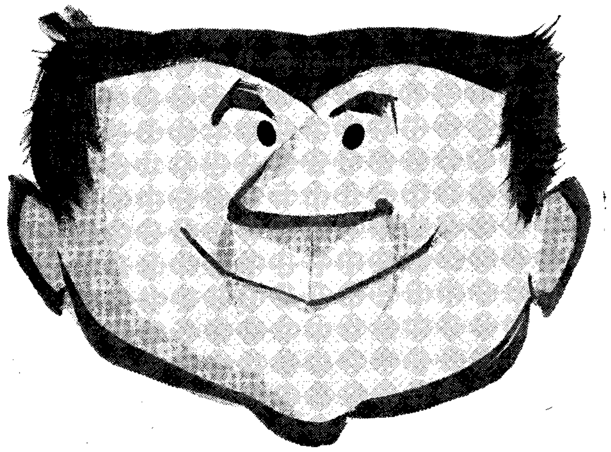
To begin at the beginning, as far as the present collection is concerned, there is a splendid Louis XIII mantel, seven feet wide and made of chestnut, that antedates the rest by a century or more. The fireplace opening has the rounded corners characteristic of early-seventeenth-century decoration, with, surprisingly, a bolection molding—the type that Sir Christopher Wren made famous at a much later date. The price of this mantel is $675. An only slightly smaller one (six feet nine inches wide), of Louis XV design, is constructed of oak from the north of France and has the conventional curves typical of the period, with a carved stylized sea shell as its middle decoration; it costs $1,250. A quite different Louis XV specimen is a handsome gray marble mantel from Arles, with relatively plain rectangular carvings on either side of the fireplace opening, and a conventional flower as the middle ornament. Then, there is a lovely Louis XV mantel, also from the south, and done in the warm-pink marble known as brocatelle, that combines features of both the foregoing, and obviously represents a period of transition.

As for the Louis XVI chimneypieces, although they are the most charming of the Jackson collection, to my taste, I must admit that there is curiously little variety in their design. The explanation of this, the Jackson people say, is that practically all the provincial cabinetmakers used the same pattern books, full of the then new enthusiasm for Greek and Roman ornament, which, translated into mantel construction, meant the elimination of the flowery elegances of the Louis XV style and the stiffening of its graceful swirls into what was considered classic rectitude. Indeed, the similarity among the mantels dating from the last quarter of the eighteenth century is so marked that there doesn't seem much point in attempting detailed descriptions. The differences, such as they are, appear mostly in the woods that the mantels are made of, and not in their carving, which nearly always includes, on the side panels, either the fluting characteristic of the period (sometimes there is a very delicate pattern of reeding within the fluting, running halfway up its length) or, less frequently, raised bolection moldings. The prices of these simple treasures start at $425. From the same period are the mantels of the cream-colored *pierre de Caen*, almost unadorned, which cost $650.

IN the world's fast-diminishing store of collectors' items that collectors can still get their hands on (by which I mean antiques outside museums and private collections), few are rarer or more prized—or, one might add, more costly—than ancient fabrics, which by their very nature are likely to survive the centuries much less successfully than, say, old mantels. When I decided to find out and report on how matters stand hereabouts in the field of early French printed cottons—a highly controversial field, I quickly discovered—I thought it might be a good idea, before lurching around in this particular china shop, to have a look at the Cooper Union Museum's collection of that enchanting whimsey known as *toile imprimée,* which took such violent possession of eighteenth-century European decorative art. Although I have been superficially familiar for some time with the French printed cottons in the Victoria and Albert Museum, it must be said to my shame that I had never before inspected the extraordinary assemblage on Astor Place, which ranks in importance with the one in South Kensington. As a matter of fact, the prints at Cooper Union have so marvellously retained their quality and colors through the centuries, and I derived such intense enjoyment from examining them, that I shall feel I have done a useful work if I can inspire anyone else who may have overlooked this fascinating exhibit to go downtown and examine it.

Before I get any deeper into the question of *toile imprimée,* I should quote the words of a vastly knowledgeable collector, who warned me, "Of course, you should know that you won't find two authorities who agree on a single point in the field of antique printed cottons." Except for this one fundamental pronouncement, which has remained profoundly true and unchallenged, practically every piece of factual information I have since acquired on this subject has, in one way or another, been disputed, contradicted, or discredited by some other piece of factual information on the subject. Well, then, *toile imprimée* stems from the fancifully patterned hand-painted cottons introduced by the early India trade into a Europe that was eager to escape the monotony of solid-color fabrics. Once the European millowners had devised a way to turn out this new and cheerful stuff in quantity, it immediately became a craze; Marie Antoinette and her crowd used it not only for dresses and scarves and handkerchiefs and curtains and bedspreads but even substituted it for some of the damasks and brocades of palace upholstery. (Incidentally, I should explain that eighteenth-century French printed *toiles* are but one small part of the picture, as far as collectors of such things are concerned, since mills for the production of printed cottons were set up in both Holland and England before they appeared in France.) Now, the most cele-





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brated, though by no means the oldest, of the French manufactories turning out *toile imprimée* was the one at Jouy-en-Josas, which, thanks to the expert craftsmanship of its founder—the inspired industrialist Christophe-Philippe Oberkampf—has won such enduring fame that *toile de Jouy* has become for the general public (instructed by the decorators) the all-embracing term for eighteenth-century French cottons, whether they were printed in Nantes, Mulhouse, Bordeaux, Orange, Marseille, or Jouy-en-Josas itself. This loose way of talking, I might add, greatly pains the connoisseurs, who contend—unanimously, for once—that Jouy cotton is not (or at least should not be) a generic term, taking in the fine work of other establishments.

Students who are as much as halfway seriously interested in this printed fabric and in the almost frenzied popularity it enjoyed in France, and in the rest of Europe, during the last half of the eighteenth century would do well to investigate, as I did the other day, the *toiles imprimées* at Elinor Merrell, 18 East 69th Street. On hand here is a collection of the French cottons running to many hundreds of patterns (Miss Merrell also has an impressive number of eighteenth-century English chintzes, but I shan't go into that), most of which are documented and have been reproduced in authoritative works on the subject. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any finer collection exists in this country, outside the Metropolitan Museum and Cooper Union; for that matter, while the museums have certain historic patterns that are not represented in the shop, there are many extremely valuable specimens at Miss Merrell's that aren't to be found in the public collections.

The Merrell prints range in date from 1770, when the factory at Jouy-en-Josas was just coming into its great fame, through the first years of the nineteenth century. The oldest examples were printed from wooden blocks, and there are also a lot of the superb copperplate *toiles* that began to appear in the seventeen-eighties, as well as some examples of the mechanical roller process, which Oberkampf adopted in 1797. The earliest patterns are various modifications of the Indian designs—largely florals—that the whole genre stems from, and these are followed by beautifully drawn pastorals full of the capricious charm of the Louis XVI period, with all human activities depicted elegantly à la Trianon; enchantingly

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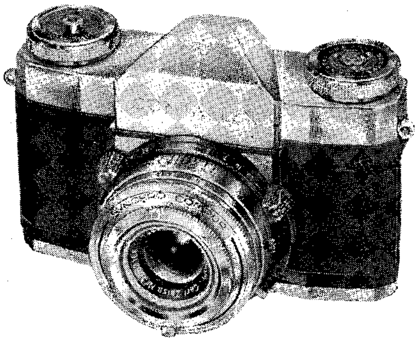

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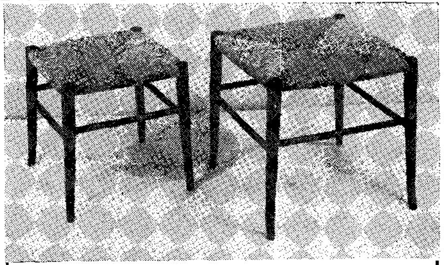

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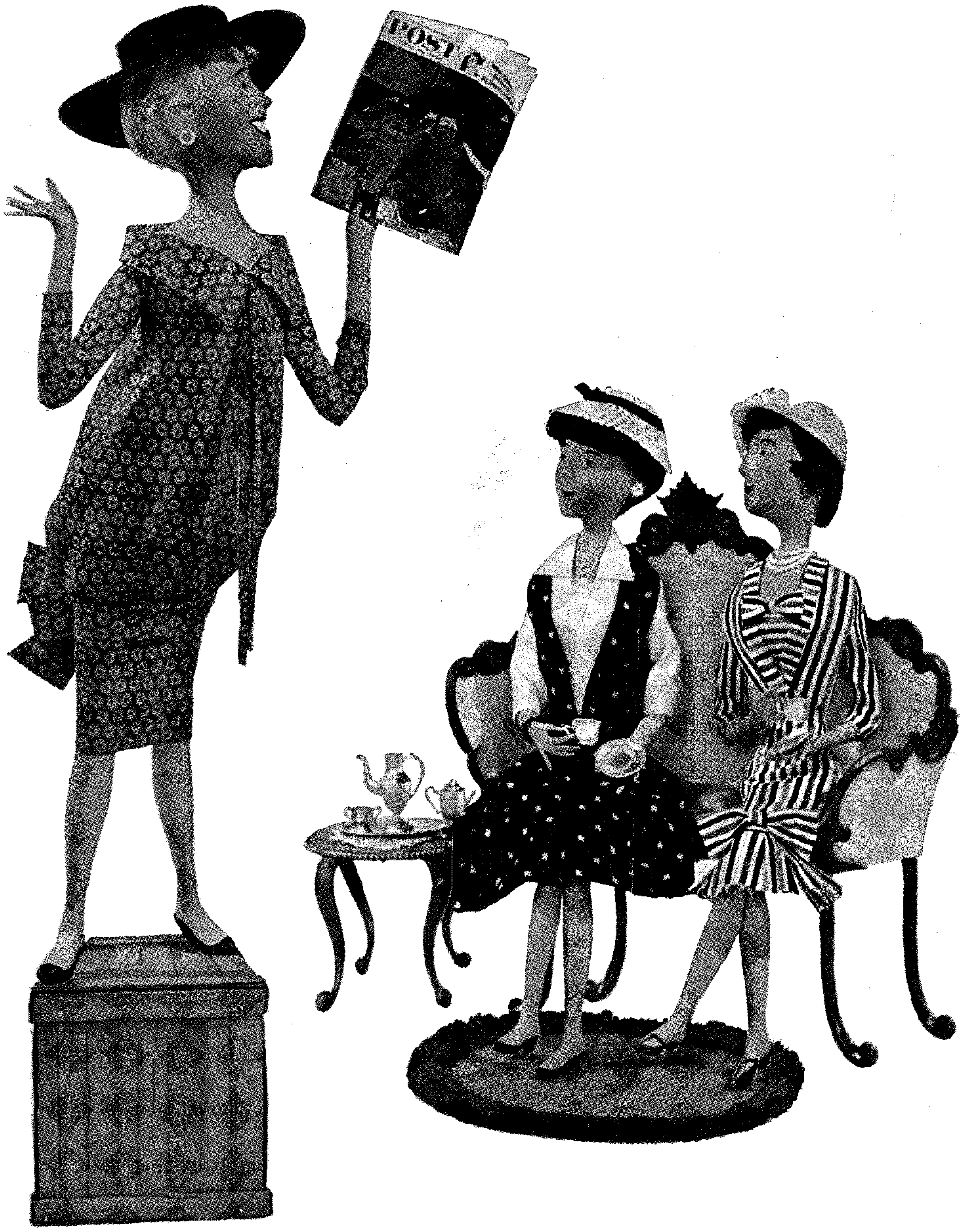

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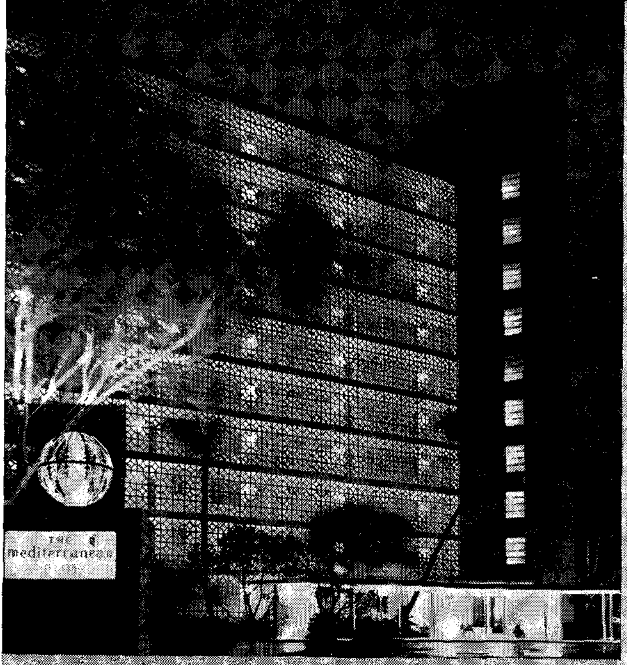
IF you are looking for authentic French chairs of the period to bestow your rare fabrics on, you will not find a more splendid collection than the one at the galleries of Josephine Howell, 41 East 57th Street. Still, Marie Antoinette and the *toile*-crazy noblesse of her day to the contrary notwithstanding, these magnificent pieces are, in the



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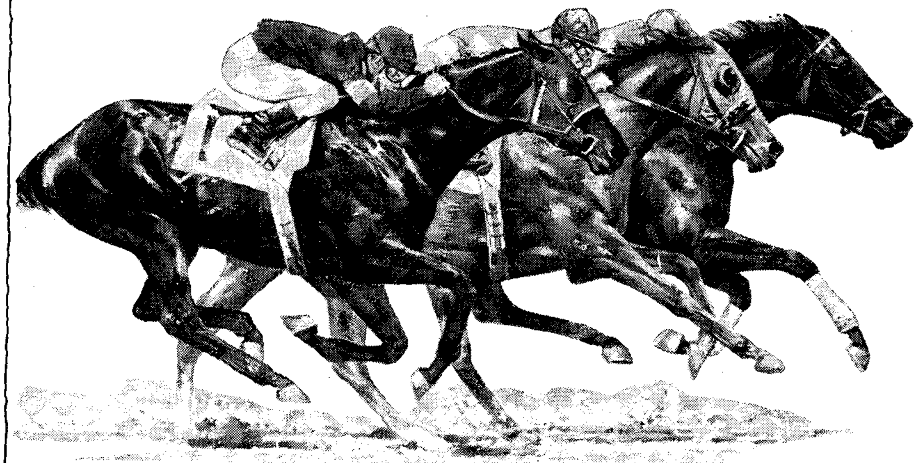

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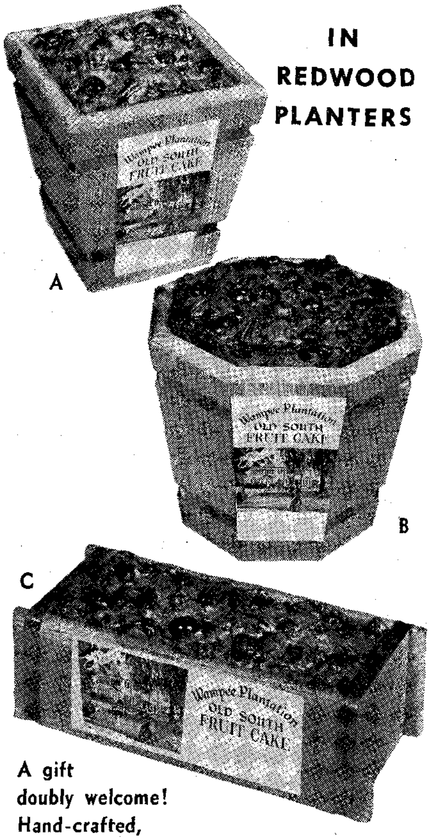

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main, far too elegant and formal for the printed cottons. Most of the chairs are among the very best examples of the sort of furniture that was made for royal palaces and the Paris *hôtels* of the nobility; many of them are signed by famous *ébénistes;* and all have that superlative distinction that marks the outstanding designs of the era. A few pieces are of the Louis XV period (notably a pair of signed *fauteuils*, recognizably palace furnishings, that are upholstered in their original heavenly-blue broché), but the ones I most admired are those with the straight lines and the simple curves of the classic revival, dating from around 1780. Although I have said that most of the chairs seem far too rich and elaborate for cotton upholstery, I did take note of a few rather countrified exceptions, on which the lovely antique *toiles* would be entirely suitable. One is a great, oversized provincially made *bergère*, with only the narrowest possible fruit-wood frame showing, unadorned, above the generous overstuffed back and sides (it's priced at $1,650), and there is also a pair of high-backed, low-seated chairs of the sort one sees in Chardin's paintings ($1,250 for the two). Among the much more formal signed pieces, which can almost be called real works of art, some have frames of walnut or beech, intricately carved (usually with classic detail), and either finished in the natural wood or lightly painted in soft, almost transparent colors; the effect is of marvellously wrought settings for beautiful upholstery. Most of the backs are round or oval, though a few are rectangular, and the legs are, for the most part, slender vertical shafts embellished with the most varied and exquisite fluting. Prices run from $525, for a low dressing-table chair with a carved and lightly painted frame, to $3,800, for a set of four side chairs upholstered in the original small-patterned silk, the like of which you have probably never seen outside the great museum collections.

If you are not too dazzled by all this splendid cabinetwork, you should also have a careful look at the gallery's valuable collection of *toiles imprimées*, which, if it is not remarkably large, is highly selective and of considerable interest. —S. H.

•

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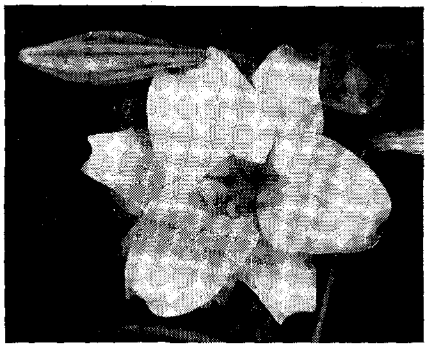

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## PETITE JULIE

ONE summer in the middle thirties, my wife and I spent our two-week vacation in Canada. We stayed about a week in Quebec, which we found delightful, and then decided to go to the country for a few days. So we went to the Ile d'Orléans, an island about twenty miles long and five miles wide lying in the St. Lawrence, a few miles east of the city. It was a very lovely spot, mostly mild rolling country but hilly at the far end, where there was a beautiful view of the wide river and the Laurentian Mountains. At the time, the island was devoted almost entirely to farming, and the people referred to themselves as *cultivateurs*, avoiding the patronizing word *habitant*. Nearly all their buildings had been put up around, or well before, 1700. Most were of field stone, usually whitewashed, and had steep-gabled Norman roofs, high chimneys at each end, and ground-floor doors that were divided horizontally in the middle and opened onto uncovered wooden porches called *galeries*.

At Ste. Pétronille, the ferry port, there was a modest inn named the Château Bel-Air, which had a license to sell ale—the only place on the island where anything alcoholic was legally obtainable. The inn was built of clapboards, with little shingled turrets to make it live up to its name. The dining room had huge windows that gave on the river, and small, expensive, but excellent sandwiches were served there. The staff was one old lady and two girls. I shall always remember the old lady because of a joke she made. My wife and I were lunching there one day during a solar eclipse, and everyone rushed out to watch it. When it was over, I couldn't find a waitress to pay my bill to. The old lady took the money, cackling with laughter, and said, "*Eh-heh, elle s'est éclipsée avec l'éclipse!*"

Since that visit, the Ile d'Orléans has utterly changed. A vehicular bridge now crosses over from the mainland, and a concrete highway runs down the middle of the island, replete with blatting, sputtering buses and little honky-tonk resorts and roadhouses. The nice little ferries have been discontinued, and the whole place has become a tourist drop.

IN the Basse Ville in Quebec, that summer, we found a public phone in a Chinese laundry, where the staff spoke only Chinese and French and the coin box, made in the United States, took only American nickels, and, get-

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ting a number from the classified directory, we called a bicycle shop and arranged to hire a couple of bicycles, which we took over with us on the ferry.

The afternoon sun was hot. We discovered, when we had bicycled up a few of the hills toward the end of the island, locally known as *les petites côtes*, that they were not so *petites* and we were getting winded. We stopped at the general store of a hamlet, and drank some delicious ice-cold water from a backyard well. Then we bought cigarettes and talked to the proprietor about finding a place to stay. The whole community, apparently, except those who were working in the fields, turned out to inspect us. They were friendly enough, but baffled by my French, which was more or less standard and thus different from their dialect. The proprietor told us to try the place of a friend, whom I will call Hormisdas (locally pronounced "Hormissdawss") Morteaux. The first name is that of a sixth-century pope, the second a time-honored Norman name. The storekeeper said the friend had a very fine house on a farm in the neighboring township of Marmoutier, in the parish of St. Emile de Péribonka. (These names, too, are not the actual ones.) He gave us as a landmark a tiny seventeenth-century church; it was still in use, he said, and could hold exactly twenty parishioners at a time.

After pushing up and down a few more *côtes* and passing the little church, we rolled down a long slope toward the bank of the St. Lawrence and found ourselves on a little road leading to a gate in front of a house that we felt must be the Morteauxes'. It was just as fine as the storekeeper had said, with a clear view of the river and the mountains, and on a pebbly beach behind the outbuildings there was a small lighthouse, one of many along the coast of the island. The sun had just set and it was getting dark. We jingled our bicycle bells. The upper half of one of the ground-floor doors opened, and a rather unprepossessing face looked out—that of a fat old man who had not shaved for several days. After a moment, he opened the other half and stepped out, and we saw that he was wearing a faded blue shirt without a collar (but with a collar button), no tie, and both suspenders and a leather belt—a popular mode of dress in Quebec Province. He asked, not very cordially, what we wanted. When I told him, he seemed of two minds about us and did not, or pretended not to, recognize the name of the storekeeper. Then his wife came out—a tall, clean,

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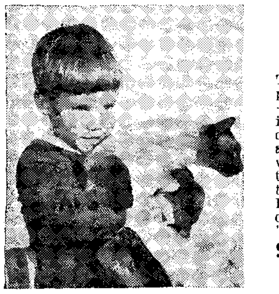

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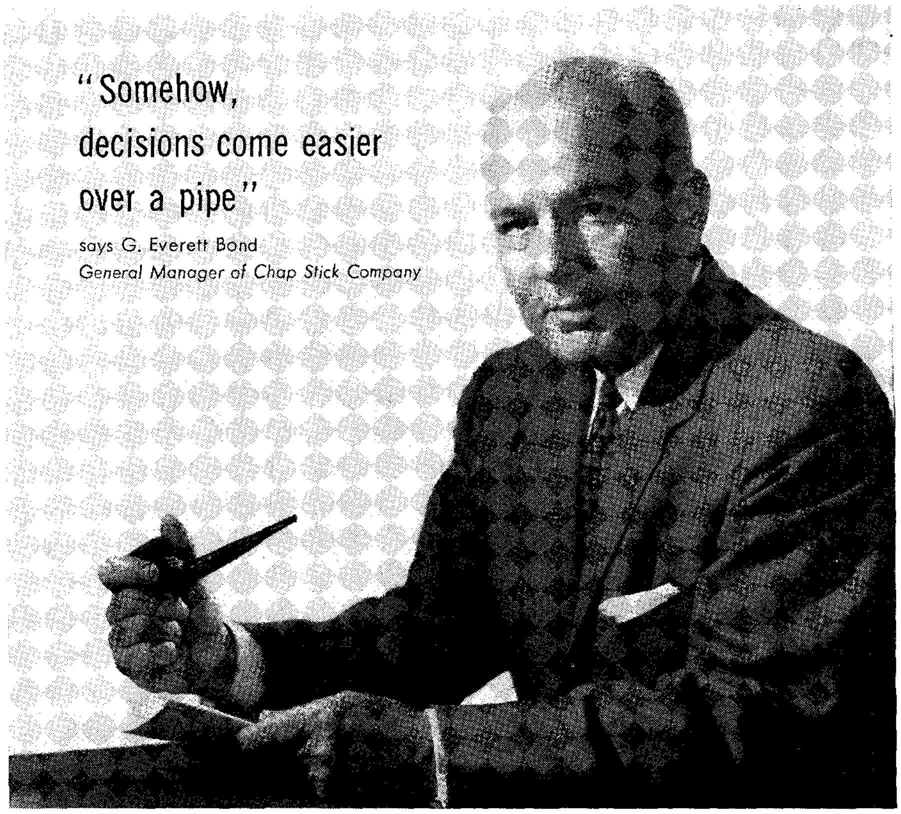
handsome old lady who had obviously once been beautiful. She spoke French that was almost standard—much better than her husband's buzzing patois. She was cordial but uncertain. Then a child ran out, a sturdy, pretty blond girl of about four, who shot a stream of questions at us and plainly took a liking to us. The old man's manner changed immediately. "*B'en*," he said. "*Si Julie vous donne la bienvenue, entrez, entrez.*"

We all went inside. The house was spotless and well aired. The floors had amazing star-shaped designs in high-colored paints, which are common in those parts. On the upper floor were a loom and a spinning wheel, which were frequently in use, Mme. Morteaux told us. She also told us her maiden name—it was Scottish—and said that she was descended from one of Wolfe's Highlanders. Many French Canadians are of largely Scottish ancestry. We were then shown into a room on the first floor; it had a double bed, spread with hand-woven sheets and blankets.

The family consisted of five people: the old couple, a son and his wife, and little Julie, the grandchild. The two men worked the farm and the lighthouse, and helped with the weaving. At suppertime, we met the son, Elzéar. He was a large, good-looking young man with light-brown hair and blue eyes, who much resembled his mother and Julie. He kissed his parents (calling his father "*son père*," a Canadianism I have never figured out) and greeted us politely. His manner was very quiet and reserved, and there was something infinitely sad about his expression. He rarely smiled, and talked little. His wife—surprisingly, for the mother of Julie—was small, with very poor posture, and thin, pale, and slatternly. Her eyes were lacklustre, she spoke a very thick dialect, and she looked thoroughly beat up. Elzéar hardly addressed her at all, except on household matters.

We enjoyed our stay. We took bicycle rides and went swimming, and the time passed quietly and bucolically. The son showed us how to work the loom; the father took us up in the lighthouse and explained its operation to us. The job was hereditary, he said, and had passed from father to son for about two hundred years. Once, the light had been merely a flaming coal bucket. Throughout our stay, the son remained taciturn and brooding, though he seemed a shade more cheerful when he was showing us something; he was always gentle. And we played with Julie, a child of iron physique, to the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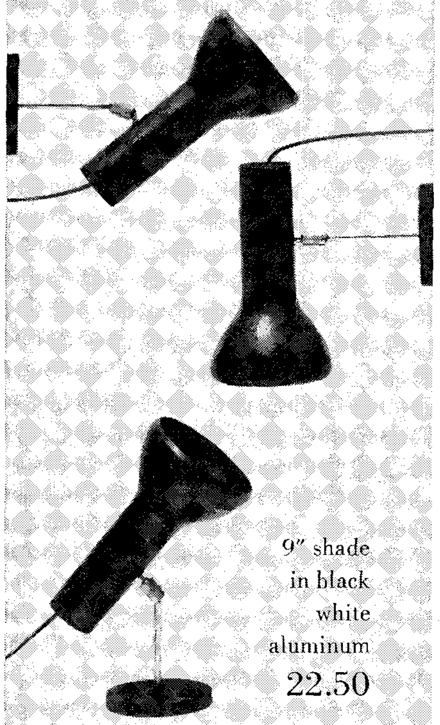
point of exhaustion. The old man delighted in watching this, and kept saying over and over again, "*Ah, la belle petite, ma belle petite.*" Also, he kept asking me what I thought of Hilaire, whom I did not know. It turned out he was talking about Hitler, then much in the news.

ABOUT three years later, my wife and I went up to Quebec again, this time on a Canadian Pacific steamer. A fellow-passenger, a banker from Boston who had his car on board, decided to come over to the island with us, and he drove us from the ferry port out to the Morteauxes'. He was a World War I veteran and a tremendous Francophile. Everything reminded him of France, and he kept stopping the car on the way and making me ask unnecessary directions just so he could hear French spoken. When we got to the Morteauxes', I had a momentary start. On top of the house, along the ridgepole, was a huge wooden sign that said "KRONKHEIT." I found out later that it was just an advertisement for a tractor firm, which had paid the Morteauxes a few dollars to put it up. But it may have been an omen at that. All was not well with the family. We found Elzéar and his wife in. Elzéar seemed more dejected than ever. He told me that his mother had died shortly after we left them, and that his father was in a Quebec hospital recovering from a kidney operation. He seemed hesitant about talking any more, and then he suddenly blurted out that his father had remarried. For the first time, I saw his gentle features darken with anger. "*Une étrangère!*" he said, banging his fist on a table. "*Le père s'est marié avec une étrangère!*" What he meant by this, we soon learned, was that his father's new wife had come from Brockville, Ontario. She was just as French Canadian as Elzéar and his wife were, but to them a foreigner, implacably. He had truly loved his mother, and he couldn't abide the interloper. They had put her in a room at the other end of the house, given her a stove and utensils, and told her to stay there. When the father came back from the hospital, either he could stay there with her or Elzéar and his wife would leave the farm and maybe go to the States and find work. I warned him about the unemployment situation; the depression was still far from over. The conversation ended there. Julie was out visiting somewhere and we didn't see her at all. The Boston man, when he was shown the spinning wheel upstairs, wanted to buy it, but Elzéar said it was



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in use and not for sale. Elzéar seemed as much surprised at the offer as the Bostonian was at its refusal. We had tea, ate some delicious *crêpes Canadiennes*, paid, and left.

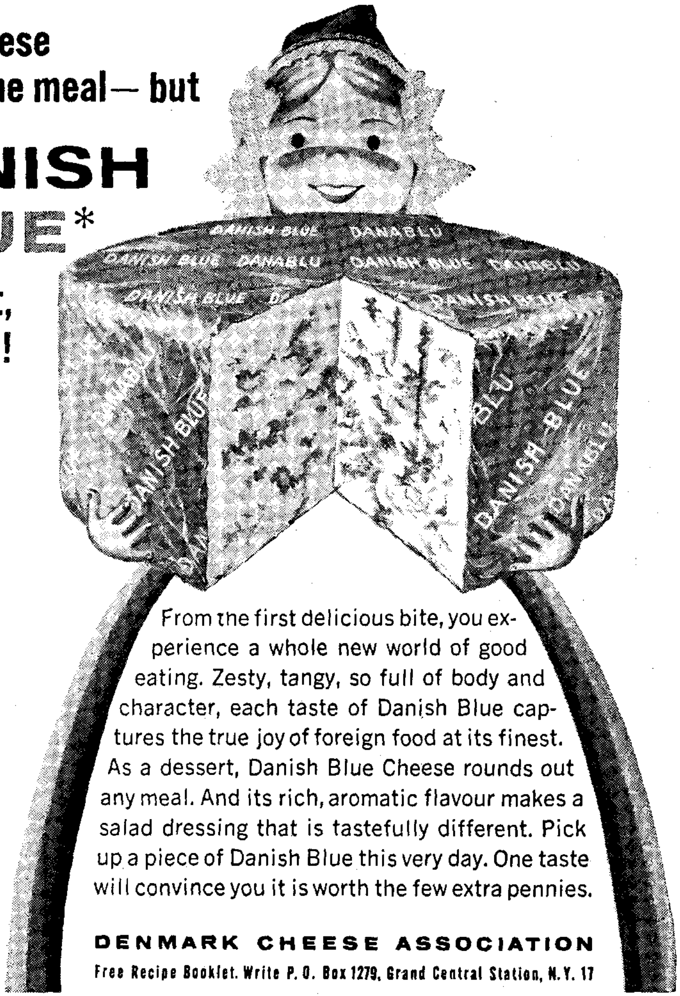
The following day, my wife and I went to visit the old man in the Quebec hospital. I had never seen so many nuns at one time before in my life. He seemed well looked after but pale, shrunken, and, without his stubble of beard, unfamiliar. He also wandered a bit in his speech, and I wondered if he was quite sure who we were. He asked if we had seen Julie, and seemed bothered because she had not been at home. But then he smiled and said, "*Ah, Julie, c'est ma fille, ça. La petite chérie. Elle est à moi.*" Soon after that, three nuns marched up in single file and told us not to tire him, so we left.

A FEW years later, shortly before Pearl Harbor, we went to the Ile d'Orléans once more. Signs of change were everywhere; the bridge was under construction and the new highway begun. This time, we were driving our own car. We got to the house but went no farther than the gate. The windows were boarded up, and a sign on a post in front of the *galerie* said "MAISON ET TERRAIN À VENDRE." The "KRONKHEIT" sign was still there, looking weathered and faded.

We stopped at the post office in Marmoutier to ask about the Morteaux family. There were two postmistresses, sisters, both neat old ladies dressed in gingham and wearing small-lensed, steel-rimmed spectacles. As so many French Canadians do, they looked like typical New Englanders. They knew all about the Morteauxes. The father had died of the operation after all; the son had kicked out the widowed stepmother, who had returned to Brockville. Elzéar had then put the farm up for sale and gone with his wife and Julie to a new boom town on the north coast, called Baie Comeau, and found work there. I asked if Julie had stayed as pretty as she was when we knew her. They looked at each other and tittered, and said yes, she was pretty, all right. There was something veiled and odd about their manner. Recognizing them as inveterate gossips, I was sure they would go on talking. I lit a cigarette and waited. One of them finally said, "Well, they're all gone now, and everybody knew it anyway, so I don't see the harm in telling you. Julie was Hormisdas' child. Her grandfather's."

"What!" I said.

"Oh, yes. You know, they were the



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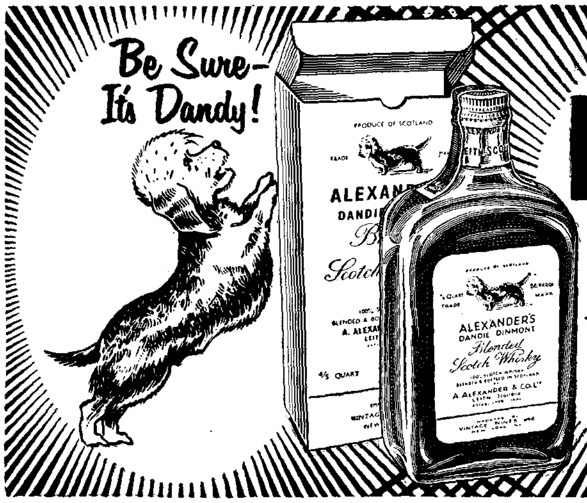
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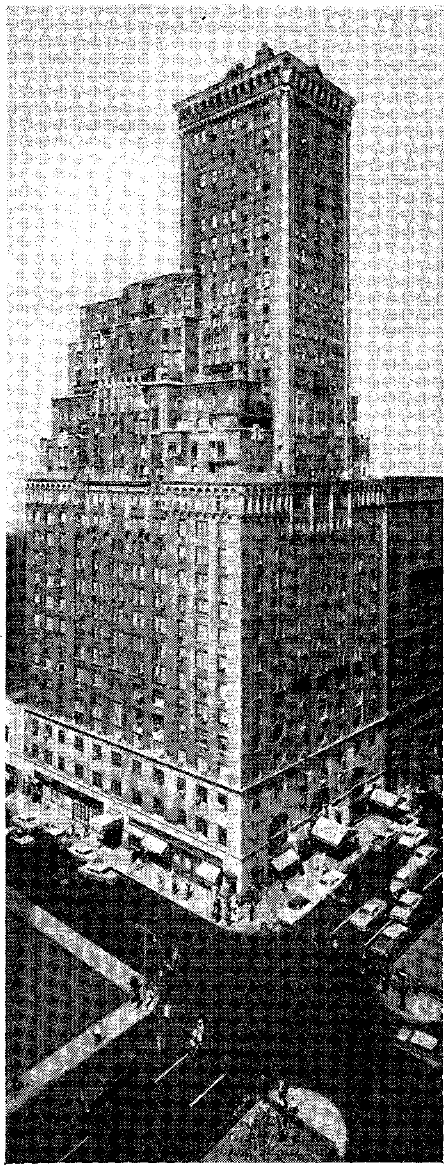

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only childless family in the parish, and they felt it such a disgrace. Poor Elzéar! The kidding he had to take. He went to a doctor and was told he couldn't have any children. You know, up here everyone has big families. The Church wants it that way. I hear it isn't like that in the States—Protestants and all—but here . . . Anyway, it isn't as bad as first cousins marrying, and there's plenty of that around here."

"But what did the curé think about it?" I asked.

The two crones looked at each other. "Well," one of them said, "we don't know for sure about that. When Hormisdas and Elzéar told him what had been done, we think he just told them to pray and confess and let God judge them. He's dead too, *le pauvre* Père Brétignol, a kind, worldly man. He sure didn't tell them to *talk* about it, though. But the old fool, Hormisdas, when Julie turned out so pretty and all, he was so proud of her he couldn't keep his mouth shut. Funny how she turned out to look more like Elzéar after all."

We left, and headed back to Quebec. What an unobservant fool I had been! When Hormisdas said things like "*Elle est à moi*" and "*C'est ma fille*," he had meant them literally, and not as expressions of affection, which I had taken them to be. Poor Elzéar indeed! I thought of his sad, handsome face, and its expression of inner pain—an expression I now understood.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

DEAR MEMBER:

The Little Theater Company presents as its fourth presentation of the season, "Medea" by Euripides, freely translated by Robison and Jeffers.—*Letter from a theatre group in Louisville, Ky.*

Those two guys are free as birds.

•

General Creasy testified that he supported the anti-missile missile program, now assigned in a significant degree to the army. But, he said, he could "put the missile people out of business" by "wiping out everybody" with a combination of poisons, germs and toxic agents.—*The Times.*

Worth a try, anyway.

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[*From the Silver City (N.M.) Daily Press & Independent*]

Plans for the pledge ritual, scheduled for Nov. 7, were formulated at the last meeting of Upsilon Chapter of Beta Sigma Phi, at the home of Mrs. Barbara Crane. Mrs. Crane and Mrs. E. P. Scott presented the culture program, "Care of the Hair."

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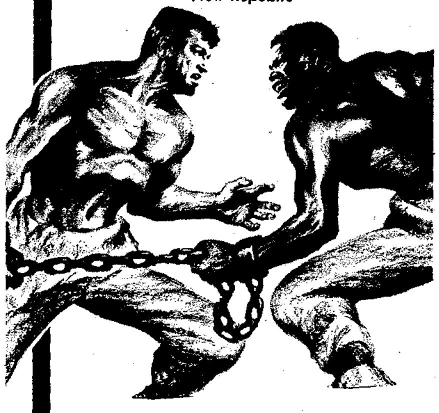

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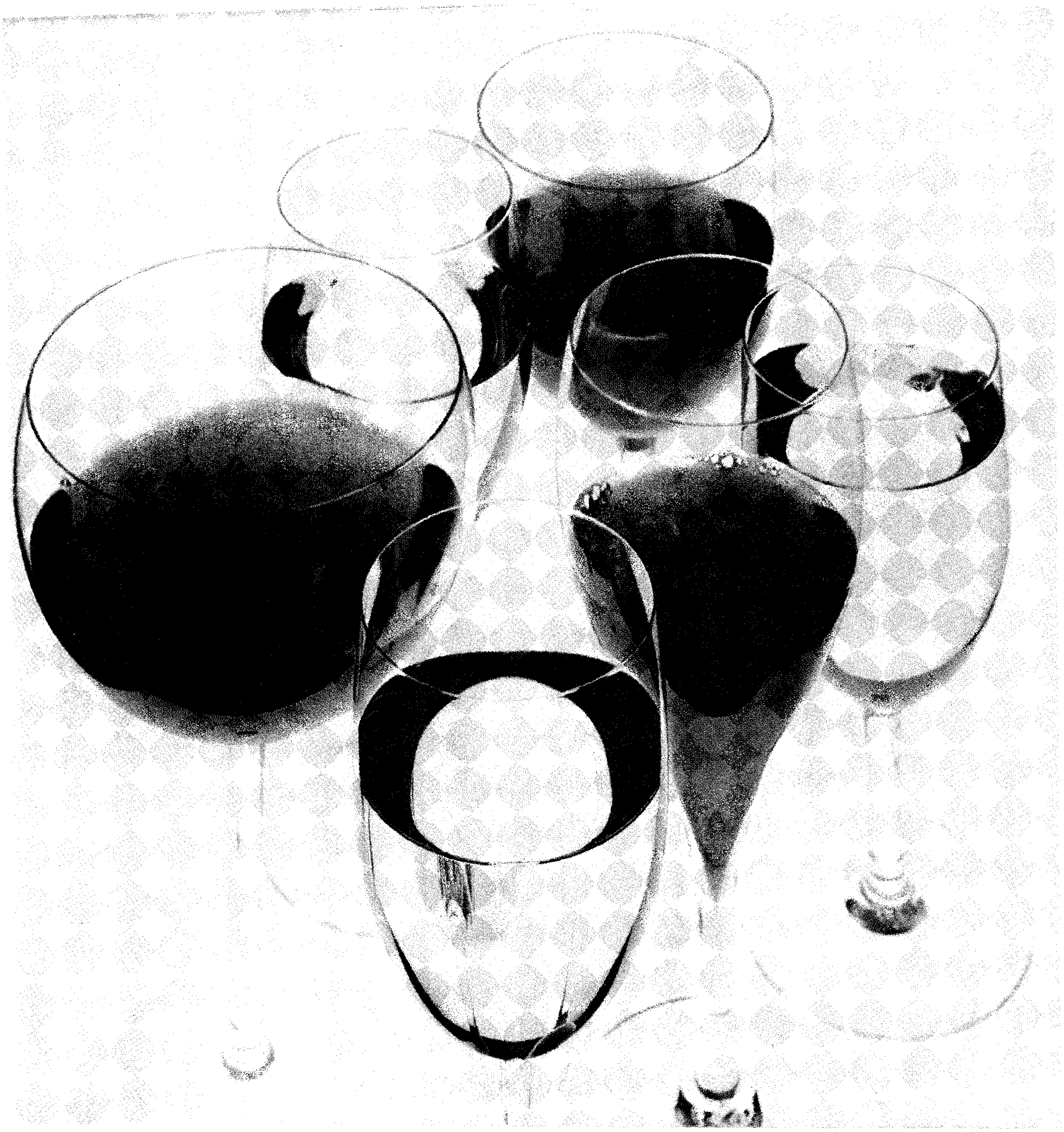

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# THE RACE TRACK

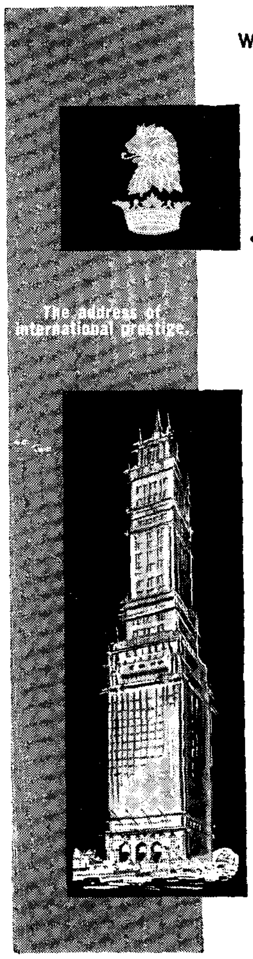
## *Repeat Performance*

WELL, Clem did it again. After as dramatic a struggle as we've seen all year, he won the Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, beating Round Table in a hundred-thousand-dollar race for the third time in a row. Round Table didn't get even part of the purse in this one; he finished fifth, far behind Nadir, Reneged, and Third Brother.

Following so close on the midsummer heat of the previous day, the mist and drizzle that blew into the stand most of the afternoon were cold misery. The weather seemed to bode ill all around, and the paddock wiseacres were jittery, the prevailing sentiment among them being that Round Table was going to be beaten, they weren't sure by whom. This struck me as odd, because his stable radiated confidence, and when I saw the colt in the walking ring, his coat shone and he looked trained to the minute. Moreover, he had the biggest advantage in the weights he'd had in months. (At their last meeting, he had given Clem seventeen pounds, and before that twenty-one. In the Woodward, they carried equal weight.)

Round Table was the first to show in front, but before he'd gone half a furlong Clem had caught him, and in the long run down the backstretch and around the turn they went head and head. Three furlongs from home, Round Table tired, and as he dropped back, Nadir moved up and raced stride for stride with Clem almost to the winning post. Clem's performance was a corker, for he had the speed to run the first mile in 1:35⅗ and the stamina to withstand Nadir's challenge the rest of the way, doing the mile and a quarter in 2:01. Who knows but that it might make him Horse of the Year. Bold Ruler made it on one race—the Trenton last autumn, when he beat Gallant Man and Round Table.

The Woodward winner is a strong, workmanlike colt, in which respect he takes after his daddy, Shannon II, who was not a beauty but was a top-class horse in Australia. Bred by the late Louis B. Mayer, Clem was sold as a yearling to Mrs. Adele L. Rand for $8,500 (his earnings to date total $513,727), and although he was no



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more than a useful two-year-old, he improved at three. This year, up until about a month ago, he had as harrowing a streak of seconds and thirds in big races as any animal I can remember. Now his luck seems to have turned. For this, I'd say much credit is due his trainer, W. W. Stephens, who has brought him to the top of his form. Nadir deserves full marks for his effort in the Woodward; so does Reneged. As for Round Table, perhaps he didn't like the muddy track, or Belmont Park (some horses don't), or perhaps he wants a rest. But he'll beat Nashua's money record yet, you can lay to that.

TOO bad about Gallant Man, who popped a splint in his left foreleg and is likely to be out of racing for the remainder of the season. A splint, not to be too technical about it, is a bony growth on the cannon bone, between the ankle and the knee. Some splints are harmless; others may cause inflammation and pain. It all depends on the location. A splint close to the knee, for example (Gallant Man's is a good five inches below the knee), is liable to interfere with movement of the joint and cause the animal to go lame. No doubt Gallant Man's splint was beginning to act up when he was beaten in the Sysonby several weeks ago.

BY the way, Dunce, who ran such a bang-up race to finish third in the Futurity, has been retired for the year. He has an osselet, another of those afflictions that plague racers. Osselets, too, are bony growths, but they form around ankles, and getting rid of them requires complicated treatment and months of rest. Dunce will winter in Florida, but whether he'll be trained for the Flamingo Stakes is something else.

And while we're on the subject of retirements, we've seen the last of Searching, as honest and hard-working a race mare as we've had in a donkey's age. After she finished seventh in the Maskette Handicap the other afternoon, Hirsch Jacobs, who trains her, discovered she had broken a small bone in her foot, and sent her to the farm. Horseplayers will miss her.—AUDAX MINOR

•

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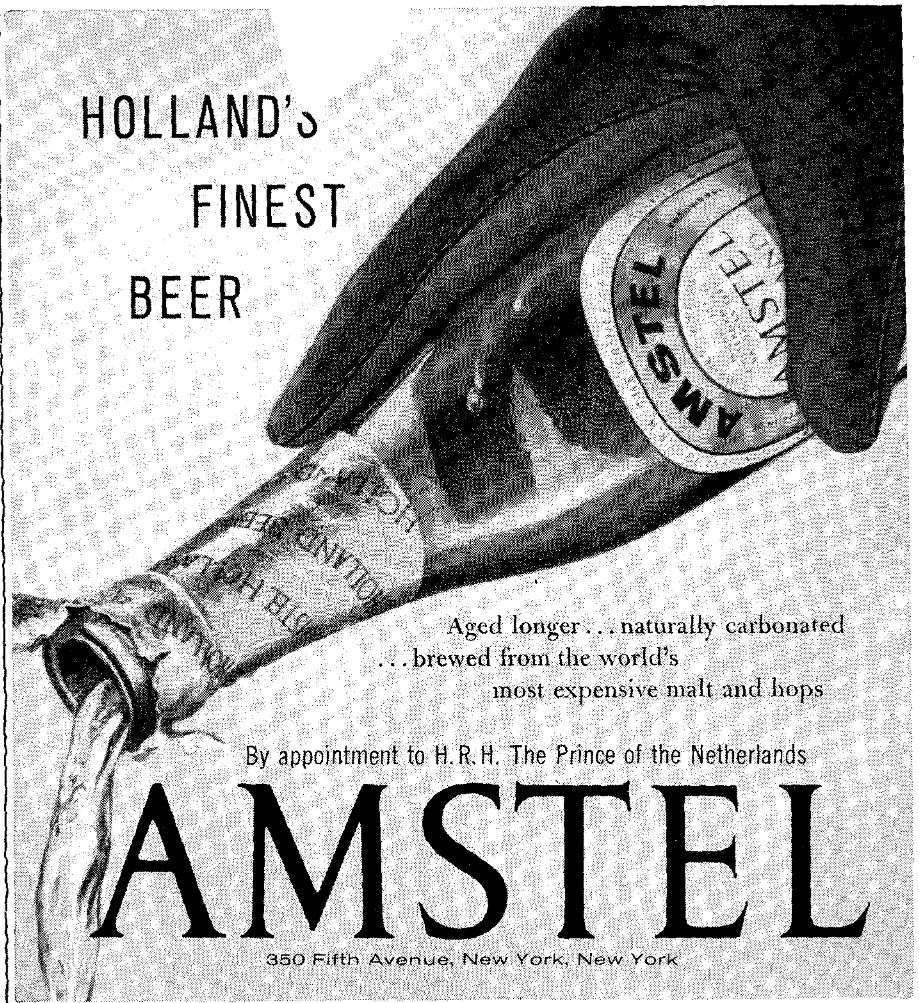
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Julie Revisited*

I HAD a second look at Birgit Cullberg's "Miss Julie" last week, and it convinced me that this is one of the finest narrative ballets to come to light in many seasons. Not only is it well worth looking at twice but it reveals, on closer acquaintance, a number of virtues that I passed over rather casually in my review of it a week ago, when the American Ballet Theatre first put it on at the Metropolitan Opera House. Among these virtues is Ture Rangstrom's score, which, on hearing it again, I found consists of music of great intrinsic beauty that intensifies the doings onstage in an intimate manner that ballet scores only rarely achieve. Miss Cullberg's choreography, moreover, treats the melodramatic incidents of the Strindberg plot with infinite delicacy and restraint, placing the story squarely in that realm of formality, poetry, and fantasy that is the proper territory of her medium. The lesser roles—notably those of the cook, danced by Sallie Wilson, and the drunken peasant, danced by Ray Barra—are striking dramatic characterizations as well as absorbing and delightful adventures in pure movement. And Violette Verdy, in the title role, is certainly one of the most engaging and touching spectacles to be seen among the varied offerings of the current ballet season.

On another evening last week, I saw Miss Verdy in a totally different and more conventional type of ballet, when she danced the female lead in George Balanchine's "Theme and Variations," and here, too, I found her an arresting new personality. She is a neat, compact little figure with an almost flawless technique, a wonderful sense of balance, and the feeling for flowing line that is found only in a born ballerina.

I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the other novelties that have been presented by the troupe during its present run, but the truth is that most of them have been very disappointing. On the same night that I saw "Theme and Variations," I sat through something called "Journey," with choreography by Kenneth MacMillan and music by Béla Bartók, and it proved very depressing indeed. Its setting was some cobwebby, semi-aquatic region vaguely suggesting the subterranean swimming



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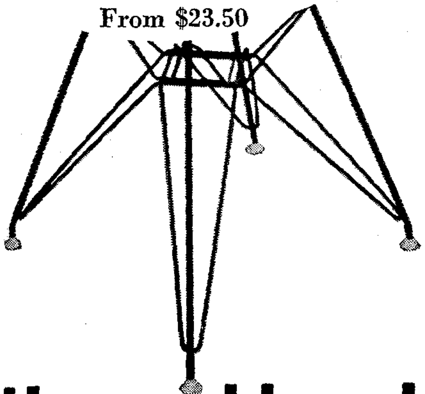

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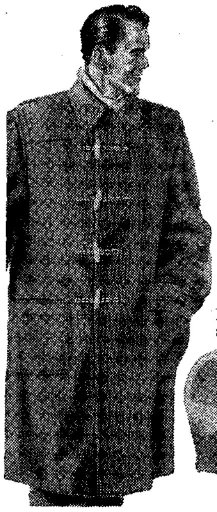

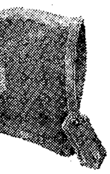

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pool of [illegible] Y.M.C.A., and, as far as I cou[illegible]ke out, its main new contribution to the art of movement consisted of a number of episodes in which a group of male dancers assumed the role of a conveyor belt, propelling Miss Nora Kaye across the stage like a mackerel in a canning factory. Except that, come to think of it, mackerel in such circumstances have an air of purpose that was absent from the motions allotted to Miss Kaye. Some subtitles in the program indicated that all this was concerned somehow with the idea of death and judgment. But, being unable to perceive this connection, I resigned myself to considering the ballet as an abstraction—and as an abstraction it was singularly uninteresting.

On the following night, Miss Kaye (who, by the way, is a fine dramatic ballerina and is not responsible for what choreographers do to her) found herself the principal figure in an elaborate pas de deux by Herbert Ross, entitled "Tristan" and set to the music of Wagner's "Prelude" and "Liebestod." According to the program, Mr. Ross's conception was inspired by Thomas Mann's rather ironic story of the same title, in which the romantic illusions of a young tubercular patient in a sanatorium cause the death of his equally tubercular mistress. The sanatorium was there, in the shape of a handsome set designed by Oliver Smith, but there was neither irony nor romantic illusion in what took place within it. On the contrary, Mr. Ross seemed bent on exploiting the realistic aspects of sexual passion to a point just this side of actual pruriency, and the result (which involved Erik Bruhn as well as Miss Kaye), while sensational enough, was a wallowing orgy rather than a ballet. Its juxtaposition with Wagner's truly beautiful music only added another element of atrocious taste—something roughly comparable to using a Rembrandt for a bathmat.

CONSIDERED in retrospect, the career of Leopold Stokowski has, I think, been a pretty impressive phenomenon. He has lived through the great age of virtuoso conducting, which now seems to be coming to a close, and if he has been surpassed by some in matters of artistry and workmanship, nobody, to the best of my knowledge, has ever surpassed him as an editor of programs and as a salesman for new and unfamiliar music, in which capacity he can look back on a record of distinguished American premières, ranging from that of Gustav Mahler's Eighth Symphony to those of controversial

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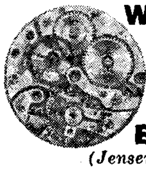

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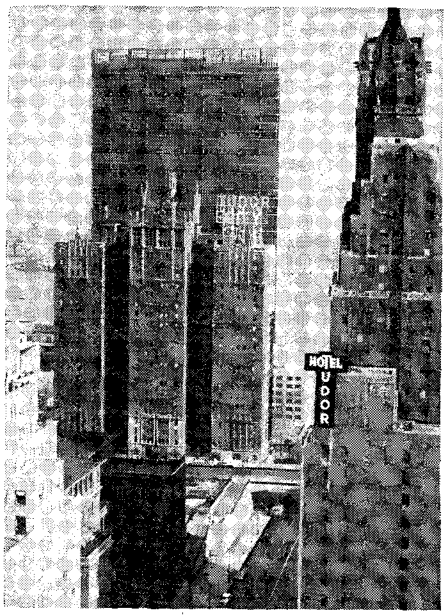

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works like Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" and Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." The reputation he has for coming up with something well worth listening to undoubtedly played a part in bringing a large audience to Carnegie Hall one night last week for an occasion that, incidentally, celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a conductor. But no salesman, however eloquent, can add quality to the product he sells, and I am afraid that this time the product—a group of contemporary compositions, most of them being performed for the first time hereabouts—was not of a sort to generate any particular excitement.

All the composers represented—Juan Orrego-Salas, Paul Creston, Alan Hovhaness, Wallingford Riegger, and the late Ralph Vaughan Williams—are, or were, of respectable professional competence, with an indisputable understanding of musical tradition, and there were no facile tricks or half-successful experiments in what was presented. Nevertheless, the evening seemed to me a rather dull one, and I kept looking in vain for something that might lift my spirits even moderately—as moderately as they are lifted by, say, unabashedly lyric trivia on the order of Franz von Suppé's "Light Cavalry Overture." The works all had the character of worthy essays in technique by worthy technicians, though Mr. Creston's "Toccata" did benefit from a propulsiveness and an atmosphere of suspense that I found lacking in the others. Mr. Hovhaness' "Mysterious Mountain," Opus 132, contained an expertly written fugue sandwiched between some rather lengthy and churchy episodes of a hymnlike nature. Even Mr. Vaughan Williams' Ninth Symphony, which was being given its American première and is what is usually referred to as a "major" work by a highly respected modern symphonist, struck me as a somewhat arbitrary exhibition of skill, with no particular place to go and very little in the way of inspiration to take it there. As a cross-section of estimable contemporary craftsmanship, Mr. Stokowski's program was unquestionably representative. Still, it would have been nice to detect, somewhere, a note of authentic genius, and this, I regret to say, I was not able to do.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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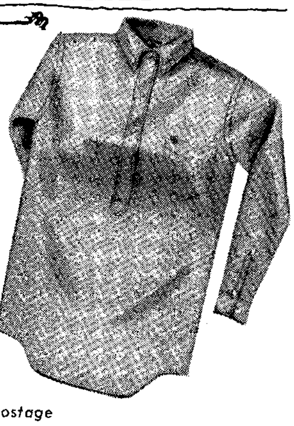

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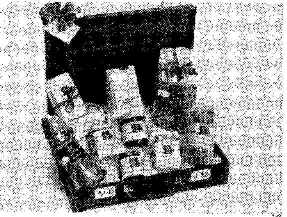

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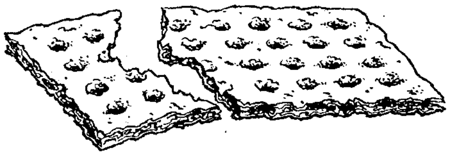

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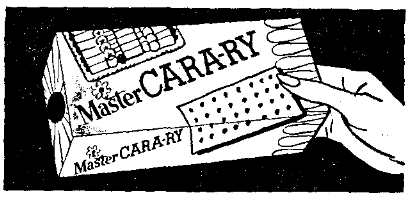

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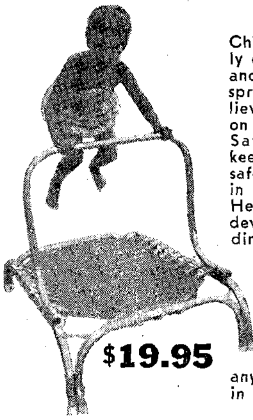

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very early last Sunday morning at Loew's Sheridan Theatre, in Greenwich Village, was the première of a jazz opera, "Blues in the Subway," with libretto and music by a thirty-one-year-old composer named Alonzo Levister. It was a solemn experience. Against a backdrop of the theatre's middle-aged red-and-yellow curtains, which looked as if at some time they had accidentally been left out in the sun, and a life-size painting of the interior of a subway car (done in morose blues and blacks), the work was performed by three singers (Eva La O, soprano, Rolf Kristian, baritone, and Robert Battle, tenor) and four instrumentalists (the composer on piano, Shafi Hadi on tenor saxophone, Aly Mohammed Jackson on bass, and Danny Richmond on drums). Perched on tall wooden stools, the singers, who represented a boy, a girl, and a drunk, struggled with a misplaced microphone and a public-address system that suddenly developed a heavy, obliterating burr as they proclaimed—in a mixture of current Broadway music, Menotti, and who knows what else—such bits and pieces as "Wha station is this?," "I sick and tired," and "The Republicans are adamant, the Democrats are vehement, the Liberals are [inaudible], and the independents are perplexed." The drunk, who snoozed during most of the trip, kept waking up with a start, while the boy and girl did some largely muffled singing that involved an argument and a good deal of waving about of a newspaper. Except for brief solo excursions from the bass, drums, and horn, the accompaniment consisted of a rumbling, seemingly semi-improvised background that sounded as if it could have been played backward with identical results. After twenty minutes or so, the drunk, announcing that he had arrived at his stop, pulled a small, unidentifiable animal out of a bag and began to caress it while crooning a lullaby. The lights went down in the nick of time.

This curiosity (which did have the solid virtue of pointing out a refreshing musical possibility: the use of jazz and improvisation for the popular musical stage) was surrounded by three other groups. Backed by a trio, Anita O'Day opened the concert with ten songs, nine of which she sang expertly in her thin, parchmentlike voice. (The tenth was delivered in an apparently private key.) Although Miss O'Day invented most of the off notes and out-of-shape whoops and cries that Sarah Vaughan has made fashionable, she is not primarily a jazz singer. A small, lithe blonde, she has

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developed a rather hypnotic set of stage mannerisms that are reminiscent of the gracefully jerky, stylized movements of Balinese dancing. Indeed, it is as if she were trying to translate each of her songs into abstract physical patterns.

Next, the Tony Scott quintet (the leader on baritone saxophone, Jimmy Knepper on trombone, Kenny Burrell on guitar, Jackson on bass, and Walt Bolden on drums) performed four numbers that were notable for Scott's nervous work (he is primarily a clarinettist), which consisted of pining leaps into the instrument's highest register, blatting bass honks, and crablike middle-register runs—all done, nonetheless, with convincing heat—and for a fast version of "The Way You Look Tonight," a solo for Knepper, who, by combining oversized smears (some of them startlingly close to those often used by the Lombardo trombone section) with rapid, off-rhythm figures, frequently gave the peculiar impression of emitting a kind of furious, tumbling, subconscious melodic stream that, were it ever slowed down and sorted out, would provide enough material for two or three complete solos. Ben Webster joined Scott for three additional selections, and at least once—during his first chorus on a slow blues—produced a classic statement.

The opera was followed by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, which included the leader on drums, Lee Morgan on trumpet, and Benny Golson on tenor saxophone, along with a piano and bass. A memorable moment occurred during the medium "Blues March," when Morgan, matching Webster, played several choruses in a deft, lightning series of legato and staccato phrases so intertwined that they seemed, impossibly, to be happening simultaneously. Blakey, ordinarily a volcanic drummer, was remarkably subdued until the final number, "Night in Tunisia." Then, shifting to the tom-toms for some plains-shaking breaks, he abruptly pierced the drugged sleepiness within the house, which by this time had almost reached the level of a huge collective snore.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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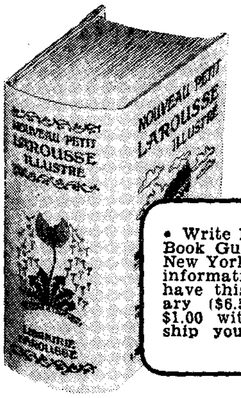

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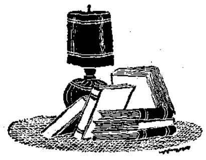
# BOOKS

## *Pasha's Testament*

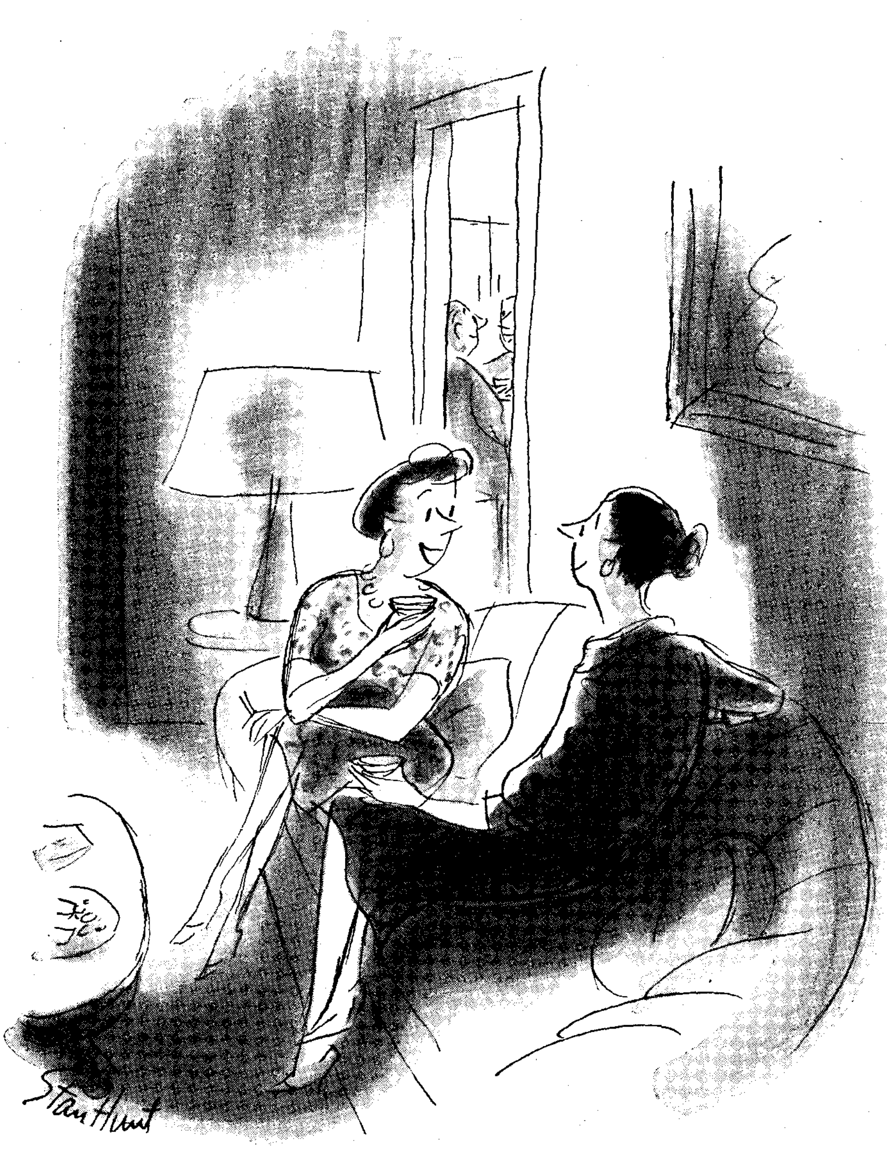


Glubb Pasha is the kind of name likely to create misapprehensions. It evokes Colonel Blimp, although the association has a purely phonetic basis. When King Hussein of Jordan dismissed his British Chief of Staff, on March 1, 1956, the effect on the headline-reading public was therefore not the serious same as if he had parted from a general named Jones or Updyke-Deepdale. This was an injustice to Sir John Bagot Glubb, who in "A Soldier with the Arabs," recently published here by Harper, shows himself to be a sensitive and economical writer. It was also an index of things to come: Nasser's first spectacular success in the Moslem world outside Egypt. That Glubb is a good soldier is clear from the quality of the Arab Legion, which he built from a strength of three hundred and fifty in 1939, when he took command, to forty-five hundred (Glubb's figure) in 1948, when it met its test. Alone of the Arab "armies" engaged against the Israelis, it held its own (and even a little better), modifying the map and the subsequent history of the Middle East. Had it not been for the Legion, the war would have been a complete rout for the Arabs, and the eastern boundary of Israel would now be the River Jordan throughout its course—if, indeed, opportunity had not impelled the victors also to seize the mountains of Edom beyond. (At the beginning of the current crisis, it was reported from Israel that if Jordan fell to an invasion from Iraq, the Israelis would again attempt to reach the river. That was before British troops returned to Hussein's kingdom.)

The memory of 1948 governs Israeli feeling about Jordan, as it does the emotions of the larger Arab powers, which failed so pitifully. It is Jordan that holds the Old City and the Holy Places, just across the way from Israeli Jerusalem, as well as the salients that pinch the waist of Israel near the sea, and it was the Legion's performance in defending them that punctured the pretensions of Egypt and Syria to lead the short-lived Arab coalition of that time. Jordan has had a rough time of it since from both sides.

When Jordan accepted an armistice with Israel, Sir John recalls, there was "a storm of vituperation from Egypt and Syria, and from many of the people of Palestine. . . . It did not seem to occur to anybody that the Arab Legion had been compelled to sign the armistice because the other Arab armies had either already concluded armistices, or had withdrawn from the field, and that thereby we had been left alone. Statements regarding our shortage of ammunition were put down as a trick, although it was the Egyptians themselves who had seized our ammunition ship." To read Glubb after a decade of war chronicles and accounts of frontier incidents written from the Israeli point of view is salutary. It need not be assumed that he is right because he is earnest, but his book is a reminder that all truth is not likely to be on one side.

Sir John makes his own emotional position clear in the first paragraph of his preface, when he says of the Arabs he first met in 1920, "I loved them." In that year, he went out to the Middle East, a professional soldier of twenty-three (Royal Engineers) and the son of a professional soldier (major-general). Young Glubb had three years of trench warfare in the First World War in his past (three wounds, Military Cross)—a background he does not mention in this book—to remind him that war can be more than a camel ride in fancy dress. The latter concept was an illusion, vulgarized by T. E. Lawrence, that caused Arabs (except Glubb's Arabs) and their English admirers to overestimate the value of improvisation and of "warrior qualities" (translated prosaically: a taste for loot) in warfare. Glubb's Arabs were soldiers. He defines his loyalty more pre-



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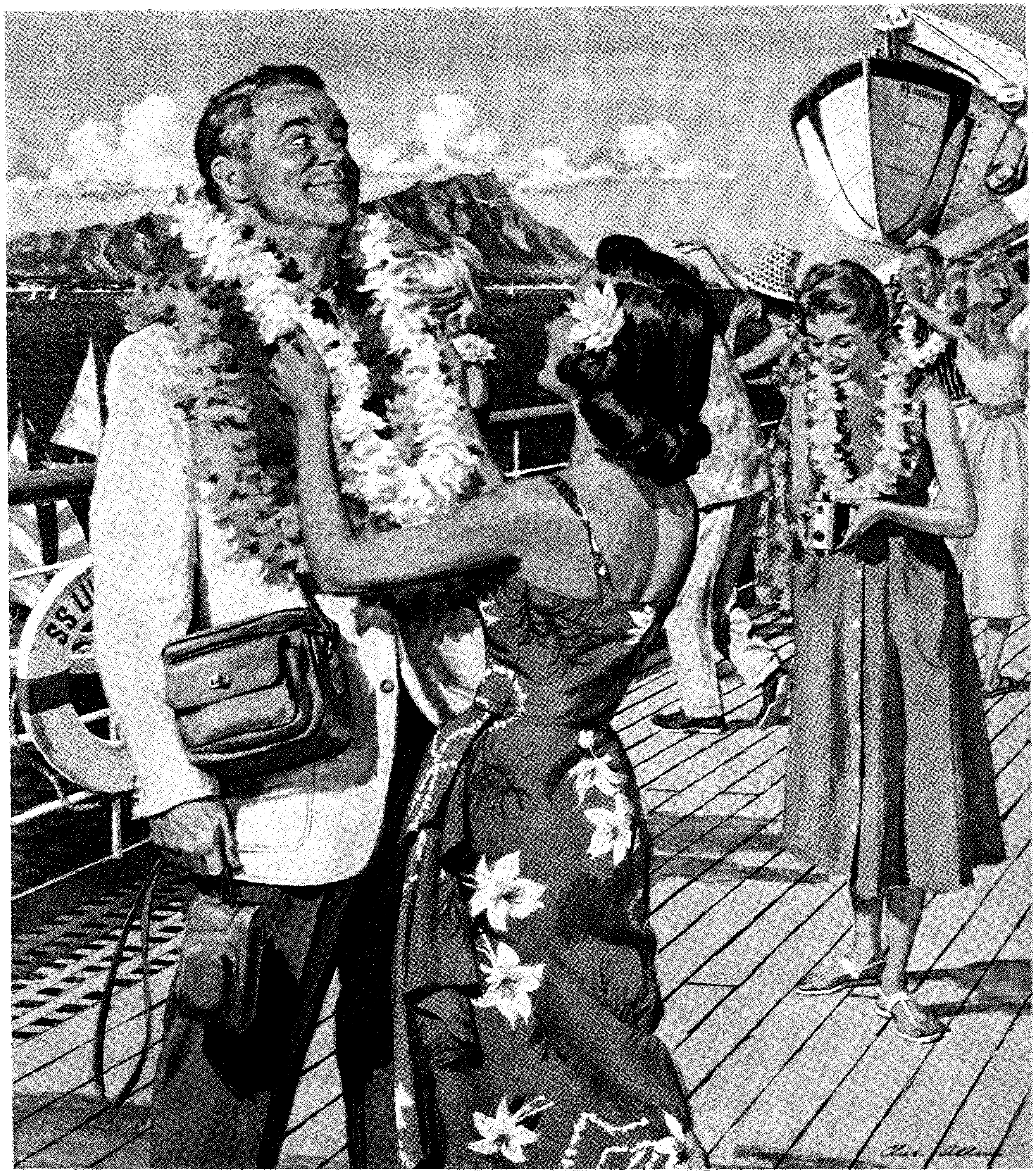

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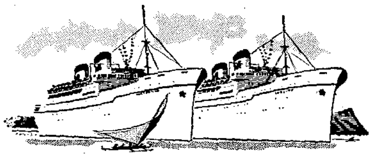

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cisely when he says, "The people dwelling east of the Jordan were my people. I had grown old amongst them, and my home was in their midst. But the union of Trans-Jordan with Arab Palestine introduced into the country a new population—a population which had suffered an immense injustice as a result of Western policy." (The union itself was a result, after the war, of the military success for which Glubb had been responsible.) "Gradually the Trans-Jordanians were partially submerged, and the rock of Jordan, with its wise moderation and its broadminded comprehension of East and West, disintegrated in the flood of hate."

The rock was not riven as irreparably as he thought when he wrote that. If Jordan still holds together, it is largely because of the steel armature he installed. He was too hasty in writing, "I had failed hopelessly in the task to which I had devoted nearly all my life—to promote ever closer coöperation and understanding between East and West." If Jordan is still coöperating, to some degree, it is because of Glubb's legacy.

The Pasha evidently wrote his book, and its preface, before April and May of 1957, when King Hussein and the Legion routed the pro-Egyptian party that had engineered the break between young king and old soldier. But the royal victory came before the book was published, so Sir John has been able to add an epilogue, which is an excellent account of events in Jordan through May 30th of last year. Cautiously, he does not withdraw his avowal of failure. "It is extremely difficult to foretell the future of Jordan," he says, and the subsequent brief union of Jordan with the fellow-Hashemite Kingdom of Iraq, ending with the revolution in Baghdad, have since borne him out. There is throughout his narration of the 1957 events, though, a note of pardonable satisfaction. The chaps against whom he warned the King, and who turned the King against him, were the traitors planning the King's abduction and, perhaps, murder. (What happened in Baghdad last July was scheduled to happen in Amman a year earlier.) Hussein could hardly bring back the Pasha now, even if he wished to. But Sir John is vindicated.

An acute historian can discern the day that determined the rift. It is described on page 300. The year is 1951, and Hussein—or Husain, to employ the transliteration that Glubb prefers—was at Harrow. He was sixteen and Crown Prince, and there was a high probability that he would soon be called

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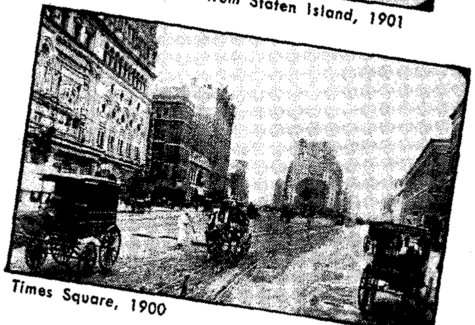
The "Commuters Army" from Staten Island, 1901



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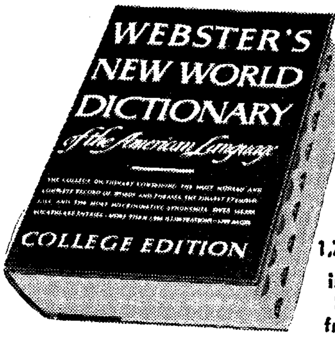

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to the throne. His grandfather, King Abdullah, had recently been murdered while he prayed in the Mosque of the Rock, in the Old City of Jerusalem. His father, King Tellal, was recurrently psychotic, and Jordan could not afford a George III. Tellal was to abdicate within a year. Glubb says that he "happened to be in England" and went to see his young Royal Highness. Hussein considered Glubb an old family retainer, and must have looked forward to his arrival as the British garrison in Tobruk looked forward to the Eighth Army's.

"I took the Amir out for the afternoon," the Pasha records. "We went to the Battersea Festival Gardens, but he was not amused. He did not want to go on the merry-go-rounds or the scenic railway. I must have misunderstood his age group, or his early introduction to public affairs in such tragic circumstances had soured him prematurely. On the return journey we paid a visit to Fortnum & Mason." There he bought the Prince sweets to take back to school. Glubb was governed by memories of his own Cheltenham College boyhood; the English are a slow-maturing lot. He knew that Jordanians, including direct descendants of the Prophet, like Hussein, are the exact opposite, but he may have thought that the climate, or Harrow, had made a difference. The Amir would doubtless have preferred to be sprung in the evening. What he longed for was not a tuck box. The Pasha has recognized the significance of this seven-year-old gaffe, or he would not have recorded the episode as he did. (A less honest chronicler, wishing to underline Hussein's subsequent ingratitude, would have pretended that the Harrovian Hashemite had a jolly good time on the scenic.) Speaking of his dismissal, Glubb says, "Sometimes he trusted and relied on me, sometimes he resented or suspected me. Perhaps the difference in age was the greatest obstacle. I was nearly a contemporary of his grandfather. He was twenty years old and I was fifty-eight."

In reverie, I like to reconstruct the historic visit to Fortnum & Mason. If they had been to Battersea, it must have been late afternoon when they returned, and if it was late afternoon, they had tea. The weary ladies up from Chiddingfold or Little Gaddesden for a day's shopping little think that the fate of the East is trembling at the next table, where an elderly Englishman with a stout, wind-burned face is poking creamcakes at a small, sallow youth, obviously foreign, who is casting his

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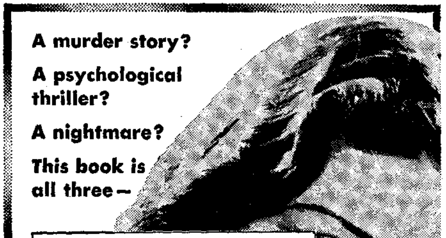

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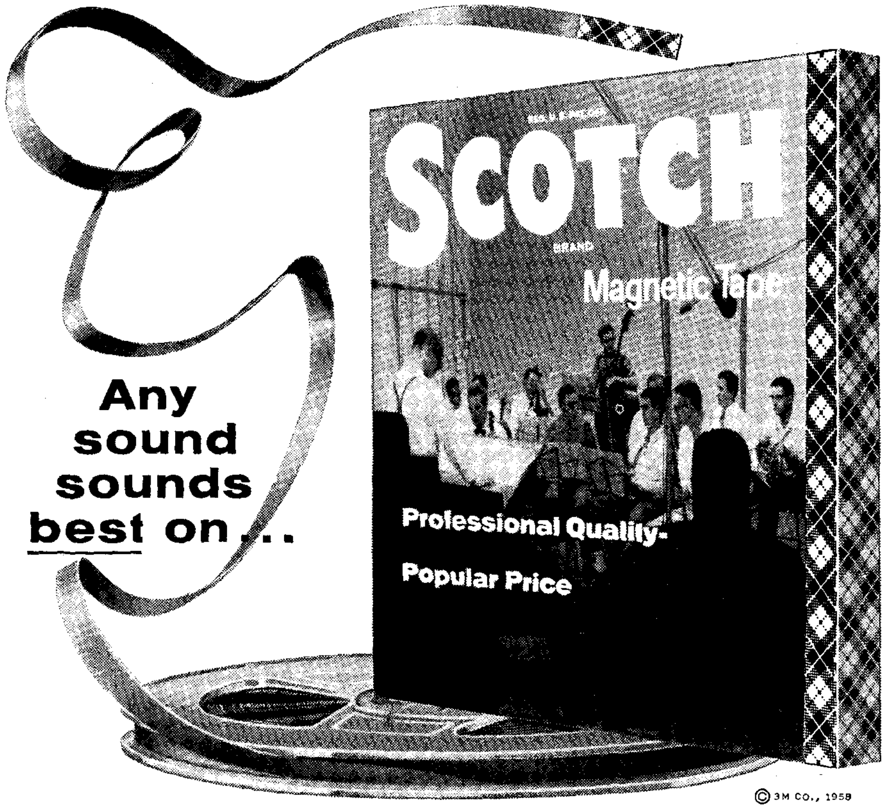
eyes desperately after the dress models who parade through that feminine beanery twice a day. (The ready-to-wear department is on the same floor.) If, even then, Glubb had called for his bill and hurried the Amir down to Wilton's for a bottle of Krug and a cold partridge, he might have turned the tide. But he was having too good a time himself with the creamcakes.

Ali abu Nuwar, the Jordanian military attaché in Paris when Hussein became King, did not make the same mistake. Nuwar made such a hit as a guide to *la vie parisienne* that when the touring King returned to Amman, he sent for Nuwar and appointed him his aide-de-camp. Nuwar had a lot to do with the King's decision to dismiss Glubb, and after that the King made Nuwar Chief of Staff. Nuwar was a very junior officer. Within a year, acting in concert with the Egyptian and Syrian military attachés in Amman, he tried to arrest the King and send him into exile. The royal rage, and Nuwar's downfall, followed. But Lieutenant-General Sir John Bagot Glubb, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., was by that time home in Sussex, writing these memoirs.

In at least two ways, this is fortunate. One is that if he had written as a serving officer of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, there is much that he could not have set down. Another is that what he has to say would have less weight. Either would have been a pity. This is an avowedly opinionated book, but it is the stronger for that. False neutrality, not honest partisanship, is what is dangerous to the reader. Glubb acknowledges, on page 7 of his preface, that he is a profoundly humble man, but if you have a habit of not reading prefaces, it is a point you may easily miss. "I have made so many mistakes myself," he says there, "that I hesitate to give voice to condemnation of other people's actions. . . . In view of these factors I at first decided to avoid every form of comment which might be construed as criticism. When I attempted to carry out this plan, however, the result seemed to be dull and colorless. As a result, I decided to include my opinions. It would be wearisome to prefix every opinion with remarks such as: 'as far as I can judge' or 'I may be wrong.' I have preferred, therefore, to make this apology once and for all." Having paid his respects to humility like a prizefighter crossing himself in his corner, the Pasha comes out with a brisk and aggressive spirit.

"A number of people, both Jews and Gentiles, are apt to refer to any criticism



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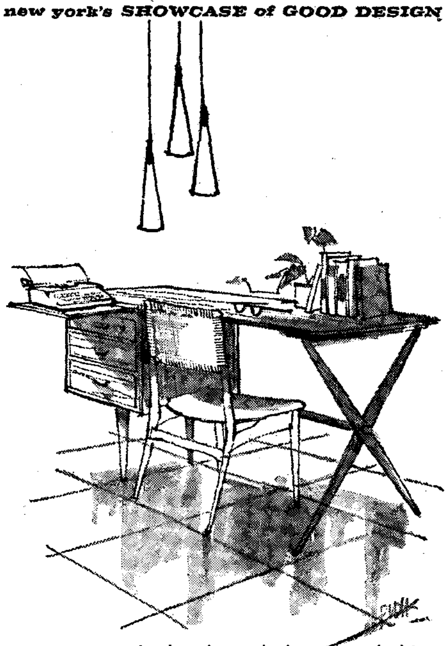
of Israeli policy as 'offensive anti-Semitism,' an accusation implying a definite moral lapse," he notes. "But it is of the essence of Western democracy to allow free criticism. . . . I believe that the creation and maintenance of the State of Israel by armed force was a mistake. That the result has been disastrous for the British and the Arabs alike is only too obvious. It seems to me not improbable that it will ultimately prove to be disastrous for the Jews also. This is purely an intellectual opinion on my part, devoid of any emotion."

It is difficult to see how Israel could have been created without armed force, or maintained, either, since the Arab states, which had no claim to Palestine, finally attacked it in the name of the Palestinian Arabs, who were the eventual victims. That the Israelis were mistaken they are unlikely to admit. The major retrievable mistake of the Israelis is their failure to make any large effort to repair the damage to the million Arab refugees. This is the wound that Nasser battens on, and its suppuration has made it impossible for any Arab statesman to acknowledge himself the friend of the West without laying himself open to a Radio Cairo charge of treason.

The result for Arabs other than the refugees has been far from "disastrous." The union of Trans-Jordan with Arab Palestine, deplored by Glubb Pasha, doubled the population of the Hashemite state from a prewar half million to a postwar million. This was without counting the refugees, who amounted to another half million. Abdullah gave the refugees Jordanian citizenship and so increased the number of his subjects to a million and a half. The union also doubled the amount of arable land, though this accretion to the area is unimpressive on a map. (Most of the area of Trans-Jordan is desert.) It gave the pastoral courtesy-kingdom two true cities. One is the Old City of Jerusalem, unique in the world, which was acquired by war. The other is Amman, the capital. Amman was in Trans-Jordan, but in 1948 it was merely a straggling town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants. It has two hundred thousand now, which represents a rate of increase that exceeds Tel Aviv's, and it is, in an original way, a boom city, rising in well-cut granite to the plans of mainly self-taught architects. The infusion of Palestinians into the economic and mental life of the upland state has given it new vigor. "They can be the Huguenots of the Arab world," a wise Scotsman, a teacher of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vocational training for the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, said a while ago. Then UNRWA had to cut its training program for lack of funds, one more illustration, in the eyes of the Arab refugees, of their abandonment by everybody but Nasser, whose benefactions are purely verbal. If the Israelis were willing to start paying compensation to the refugees, a considerable quantity of capital for investment would enter Jordan every year, as German reparations have poured into Israel. Many refugees have demonstrated that, given the opportunity, they can set up undertakings that add to the common wealth. They need chiefly irrigation pumps, livestock, agricultural machinery, and equipment for small industry. Jordan cannot take a shrinking pill, like Alice, and revert to romantic insignificance. Lebanon owed her former solvency, such as it was, to the existence of Israel, which funnelled Arab commerce with the West through Beirut. Nasser, through his possession of Syria, is now in a position to cut off this trade, but if he does, it will not have been the Israelis' fault. Saudi Arabia is rich; Syria is in the same equivocal circumstances as always. Her trouble is a survival of her pre-Islamic and pre-Christian religion—a drive to leap into the idol's mouth, even when Baal Pasha is an Egyptian. And Egypt, which shares Glubb's spleen *ex aequo* with Israel, is at the zenith of her political fortunes, although as hungry and sick as ever. Her political rise is to be directly attributed to the creation and maintenance of the state of Israel. The misery is home-grown. It is therefore farfetched to call the effect of the creation of Israel on the Arabs "disastrous."

To Sir John all this would seem materialistic, and perhaps flippant. The one brief idyllic chapter of his story is the beginning, when, to his mind, Arabs were Arabs: "I spent nine of the happiest years of my life, from 1930 to 1939, as officer commanding the desert area. Nearly three-quarters of the area of Trans-Jordan was desert, though the Bedouin population amounted only to some fifty thousand souls. I deeply loved these poor simple people, and became so intimate with them that among them I felt as if I were at home."

It was the desert Arabs, in distinction and almost in contrast to the Arabs of fixed abode, that Glubb "deeply loved." The Englishmen who share this preference generally profess to like the inhabitants of the remote Highland (if the inhabitants stay there) but turn up their noses at Glasgow. They dote on Gur-

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khas (or, preferably, Sherpas, plucky beggars), but they detest urban Hindus, whom they consider neither poor nor simple, and they find homely wisdom in the village half-wit in Dorset that they fail to detect in labor leaders in London. Glubb, however, is not one of these parlor romantics, bemoaning the disappearance of a "way of life." From the beginning of the Second World War, he writes, he foresaw that "Asia would now slowly reassert herself until a fair equilibrium was established. Such were the processes of history. We had no right to object to this. . . . But I strenuously opposed any idea that East was East and West was West and that the two could never agree." The jarring feature of the Israeli war, from this gradualist point of view, is that it hastened and sharpened the "reassertion." Just as Hitler made Israel possible by furnishing it with a mass population, the Israelis in 1948 created Jordan.

Poor the Arabs may be, but they can never again be simple.

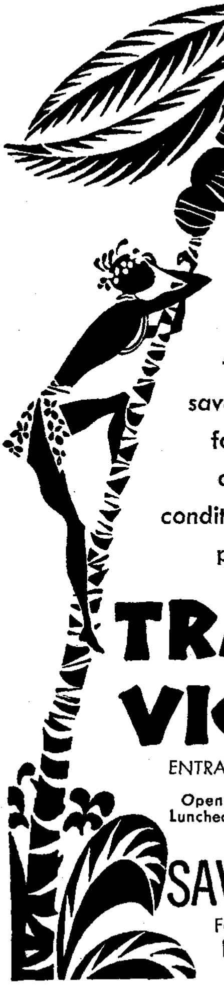
—A. J. LIEBLING

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE FALCON'S SHADOW, by William Du Bois (Putnam). Mr. Du Bois follows the progress of a Broadway play from its beginnings, as a manuscript in the office of a famous producer, to the night, several months later, of its New York opening. It is impossible to say too many pleasant things about this delightful, unpretentious, and thoroughly entertaining novel. The story is an old one, and it is filled with familiar people whose affairs, in Mr. Du Bois's deft hands, become of extreme importance and interest. We recognize the legendary producer who fears his luck has run out, the legendary director who fears *his* luck has run out, the unassuming history professor who sees with astonishment that his play has been accepted and will be staged, the starring actress who needs a drink badly and may not be permitted to have one, and so on. Mr. Du Bois is to be congratulated.

ONE TO GROW ON, by Nathaniel Benchley (McGraw-Hill). A fairy tale, delivered in homogenized tones, about the occupants (an antique dealer, a newspaperman, an aging actress, an accountant) of a small New York brownstone, who band together to help another of their number (a young unmarried secre-



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tary) after she becomes pregnant and is deserted.

WATER MUSIC, by Bianca VanOrden (Harcourt, Brace). The situation we have here is a fairly racy one—a brother and sister in love with the same man. These three, along with some other young people from their home town (apparently in New England), take their problems to Florence and work on them there. The novel aims at high comedy but misses completely, principally because the characters are brats, not wits.

### GENERAL

MAN HUNT IN KENYA, by Ian Henderson, in collaboration with Philip Goodhart (Doubleday). In 1953, when the Mau Mau terror exploded in upland Kenya, the movement numbered nearly twelve thousand fanatical fighting men and about two hundred leaders. Of the latter, the most intelligent, the most perceptive, the most ruthless, and by far the most influential was a Kikuyu named Dedan Kimathi. He was also the last important member of that formidable force to be hunted down and captured. He held out—at the end, entirely alone—in the Aberdare mountain wilderness until October 21, 1956, and he might have held out many more months—he might well be still ferociously on the loose—but for Mr. Henderson. A senior superintendent of the Kenya police, Mr. Henderson matched wits, woodcraft, and endurance with Kimathi and his dwindling band in the Aberdares for eleven hungry, haunted, foot-slogging months, and in this extraordinarily exciting book he gives a splendid, tight-lipped (and consistently modest) account of his successful performance of a most dangerous mission. Illustrated with photographs and an endpaper map.

THE DREAM OF ARCADIA: AMERICAN WRITERS AND ARTISTS IN ITALY, 1760-1915, by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton). A chronicle of expatriates, tourists, and students who went to Italy to look at art treasures and picturesque natives. There are few first-raters among Mr. Brooks' subjects (a fact that makes his book a trifle listless), and most of the important figures—Howells, for instance, and James and Hawthorne—are not primarily remembered as writers about Italy. Nevertheless, Mr. Brooks shows that when American arts and letters were

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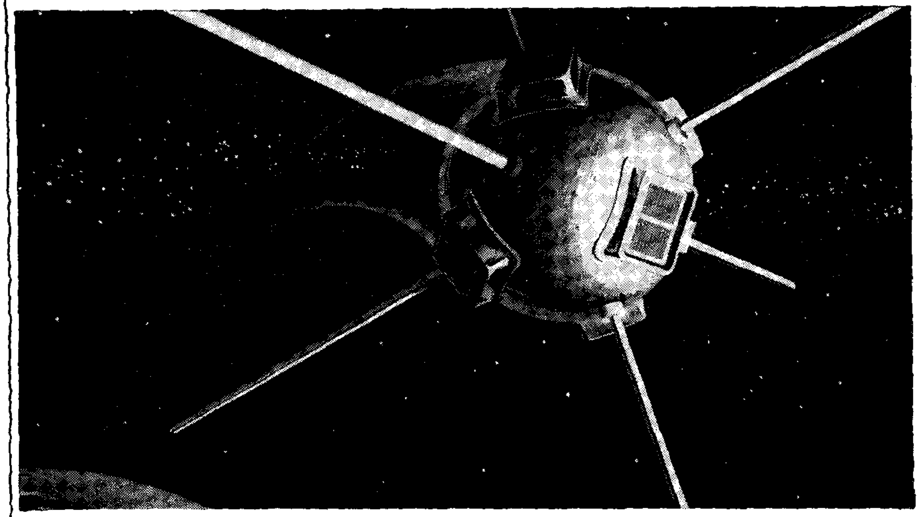

**NEWS FROM OUTER SPACE.** One of the many uses for the Transistor is in the radio transmitters in satellites. Some other uses of this mighty mite of electronics, in addition to its growing use in telephony, are in hearing aids, personal radios, automobile radios, portable TV sets, phonographs, clocks, watches, toys, computers, data processing, machine tooling controls and even a guidance system for a chicken-feeding cart. A most important use is in a wide range of military equipment, including radar and guidance systems for missiles. Though little larger than a pea, the Transistor can amplify electric signals up to 100,000 times.

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The Transistor is just one example of how the basic research of the Bell Telephone Laboratories contributes to the economy and progress of the country. Frequently this constant search for new knowledge to improve communications brings forth discoveries of great value to other industries and the whole field of technology.

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*—and Thou*
*Beside me singing in the Wilder-*
*ness—*
*Oh, Wilderness were Paradise*
*enow!"*

Enow? Well, hardly. We're willing to allow Omar and Fitzgerald the poetic license of *saying* it's enow. But most of us want more nourishment than bread and wine, more shelter than a bough, and more entertainment than a book of verses and some singing.

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young, Americans found Italy a miraculous museum in which they could enjoy themselves while improving their taste.

The Evolution of Political Thought, by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin). This book is, among many other things, an impeachment of the majority of modern professors of, and writers on, political theory; their work, the author says, is often too narrow and too arbitrarily formulated, confining itself to the Western world and ignoring vast areas of Asia and Africa. Dr. Parkinson (who also wrote the recent lively satire on administrative and bureaucratic procedures entitled "Parkinson's Law") here analyzes the mutations of politics—the historic process by which kingship gives way to rule by aristocrats, aristocracy to democracy, democracy to Socialism, and Socialism to dictatorship, only to start all over again—and sharply questions the notion that there has been any improvement anywhere along the line. In fact, he doubts whether any one of these forms of government is better or worse than any other.

Once Upon a City: New York from 1890 to 1910, photographs by Byron, text by Grace M. Mayer (Macmillan). Over a period of fifty-odd years, Joseph Byron and his son Percy took a total of some thirty thousand photographs of people, places, and events in and around New York. The Byrons were commercial photographers; fantastically energetic and skillful, they intended not to preserve a record of the face of this continuously exploding city but to take the best possible photographs for the greatest possible number of clients. Upon retiring, Percy Byron gave many thousands of these photographs to the Museum of the City of New York, and Miss Mayer, Curator of Prints at the Museum, has chosen for this handsome, ample volume a couple of hundred samples of his and his father's handiwork, and has provided an exact and entertaining text. It turns out, of course, that, without meaning to, the Byrons produced an incomparable record of the city's face, and here it is, as big as life.

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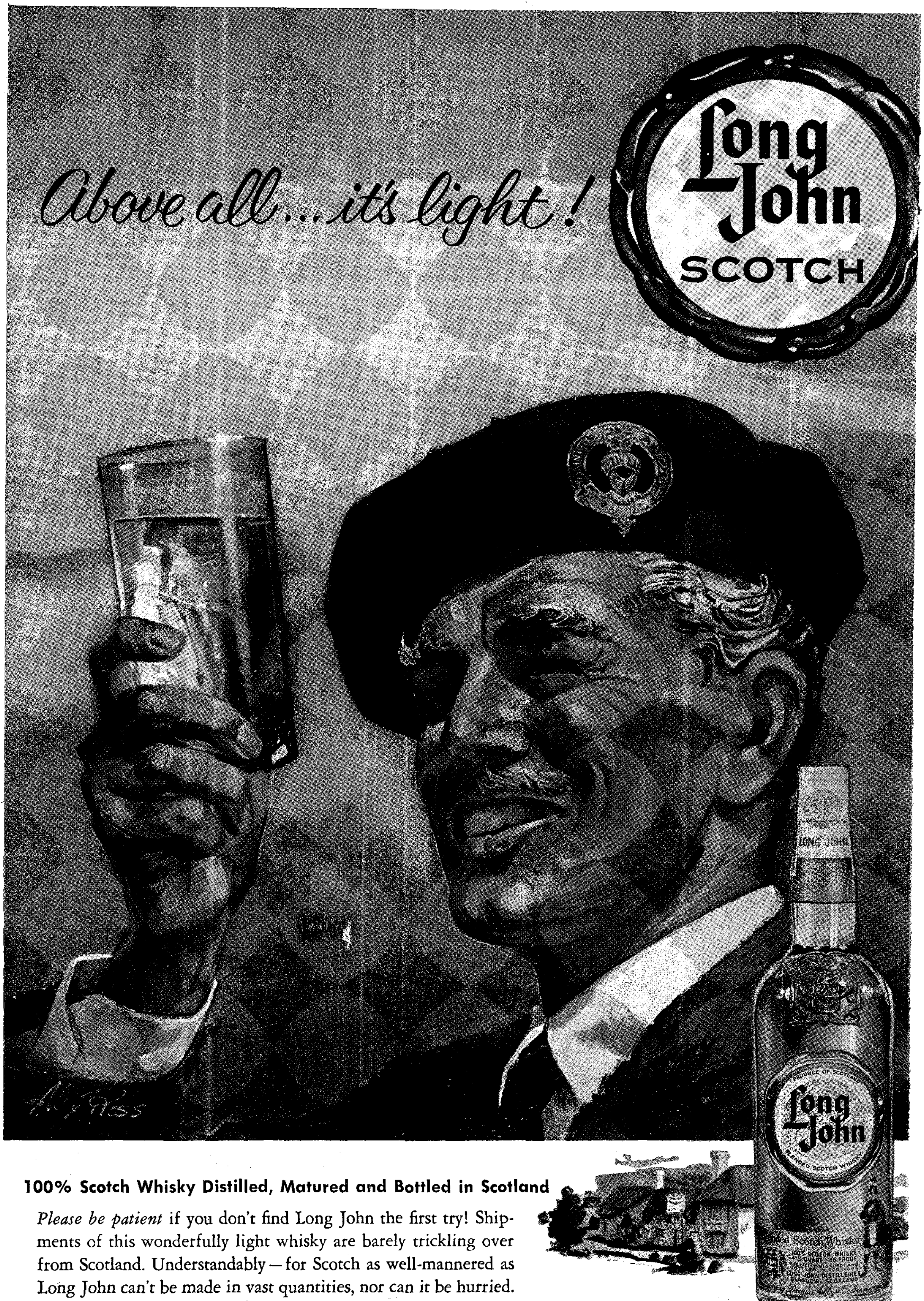
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